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By
Marietta Minnigerode
Andrews

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Marietta Minnigerode Andrews

has also written

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Scraps of Paper

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Water Color by the Author

Kate Powell, a Civil War belle, afterwards Mrs. George Carter of "Oatlands"

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by

Marietta Minnigerode Andrews

Author of "My Studio Window," "Memoirs of a Poor Relation," etc.

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E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

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Dedicated
To Four Veterans of the
World War

LUCY MINNIGERODE
RED CROSS NURSE
SUPERVISOR AT KIEV, RUSSIA

COL. FITZHUGH LEE MINNIGERODE
U. S. A.
RETIRED

CAPTAIN KARL MINNIGERODE
U. S. A.

E. F. ANDREWS, PRIVATE

Contents

Prologue

A Slave Ship—1860 3

Part I. Bitter-Sweet

Chapter I. 15

The Journal of my Aunt Ida—1862-1863—in which we see how "enemies" are sometimes helpful: how "friends" are sometimes troublesome, and how the hogs and chickens go the way of all flesh when hungry soldiers of either army swarm.

Chapter II. 51

Additional depredations, deceptions, anxieties and deaths. My Uncle Hal goes for provisions which the Yankees take away from him. He returns on foot, dishevelled, empty-handed, without his collar, gloves or pistol. The old ledger, originally an engagement book for the blooded horses of the Oakley stud.

Part II. Unroll the Long Annals: Manassas to Appomattox

Chapter III. 85

Old Letters. The Battlefield of Manassas.

Chapter IV. 92

First Letters of Charlie Minnigerode. Connie Cary, a Civil War Belle. Camp Songs of the South.

CHAPTER V. 104

More Letters of Charlie Minnigerode. An account by a Civil War Belle of the funeral of Stonewall Jackson, of the marriage of General Ewell, and a reception in Fredericksburg.

CHAPTER VI. 113

More Letters of Charlie Minnigerode. Fights and Philanderings. Picnics and Pistols. Lou Haxall and the Other Girls. Were the Confederate Officers Poseurs?

CHAPTER VII. 124

More Letters of Charlie Minnigerode. He brings his mother a few shoe-strings as souvenirs from Gettysburg. Lou Haxall and the Other Girls. Sixty years later his daughter and grandson motor to Gettysburg along his line of march.

CHAPTER VIII. 133

More Letters of Charlie Minnigerode. Cantaloupes for breakfast. A General for a Bedfellow. Lou Haxall and the Other Girls. "General Robert" knows what to do.

CHAPTER IX. 143

More Letters of Charlie Minnigerode. Willie Robinson is killed. A Letter from Lou Haxall. His "draws are torn from whence." Carey Robinson is killed. Virginia!

CHAPTER X. 156

Last Letters of Charlie Minnigerode. Appomattox. Good-bye. In the Federal Hospital at Farmville, Virginia. Saved by the "enemy." Parole, April 10, 1865.

Part III. "The Spanking Spot"

CHAPTER XI. 165

"The Spanking Spot"—and the State of Ohio. Some

Scraps of Paper from General U. S. Grant and Admiral Daniel Ammen.

CHAPTER XII. 171

Surgery in the Civil War. The Case of Corporal James Tanner, as told by himself. Letter from Colonel Jefferson Randolph Kean, Editor of "The Military Surgeon."

CHAPTER XIII. 197

Personal Recollections of General Robert E. Lee by his cousin, Marietta Fauntleroy Powell.

CHAPTER XIV. 206

Scraps from Letters written by Kate Powell to her fiancé, George Carter of "Oatlands."

CHAPTER XV. 216

Extracts from the Diary of Miss Frances Westwood Ellzey of Leesburg, while visiting in Middleburg during the guerilla activities of Mosby and his men.

CHAPTER XVI. 228

The Flags and Seals of the Confederacy—and a Letter from a Lady.

Part IV. Trench, Camp, and Hospital 1914-1919

CHAPTER XVII. 247

Newton D. Baker.

CHAPTER XVIII. 252

"In the Trenches." Letters of Lieutenant Karl Minnigerode to his sister.

CHAPTER XIX. 282

"Andy and Kindy, U. S. A. A. C." Letters of a boy to his mother—supplementary notes by his "Buddy."

CHAPTER XX. 328

"A Little Child shall lead them"—illustrated letters from Captain Randolph Fitzhugh Mason, killed in action, to a little Girl.

CHAPTER XXI. 340

Women in War. Jane Delano, Clara D. Noyes, Helen Scott Hay, Lucy Minnigerode, of the American Red Cross. Letters of Lucy Minnigerode from Kiev, Russia.

CHAPTER XXII. 368

Château-Thierry—Major Carey H. Brown.

CHAPTER XXIII. 378

Homeward bound on the "Leviathan."

Illustrations

Kate Powell, a Civil War belle, afterwards Mrs. George Carter of "Oatlands" ..... *Frontispiece*
General Jefferson Randolph Kean, U. S. A. Medical Corps, retired 191
The Confederate Flags 231
The Seal of the Confederate States of America 237
The Provisional Seal of the Confederate States of America 240
Newton D. Baker 245
Captain Karl Minnigerode, U. S. A., Presidio, San Francisco 257
"Andy" at the time of enlistment, age 18. May, 1917 .. 287
"Andy" and "Kindy" 299
Jane Delano, Superintendent Red Cross Nurses 341
Major Carey H. Brown, U. S. A., Corps of Engineers. 371

Prologue

A Slave Ship—1860

IT SEEMS almost incredible that in the year 1860, six months after the execution of John Brown in the cause of abolition of slavery, and in the face of the oncoming storms of civil war, American citizens should have been actively engaged in the illicit importation of slaves from Africa.

Under the imprint of Harper Brothers, Franklin Square, New York, 1879, one Edward Manning recounts his experiences during "Six Months on a Slaver." Manning, a sailor, hunting a job, ran into a young friend, Frank, on the streets of New York, and the two decided to sign up on a whaling vessel. They proceeded to a shipping office, Manning signed under the assumed name of Melville. These boys were ordered at once to New London, Connecticut, to join the *Thomas Watson* there fitting out and receiving her crew.

Everything was in order for setting sail, when a handsome woman came aboard and engaged in a long, confidential conversation with the captain. She was one of the owners of the ship. Then instead of putting out to sea, the *Thomas Watson* sailed for New York. It was afterwards learned that no clearance could be obtained in New London and the vessel had to be sent to New York for necessary papers.

The United States revenue cutters kept the *Thomas Watson* under surveillance till she anchored off the Battery.

Once off to sea, the elaborate equipment for whaling was junked, and preparations made for a very different cargo; though from time to time, as other vessels came near, the pretense was resumed.

The greenhorn sailors noted the immense quantities of provisions, and fresh water—and a large amount of pine

boarding, which they soon learned was for additional floors in the hold.

After passing the Azores the sham of whaling was openly abandoned, until meeting an English man-of-war, it was hurriedly revived, that the ship might appear again as a whaling vessel. When the English commanding officer came aboard for inspection he was only suspicious, but found no incriminating evidence, and the *Thomas Watson* went on her evil way.

Off the African coast a Spanish accomplice met the "whaling vessel" and a few days later by pre-arranged signals, the *Thomas Watson* came to anchor and prepared to receive her cargo.

The sailor's own description of events of which he was the eye-witness is graphic:

We tumbled into our boats and shoved clear of the ship. We had pulled but a short distance when a large surf-boat passed us, crammed full of naked negroes—men, women, and children. She was manned by Kroomen, and they were using paddles to propel her. They were all jabbering at once in their monkeyish lingo, and every few minutes I could see a paddle raised and brought down on the head of some unlucky negro.

When they had reached the ship I cast my eye ahead to see where we were going. I found that we had arrived within fifty or sixty yards of the beach. Five or six strokes more would have put us in the breakers, when the order was given to lie on our oars. Looking toward the barracoon, I saw a long line of negroes walking, in single file, toward the beach, where a surf-boat was ready for launching.

After a number of them had gathered around the boat she was shoved out far enough to float, the crew standing in the water up to their waists, and holding fast to the gunwales on each side, in order to keep her bow to the breakers. The negroes were then seized, one by one, and tumbled in promiscuously. After loading her full, the crew jumped in and seized the paddles.

This manœuvre had to be executed quickly, and it required experienced hands to make it successful. The least sheer of the boat would have brought the breakers quartering on the bow, when there would have been danger of her being knocked broadside to them. Once in that position, nothing could have saved her from being rolled over by the heavy surf then running, and the negroes precipitated into the sea, where possibly more than half of them would have perished. She was, however, brought safely out of the surf, and her course directed toward our boat. The mate now gave us orders to receive the negroes and carry them to the ship. He cautioned us to take in our oars the moment the surf-boat reached us, and then to seize the paddles and stand ready to knock the negroes over the head if they should all attempt to jump into our boat at once.

This warning was timely, for no sooner had she gained our side than the rush began. We did our best to keep them back by using the only argument they could understand, namely, hard knocks over the head. We were nearly swamped, nevertheless, by a number of them getting on one side of our boat as they piled into her. After they were all in, we shipped the oars and started for our vessel, the

surf-boat returning to the beach for another load. We made slow progress, the boat being so over-loaded that it was impossible to take a fair stroke without chafing the backs of the negroes or striking them in the face with the oars.

When we finally reached the ship they were passed up the ladder until they came within the grasp of two swarthy Portuguese, stationed in the gangway. These men, who had come from the shore in the first boat, hauled the negroes up on deck. The poor creatures were much scratched and bruised by this rough handling.

After discharging our freight we started for another load, which we obtained in the same manner, and we landed them safely on board. In this way we went back and forth until the last negro was put aboard the ship, when the boats were hoisted. During the time we had been thus engaged the large surf-boats from the beach, although loaded to their utmost capacity with negroes, had, strange to say, made their way, in every case, through the breakers without losing a man.

The negroes had been put into the hold without the least regard for stowage. Consequently, they were literally piled on one another; and the unsteady motion of the ship, combined with the foul air and great heat, made the place simply horrible. Naturally, they were nearly all dreadfully sick at the stomach.

The First Night

Early next morning preparations were made to get a meal ready for the negroes. One of the try-pots was filled about

three-quarters full of rice, and two of the most intelligent of the blacks were appointed cooks, the cooper acting as superintendent. While this was being done we went down into the hold to see how they had fared during the dreadful night that had just passed. Their haggard looks bore evidence of the misery they had undergone. Pent up in such close quarters, and inhaling such a terrible stench, it was miraculous that one-half of them had not perished. We found five or six dead bodies, which were at once hoisted to the deck and consigned to the deep. There was no pretense of any religious ceremony. Just as they were, naked and forlorn, they were tossed overboard, and for a long time we could see the bodies floating in the wake of the ship. I could not stay below long, for the stench almost suffocated me. On reaching the deck I heard the captain say that at eight bells the negroes must all be ordered up on deck to mess, and while they were thus employed we should thoroughly cleanse the hold.

On the first day, when we had finished feeding them in the afternoon, it was six o'clock, the time appointed for all the negroes to be stowed away for the night. After the deck was cleared we went below to see that the Kroomen arranged them properly. Commencing forward, we made the first man lie down, head to windward, facing toward the bow, and the knees slightly drawn toward the chin. Another one was then placed alongside, with his breast touching the back of the first, and his knees bent at a similar angle. In this manner we stowed them, in tiers, the length and width of the hold. The Kroomen were allowed

the privilege of reclining as they chose, but it was their duty to keep the others in their proper places. When daylight came the negroes could change their positions to suit themselves.

The death of a shipmate, Steve, in darkness, filth, and utter loneliness except for the company of ravenous rats: the drunken orgies of the captain: the characteristics of the Kroomen, a superior tribal type: the abominable cruelties of the Spanish agent, are simply and feelingly told; and this is the manner in which one negro was punished for stealing water:

The culprit was now brought before the Spaniard when he gave orders to the Kroomen to lash him to the ringbolts in the deck. After securing the poor wretch so that it would be impossible for him to move a limb, the order was given to the Kroomen to proceed to business. This they did by beating him with their whips, putting forth all their strength in delivering the blows. The punishment continued so long that I thought the man would have died under it, but his endurance was wonderful, and he only uttered a few groans. When the beating was finally discontinued, the Spaniard stooped down alongside of him, and, taking a razor out of his pocket, opened it and cut long, straight gashes in the flesh. Afterward he took a flat piece of wood, resembling a ruler, and beat gently all around the wounds, which had the effect of making them bleed freely. Having accomplished this, he ordered the "shikko" to get a pot full of brine out of the harness-cask and apply it to the bleeding wounds. When this was done the poor negro could sup-

press his anguish no longer, and groaned aloud. After being kept in this awful agony for ten minutes he was released from the ring-bolts and put in double irons.

As the *Thomas Watson* neared the American waters, her name was scraped, and "now we were bloody pirates sailing without a name." She was again camouflaged to look like a merchantman, and headed for the West Indies. It had long been the custom to bring such cargoes into Southern waters and smuggle the negroes in on the smaller craft of accomplices:

Word was passed for three or four of the men to go below and start the negroes up the ladders. Others were stationed in the waist to assist them over on to the stage. A large valise was now passed from the schooner to the ship and taken charge of by our captain. It was filled with doubloons, I afterward learned.

As fast as the negroes reached the deck they were given a crack with the whip, to make them move more quickly, and then shoved over the side on the stage, from which they had to jump to the schooner's deck. It took an hour to clear out the hold, and then came the women's turn. I thought it would be difficult to make them jump from the stage; but they did not seem to mind it, and succeeded very well.

The *Thomas Watson* after discharging her cargo made for Campeache, Yucatan, where her crew forsook her.

It had often been remarked that nothing but fire could ever purge a slave-ship of its sickening odor.

The Press reported on October 23rd, 1861, the destruction of the *Thomas Watson* burned by the U. S. Fleet, off

Charleston. The Secretary of the Navy received the following letter from Flag Officer Goldsborough:

Ship Minnesota,

Hampton Roads, October 21st, 1861.

Sir,—By the Vandalia, which arrived here last night, I am informed by Captain Marston, of the Roanoke, that the merchant ship Thomas Watson, one of those to which you called my attention a short time since, was burned to the water's edge on the 15th instant, while lying aground on Stony Reef, by our blockading vessels off Charleston. It was attempting to get into Charleston, despite of the blockade and the pursuit of our cruisers, that she ran on this reef. No arms were among her cargo. It was made up of salt, blankets, flannels, and a few other things. She had various national flags on board, and among them a Confederate flag.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. M. Goldsborough,
Flag Officer.

To Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy.

Thus the Yankees, English, Spaniards and Portuguese combined, for lust of dollars and doubloons, to foist upon a new nation at compound interest an ever-increasing curse —a curse which, as the negro himself was not constituted for the skilled labor and severe climate of the north, fell more and more heavily upon the people of the agricultural South, whither he drifted, among whom he became as years went on, the all-important economic factor.

The people of the South found themselves driven by

frenzied propaganda into a false position. They were compelled to defend a system morally indefensible, or face the widespread ruin in which, after all, they found themselves involved when it was over. In perspective of but two generations we see how the curse of slavery fell upon the master.

To the slave, in the inscrutable operations of destiny, it proved a blessing.

Nowhere, in so brief a time, has there been known to history so startling an evolution as that of the Afro-American. And this is because whatever the hardships, the humiliations of slavery might have been, the slave still had, unconsciously, the education of having observed the standards of life among civilized people. He had witnessed the religion, the hygiene, the manners, the customs, of his master: and after the confusions of his own altered status had begun to abate, and he to find himself adjusted to new conditions, he had such precedent as no other savage had ever had, in the memory of these standards, and the realization that, in imitating them, he and his children might arrive to a share in the decencies and comforts of life, and in the recognition and respect of mankind.

Part One

Bitter-Sweet

Chapter I

The Journal of my Aunt Ida—1862-1863—in which we see how "enemies" are sometimes helpful: how "friends" are sometimes troublesome, and how the hogs and chickens go the way of all flesh when hungry soldiers of either army swarm

From the Journal of Mrs. Henry Grafton Dulany of "Oakley" Upperville, Virginia, 1862–1863

My Aunt Ida who wrote this journal in the shadow of bitterness, who sweetened dark days with her own charm, industry and wit, was about twenty-five at the time of this writing, and was presiding over one of those delightful, isolated and self-sufficient establishments on a large estate in Virginia. She ran the farm herself with the assistance of an overseer, Mr. Kidwell, under whom the work was done by slaves. These pages show her intrepid spirit. We visualize her on "Cricket," her saddle-horse, her flowing habit trailing from the side-saddle almost to the ground, a sweeping feather on her hat and gauntlets reaching to the elbow, as she rides forth in the early morning, her little son astride behind her, attended always by a trustworthy slave, Robert, or "uncle Joshua," in search of news, to the Yankee camps to recover her stolen horses, or on some of her many errands of mercy among her neighbors or her slaves. We see how much she knew of farming: how clear was her vision: how she fascinated all who came within radius of her sparkling personality: how tragedy and comedy lay open books before her. In her vigils, in her prayers, in her hours of daily

teaching of her own children, and Sunday school for her slaves: in the burial services she conducted in person for little black babies, in the picnics she planned for her young sisters, in her long hours of chaperonage when Katie's lover called, in her care of her aged grandmother and of her own mother, who, with the two younger sisters, all resided at "Oakley": four generations: in her patience with the feeble and impatience with the foolish and lazy among her many servants; in her unshakable confidence in Robert, her black butler, we see the typical southern gentlewoman. In her devotion to her husband, my Uncle Hal, we come upon an idylic love. In her religious faith we meet something to strengthen our own. The hordes of soldiers fed from her hand, the hundreds of wounded nursed in her house, the dignity with which she faced new and hard conditions, the cordial reception of everybody at all times under her roof, the honor in which she was held by all sorts and conditions of men, are all lightly, surely, unconsciously sketched in these brown old pages of an account book—a long, thin, speckled old ledger which has outlived all these fair and generous, brave and courtly, kind and loyal people, whose sayings and doings are herein recorded.

June 6. Our wedding day, the 7th anniversary, and it has been a day of deepest anxiety, also one of thanksgiving. Early this morning we heard that McClellan had been driven back five miles into the swamps of the Chickahominy but the report is not wholly reliable. God grant it may be true.

I tremble when I think of the immense importance to us of the issue of the great battle before Richmond. The same report said the battle had raged for three days and was still going on. Another report says that Jackson was inter-

cepted in falling back to Strasburg and that he fought his way through, getting the better of the Yankees and making good his own retreat with but little loss. Another rumor coming from a Yankee says he was completely caught, most of his men captured and cut to pieces. That there has been a severe fight we know, for many car-loads of the dead and wounded Yankees have passed through Rectortown. When I think that Hal was in that fierce struggle I am nearly wild with fear lest he should have been hurt, yet here I am shut up in a cage, ignorant even of his present position and without the faintest possibility of hearing from him. The anxiety is almost insupportable, I can only hope and pray, and trust in the goodness of God to spare him and me.

June 8. Yesterday morning I was so fortunate as to see Mr. Ayres for a few moments. He saw Hal on Sunday and says that from his position then he is certain that he could not have been in last Monday's fight.

Mamma started yesterday morning for Leesburg to try and make some arrangements by which we may preserve our property in case of the passage of the confiscation act.[1] Uncle Nathan Loughborough called yesterday to tell us that a party of Yankees had been to his house for meat, had cursed him and threatened him and behaved in every way outrageously. They did not get his meat however as he refused to show them where it was concealed and they had no authority to search the house. I was surprised to hear

[1] Passed July 17, 1862.

that they were Carter's men. Here they have behaved like a different order of being from Geary's men.

It is Sunday and I have just finished reading the Church service with the family, and then Sunday school for the servants makes me feel very tired.

June 9. This morning I sent for Dr. Gunnel to see poor Margaret. He says she has only a few weeks to live, her lungs being almost destroyed. It is very sad. [This was an old servant.] He told us our loss in Richmond was 2000. I cannot but hope he received a false estimate. I fear though that it is a dear-bought victory.

Kate received a letter from Sophie Carter today. Among other items of news she mentions that Cousin Mary Lee [the wife of General Robert E. Lee] and two of her daughters have been captured by the Yankees and are held as hostages for two Federal Officers. . . . She also mentions that the confiscation bill has passed the Senate in its worst form. So I may look out for squalls. The men from Fairfax were here today. I sold them some sheep at a great sacrifice, having been advised by Uncle John Dulany to sell at any price. But I shall hate to see them go. Mamma did not return last night.

June 10. As a step preparatory to confiscation I sold this morning four of my little heifers and an old cow. Of course I did not get a full price for them but anything is better than having them taken from me by the Yankees. Mr. Kidwell [this was my Aunt Ida's overseer, a responsible

white man and a faithful friend as well as employé] told me this morning that he had seen a man from the Valley who told him that the fight of last Monday was a terrific one, and that we were completely successful, Ashby having contrived to capture the Yankee pickets thereby preventing any information of Jackson's approach being given. I would give anything in reason to get some Southern papers but have no hope of seeing any for a long time. The pouring rain has prevented any visitors coming today. Mr. Kidwell told me that he thought Simon had made up his mind to run away. It does not trouble me much.

June 11. Early this morning while trimming my grape vines in the garden I saw a Yankee walking along the foot of the garden. He came to the house and I saw he was the one who had stolen my colt. He had come for his horse, he said, and then he expressed penitence for having taken my colt. I talked with him as long as he staid, trying as usual to make some impression on him.

Mamma returned from Leesburg this morning and brought the sad news that Brother Richard was wounded badly in the thigh. It was a great, great shock to me, making their constant danger seem so real and making me so anxious for him. Poor fellow! Went to "Welbourne" this afternoon to see Uncle John but found that he had heard only a rumor, which he did not credit. He seemed mightily distressed but seemed to take comfort in the thought that it was not a severe wound. I am anxious to go to Brother Richard at once and if I do Mr. Weidemeyer will go with

me. [Brother Richard was Mr. Richard Dulany of Welbourne. Mr. Weidemeyer was a Swiss gentleman who had lived for many years as tutor in the Dulany connection.] I will take two chances—try if I can to get a pass from the authorities, and if not, will start secretly and attempt to cross the lines between the pickets. I long to go, we will be so anxious here, and then I shall be near Hal without being either useless or burdensome.

Poor Willie Gray was killed, Gen. Johnson badly wounded at Richmond, our victory was decided.

Hearing that the Yankees were putting Union people in all the unoccupied houses, I ordered aunt Polly and Patsy to move to the one at the lower end of the farm; aunt Polly objected, but Patsy positively refused to go. I told Mr. Kidwell to go tomorrow morning and move them without saying a word to them. I fancy they think themselves free already.

June 13. Yesterday morning directly after breakfast Mr. Ayres called to tell me he had been to examine the lines and see if I could get out. He reports it an entire impossibility. I am troubled very much to hear it but still hope I may get a pass. Mr. Weidemeyer has given up all idea of going and Uncle John has sent Edward Carr, thinking he has a better chance of getting through the lines than I would have. Our anxiety will be almost insupportable until he returns.

Today Mr. Ayres came again bringing a Richmond Dispatch in which I was *terribly shocked* to see an advertise-

ment for the body of "Clarence Whiting, supposed to have been killed in Saturday's battle before Richmond," with an exact description of his person. Poor fellow, it seems but yesterday that I saw his bright handsome face—his mother's idol. As each fresh shock comes I wonder if that will not be the last to us, and yet every one makes me realize more fully the danger to all. And I feel the impulse each hour stronger to go where I can hear constantly from Hal and can get to him at a moment's warning. Yet every day my presence is absolutely required to protect the property. If I pretend to keep the farm, the only way to do so is positively and firmly to resist the foragers when they come, or the place would soon be stripped of everything we could subsist on.

Yesterday a party of soldiers with a wagon came after my meat again. ["Meat" refers to the salted pork especially, of which a sufficient supply was stored away for the year's use for the house and the slaves.] I met them at the door and saw at once that they were men from whom I must expect no good feeling. The wagon-master told me he wanted meat. I told him I had none to spare. He said I must show him what I had. I got the meat house key and led the way for him. When I opened the door I showed him where the Dutch had broken in. He asked if that was all I had? I told him "no"—that I had some in the garret. He wanted to know how much? I told him I did not know exactly, but no more than I wanted. He said he would go to the overseer and see if he had some. I told him the overseer had no more than he wanted for he was a poor

man with a large family. He said he must see, and walked off. The men with him staid in the yard waiting for him. They seemed disposed to talk but I did not like their looks and so came in the house.

The wagon-master on going to Mr. Kidwell's said he must see his meat. Mr. Kidwell opened his meat house, told them that there it was, they might take it if they chose, but that he should follow the army with his whole family if they did. They looked at all the children around the door and thinking, I suppose, that they would be rather troublesome camp-followers, decided not to take their meat. He came back to the house and ordered two of his men to search the garret, and see how much meat I had there. I looked at them and seeing that a boy about seventeen years of age was the least ill-looking of the party, I told him he might come in the house but that I could not allow any of the others to come in. He hesitated for a moment—I told him he need not be *afraid*—that *there were no men in the house*—he said, Oh, he was not afraid—and afterwards coming up the steps he said he hated very much to do this but could not help himself—he was under orders—his youth and his air of reticence prevented my feeling the intense indignation I should otherwise have felt. I piloted him up to the linen closet and showed him the shelves by which we climb to the garret, and the trap-door, up and through which he would enter the garret. He showed no intention of attempting to mount, but said I never could have gotten the meat up! I assured him I had, and insisted upon his going up to see, as I did not wish any other of those men to come

inside of my house. He laughed and said I need not be afraid—none of them would go up that place. It had not occurred to me till then that he was actually afraid to trust himself without his arms, which he could not have retained in climbing up the shelves. I could not help laughing heartily at the idea. He laughed too, and said he thought if I had gotten it up there I had earned it. And so down he went. I do not know what tale he told the wagon-master, but they all went off with their wagon empty.

Every day I find myself less and less cheerful, my anxiety for Hal is so great, and to feel that I cannot get to him makes it ten times worse. I hardly know what to do—I only know that should Hal be wounded and suffer for want of attention I should never forgive myself for not going to him in spite of every obstacle. I fear I could never find in my heart rejoicing for victory if it cost harm to my husband and yet I know I love our cause most devotedly.

Sunday night, June 15. This evening I walked out and before I got back was told that the Yankees were coming. As usual I hid money, silver, etc., but this time it was unnecessary. I soon saw that Mr. Weidemeyer was with them and so was not alarmed. Mr. W. came to the house while the soldiers waited at the gate. He told us they were a Col. Anisansel and a Lieutenant who were sent to see him by his Consul (the Col. being also a Swiss) to offer him protection. The Colonel, who has very recently joined Geary, was so shocked by what Mr. Weidemeyer told him that he determined to do what he could to put a stop to such pro-

ceedings. I told him unreservedly what treatment I had met with; he did not seem to understand it, said such things were so entirely against orders, that he was sure Geary could know nothing of it. He gave me a safeguard for my place and property and told me that if I wanted a pass to go to the Southern army he would insure me one. They got up to leave just as supper was ready, and as they had come with such kind intentions and behaved themselves so well, and had a long ride to take, I felt it encumbent upon me to offer them something to eat. They did me such good service, taking such a load off my mind about getting to see Hal that I could not begrudge them a little hospitality. Oh! if I could only hear from him—he has escaped in four or five battles—may God preserve him in them all.

June 18. Brother's wedding day, and not one of his family present. Ma and Kate went to Middleburg yesterday to engage a man to take some wheat from me and exchange it in Alexandria for goods and groceries. To such shifts are we reduced.

They bring word from our lines that Ashby is certainly killed, and that they saw him buried in Charlottesville, and that the grave was literally filled with flowers from the ladies of the place; in contradiction to this, old Mr. Fletcher told me this morning that two men had come in who had seen him well and hearty since he was killed(?) by the Yankee papers.

Last night quite late old uncle Henry from Cousin Mary Welby Carter's came over with a note saying she had heard

my place had been entirely stripped by the Yankees and that they were going to sack her place today. I was glad to relieve her fears, and referred her to Col. Anisansel, in case she had any trouble, as the most gentlemanly of the Yankee army near us. Again yesterday two of Col. A's men were here fulfilling his promise to assure himself that I sustained no further injury. I feel much more secure since his visit.

Heavy cannonading was heard all yesterday evening in the direction of Winchester, and two Yankee deserters report Jackson in possession of the town. I would give anything on earth I have to hear from Hal.

Mr. Bolling came in for a few moments this morning to tell us he had been to see Col. Geary and was just from his camp and though he was there by invitation of Col. Geary and on a promise from him that his mules should be returned to him he was treated by this *courtly gentleman* with every indignity, rudely refused his horses and ordered out by the Colonel turning to the officer of the day and telling him at his peril to allow no more men to annoy him with requests for horses. Mr. Bolling saw Col. Anisansel. He was much pleased with his courtesy and told me that from the interest he expressed in us he thought I need fear no harm that was in the power of Col. Anisansel to prevent. I must say this is some comfort to me though I do not like being under an obligation to one of the enemy. But this man is a foreigner and a gentleman, and I know my own dear husband would feel it a privilege under similar circumstances to protect this gentleman's family.

I saw tonight a letter from George Carter to Katey urg-

ing upon her a decisive answer to the question he has so often asked her. I do not know what she will do as I do not think she is prepared either to give him up entirely or to accept him positively.

June 20. This morning Mr. Bolling came over early having called at Mr. Fletcher's on his way to enquire what news his son's letter brought, but Mr. F. was from home. He told us he would send Sammy over at twelve o'clock to take Katey to Bollingbroke to meet the Stephensons. I was glad, very glad, for her to go, for her life here is dreary enough for a young girl.

Shortly after Mr. Bolling left, Uncle John came. It did me good to see how much he has cheered up since receiving good news of Brother Richard. Thank heaven, he told me Hal was certainly well after the Saturday's battle. Oh, can I ever be thankful enough to a merciful God for thus preserving my darling amid so many dangers. Mr. Weidemeyer came and, to my surprise, with Col. Anisansel in citizen's clothes, unattended by any escort. He came to express unreservedly his horror of Col. Geary's proceedings, saying he felt restrained on Sunday in the presence of the Lieutenant who was but slightly known to him. He really seems a gentleman and a good man, and I think his sympathy for the South is so great that he does not enjoy fighting against us. Indeed he told me this evening plainly that he did not think he would fight any more except to protect us. He cordially detests the whole system of plunder and oppression and heartily wishes himself rid of the business. His purpose is

evidently, through kindness of heart to atone to us all as far as is in his power, by his positive and effectual protection for the future, for the injuries we have suffered in the past. Oh, if this war had only been carried on in this spirit by all how much sooner might it have terminated; but unfortunately, for one Col. Anisansel, you find one hundred Gearys. Uncle John says Col. Anisansel is the only gentleman he has seen in the Yankee armies. I can realize now more fully how forlornly unprotected we were, since I feel the intense relief occasioned by Col. A.'s interference. I told him this evening (for I wished him to distinctly understand *that it was not in his official character that I conversed with him in my own house*) that while many persons in our neighborhood had been changed from Unionists to Secessionists by Col. Geary's treatment, I had been from the moment I saw Lincoln's war proclamation a Secessionist from the bottom of my heart; and that though I had to look dreadful calamities in the face—confiscation, poverty, want and death to the nearest and dearest I had, I would not shrink from it could I only see our glorious cause advancing. He could sympathize with my enthusiasm, though his flowed in another direction. Finally he left assuring me again of his protection and offering me any assistance in his power. How I wish Hal could know of this. It would prevent many hours of uneasiness to him.

June 22. This morning Uncle Nathan Loughborough and Cousin John Harrison called at the door for a moment to tell me that on Tuesday last when we heard such distinct

firing Jackson had again severely whipped Fremont, almost annihilating his army. He said that Mr. Bitzer who had just come from the battlefield reports all our neighborhood people as well, another crowning mercy to me, for Hal's name is too well known and familiar for him to be over-looked if he were hurt.

I got a note from Katey in Upperville telling me that I must send for her this evening. The violent storm has prevented till now when it is so late that I fear the carriage can hardly be gotten up in time, especially as uncle Joshua instead of going after the horses himself has sent those utterly trifling boys Richard and George who are capering about the fields making scarcely an effort to accomplish what they were sent for. I am afraid Hal will be obliged to sell all four of these fourteen year old boys when he comes back for they are the torment of the place. Katey suggests that I put away some supper tonight, and Cousin John Harrison told me if I heard a knock tonight not to let a servant go to the door, but to go myself; from which I infer that George Carter is coming. How hard it seems that our friends should have to skulk about their own homes like criminals and cannot even visit a friend except under cover—cover of night and after every precaution. Poor George, I wish I could hope he would be repaid for his risk and trouble by finding his suit successful after he gets here. But I think there is but small chance of it, for it seems to me that Katey can never let any lover approach within a certain distance. Surely if constancy and devotion should ever make a man succeed it should in his case; for five years of a young man's

life is a long time to devote hopelessly to one woman. I have heard, however, that he says he would rather love her hopelessly than be loved by any other woman though it may be the greatest beauty of the earth.

June 23. Last night after the girls Kate, Nannie and Josephine arrived, I hurried supper so that Grandma and the children might go to bed and the servants be all out of the house in time for our expected visitors. The girls dressed themselves very nicely hoping that all four of the Confederates would come. I sent out for Mary (a negro maid) to come to put Grandma to bed and heard the children their prayers so that every thing might be ready, but to our dismay Grandma insisted that she would sit up an hour later in honor of the girls. It was in vain we tried to get her to bed—*go she would not.* I then tried reading evening prayers for the family to see if force of habit would not make her go immediately after prayers to bed, as usual, when we arose from our knees. I had hardly commenced reading the Psalms when I heard Oscar barking violently. Fearing a servant might go to the door I stopped reading and went myself, as soon as I heard a faint knock. There was no one but George Carter who had stronger motives than the others for venturing out such a stormy night. As he came in, Mary was standing on the stairway. I hope, poor fellow, for his sake she will not prove as faithless as most of her race have proven themselves.

It was not long before we contrived to give Katey and George the west parlor to themselves, and there they sat

till I wondered what they could find to talk about so long. Ma got sleepy and went to bed and Josephine soon followed her, and Nannie and I were left to keep watch for propriety's sake in the library. In spite of my interest in the success of George's suit my eyes got very heavy before there was any flagging in their conversation and three o'clock in the morning came before they moved. At last they walked out just as Nannie and I were settling ourselves for a nap which we prophesied would from present appearances last till morning.

We did not think it safe for George to stay till daylight, so off he started in the pitch dark to look for his horse which he had left in the field, saying he would come back and stay till daylight if the horse had strayed off. However we soon heard the whistle which was the signal agreed on if he found it where he tied it, so off he went.

Just now Mr. Kidwell came by the house to say that he had seen a troop of soldiers with fourteen wagons go down the green garden road, and feared my horses might be taken out of Loudon so he has gone to see about them.

June 24. Ben went down in Loudon this morning on the Confederate horse to get me some cabbage plants and had not come back when Mr. Kidwell left. Late this evening I saw him walking to the house with an empty basket. I called to him to know where his horse was? "Gone. Yankees done tuk 'im. Col. Geary an' all his men done gone to Harpers Ferry an' they tuk the hoss 'way frum me." It was good news

that Geary was gone, but the loss of the only sound horse on the place is an annoying accompanying circumstance.

June 26. All day yesterday I was expecting to see Mr. Kidwell come home, but night came and still, to my no little alarm, there was no sign of him. In the evening the girls walked out and meeting Mr. Ayres were told by him that George Carter, Ben Carter and a Mr. McCarty would be here after dark. They came back quickly to dress up for the Confederates, glad, poor things, of another excuse to put on pretty dresses and flowers in their hair. They had scarcely gone upstairs before Mr. Weidemeyer came in to tell me that the fine Cleveland colt I had rescued once before from the Yankees had been taken from the farm where I had put it for safety. I was exceedingly sorry, for the creature had grown so beautiful that it had become a favorite wish with me to preserve it for Hal, knowing the pleasure he would take in it. So Mr. Weidemeyer and I planned a trip for today in search of it. Having discovered that Col. Anisansel was still at Alex. Grayson's farm—we decided to start by light, I from here with a servant, to meet Mr. Weidemeyer at the school house between Bellefield and Welbourne, and from there to see the Colonel, hoping that some of his men had taken the colt, knowing that he would give it up. When we told Mr. Weidemeyer the Confederate boys were coming to call tonight he was very indignant, insisting that it was inconsiderate toward me and trifling, etc., in them to be going about in this way—he would not stay to meet them.

About ten o'clock they came. Knowing that I would have to rise very early the next morning I thought I would take a nap in the library while the young people sat in the west parlor, but soon the others came out leaving Katey and George Carter to themselves in the parlor—so my nap was a failure. It was decided they were to stay till just before day and then go to Mr. Ayres before light, so we brought down the Buffalo robes and some blankets and at one o'clock left them to their short repose.

I had told the servants to wake me before light and have the horses, Cricket and Old Martha, ready in time. I had hardly, it seemed to me, got to sleep before I was wakened again to start for the camp. Everything was ready and I in the saddle just as the sun rose, with Robert for an escort. The morning was beautiful, the fresh breeze just strong enough to waken me completely and make me forget in the enjoyment of the ride the fact that I had slept only three hours out of the past twenty-four.

I went to the school house hill, and not seeing Mr. Weidemeyer went on to Welbourne. Finding he had left there sometime before, I decided that we had misunderstood each other as to the rendezvous, there being two school houses on that road about a mile from each other. I rode forward very rapidly not fancying having lost so much time and not wishing to keep my kind friend waiting. It was as I thought for on approaching the other school house I saw him sitting on a stone. He had been there an hour. He was naturally somewhat irritated and rather discouraged

from the enterprise by his long sitting in the cold morning air. He said he thought it would prove a wild goose chase.

Trusting to the Colonel's kindness I differed from him in opinion and we decided to go on and I tried by lively conversation to divert him to a bright humor, taking at the same time very meekly the scolding he gave me for being so little practical as not to have noticed particularly *where we should meet.*

We rode on till we came to the pickets who told us Col. Anisansel was at Newstead. We rode on till we came upon a part of the encampment. An officer told us he was sick at Mr. Harrison's, we turned back and went at once to Windsor. We met with a cordial reception from Cousin John and Mrs. Harrison and the Colonel soon came down. He looked badly and I hesitated to trouble him, but while I talked with a Captain Higgins, Mr. Weidemeyer told our errand to the Colonel.

He told me, when he had thought some time about it that he feared he could not do much to help me, though he had every inclination to do so. He said if my colt was in his command I should certainly have it, but he knew that the work horse must have been taken by Geary's men, in which case he would have no influence in recovering it. But he told me he had left a very fine work horse of his own at The Plains, which he begged me to accept. I could not consent to take it as a gift, so he gave it to Mr. Weidemeyer, telling him to leave it with me as long as I wanted it.

As soon as we had finished breakfast we mounted our

horses and accompanied by the Colonel and Captain Higgins we went to the camp.

I had quite a lively discussion on politics with the Captain who rode up by my side. After a while Mr. Weidemeyer called me aside to tell me that Col. Anisansel had just heard that Geary had issued an order to press all horses, so it would be useless to go further than his own camp in search of mine. He also brought me a hint from the Col. not to be too communicative to the Captain as he did not trust him fully.

As we approached the encampment I was much struck with the picturesque effect of the white, conical tents against the dark green background of the woods, while the large troop of cavalry drawn up in regular array in front completed the picture. "You see, Mrs. Dulany," said the Colonel, "I receive you with all the honors of war!" The object was that I might see every horse in his command. I looked in vain for my colt. At last I saw a young colt that looked like mine, it was brought up for me to see but I soon found I was mistaken. At last a soldier said that a stray colt was in a field belonging to Mrs. Carter so the Colonel proposed we should go to see it. I felt uneasy taking them to the farm, fearing Mrs. Carter might lose her horses in consequence, as an orderly accompanied the Colonel. Mrs. Carter received us very kindly and sent immediately for the colt. While waiting Colonel Anisansel paid Mrs. Carter for some bacon that one of his men had taken the day before. She showed him her pictures and was very kind. [This is Mrs. George Carter of "Bellefield" the mother of the

George Carter who was always slipping through the Yankee lines to visit my Aunt Kate, "Katey" of this journal, who later married him; "Oatlands" was their home, and the "pictures" here exhibited to the friendly Yankee Colonel were the Reynolds, Copleys, Sullys and other masterpieces which on the death of Mrs. Carter of "Bellefield" were inherited by George Carter of "Oatlands."]

When the colt came I was again disappointed. The Colonel seemed very sorry, and the orderly told us he had offered $100.00 reward to any of his soldiers who would recover it for me. When I went out to mount my horse I found a beautiful new bridle on her. Robert said one of the soldiers had put it on her. Mr. Weidemeyer said it was from the Colonel. I hardly liked to take it, but he asked me not to wound his feelings by refusing so slight a favor. He had been so kind and taken so much trouble for me that I felt I would not be excusable in refusing. We parted in the Bellefield yard, shaking hands. I told him I was a Southern woman, and I would not forget his kindness. While riding to Mrs. Carter's he showed me the likenesses of his wife and boy and made me describe Hal accurately to him, saying he never wanted to harm him, even if they met on the field of battle.

I was glad enough to start for Oakley from Bellefield, leaving Mr. Weidemeyer to go to Welbourne and get Cousin Mittie Herbert to come to dinner, while I came home through Upperville with Robert to look for news. I heard none but met with Mr. Bolling and Uncle Nathan Loughborough who came home with me, but I was so tired

that I do not remember one word they said, except that Ashby's cavalry were at Front Royal. When they left I went upstairs and undressing threw myself on the bed and slept for two hours.

I was wakened by May coming in to tell me that George Carter and Robert Gray were here. Before I was dressed Mr. Weidemeyer and Cousin Mittie came and the dinner bell rang, all these good friends with us.

The boys were going back to the army directly and would take a letter from me to Hal. I wrote very hurriedly for they were waiting, the first line he has had from me for many a day.

Geary will cross the river tomorrow at Snickersville, so our homes are our own again, for how long a time I cannot say. This evening I heard that Geary had taken poor Mr. Kidwell prisoner. I am afraid he is alarmed but think he will be released when the army has crossed the river. And now to bed as fast as I can for I am almost worn out.

June 28. This morning as I walked toward the barn to see what the hands were doing, Simon and Ben were plowing and all five of the boys in the lower garden were chasing Maria's children over the corn instead of hoeing it as they were told. I gave each of them a separate task, telling them to come to me when they were finished. I then set them to cleaning up the road and raking up the grass uncle Joshua and Robert had cut in the circle.

About ten o'clock Henry Arthur called to bring me the keys to the barn-yard for poor Mr. Kidwell, that miserable

Geary having released all his prisoners except him. I believe he carries him with his army over the river only to annoy me.

Not hoping to see Mr. Kidwell shortly I thought best to start out this evening to engage harvest hands. I succeeded in getting all I shall want and what is more, a white man to take the management. As Henry Arthur came over also to offer me Cousin Robert Carter's horses for the reaper, I feel as if Providence had interposed especially in my behalf.

Mr. Bolling was over yesterday and told us that the Federals had been severely repulsed at Fort Darling and also at Charleston. The paper today tells of a severe skirmish across the Chickahominy in which they say they lost 200 men and that the enemy's (that's the Confederates) loss must be equal. Another victory for us no doubt. Their note of triumph would have been much louder had we been really defeated.

June 29. This morning I looked out and saw a servant riding Hal's black horse toward the house. Henry Arthur had been so kind as to send down into Loudon for it and it was his man who brought it to me. I learned from him that my big mare and colt were also safe.

Mr. Gallaher called to tell me that he was one of the men confined with Mr. Kidwell. He had seen Colonel Anisansel who asked him to tell me that no effort on his part should be wanting to obtain Mr. K.'s release. Mr. Gallaher thinks it probable that Mr. Kidwell followed them voluntarily hop-

ing thereby to recover my horses, both of which were in Geary's camp.

July 1. Yesterday I went down to Welbourne and stayed there while I sent Robert down into Loudon to get the carriage mare and colt. I learned while there that Mr. Kidwell had been sent on to Washington, on what pretext it is impossible to imagine.

Among the servants Maria is sick this morning, besides uncle Reed, uncle Dan, Rosetta, Patsy and Beck—truly a fine beginning for harvest—and I so sick myself from headache this morning I can hardly go about.

Cricket broke her bridle while I was at Welbourne and paced off leaving me to get home as best I could. Fortunately Dr. Gunnel met her in Clifton lane, and expecting to pick me up out of some fence corner brought her back to Welbourne as soon as possible, for which I was much obliged to him for I had begun to despair of getting home at all that night. The Doctor rode home with me to the gate.

We met old Mr. Glasscock near his house and I could but be struck with the kindness of his manner in speaking to me. I was gratified by Dr. Gunnel's telling me that he had been often struck with the respect and even affection with which all the men in this neighborhood spoke of me.

In spite of my headache this morning I felt it necessary to get up and come down, though I did not do so till breakfast was ready. The servants had all to be given their week's allowance of corn meal and flour, to be given their work,

etc., etc., another matter, I had to see that everything was ready for the harvest.

July 3. I began harvest this morning under very disadvantageous circumstances. Rosetta, William, Maria, Uncle Dan, Uncle Reed, besides Margaret, Patsy and Beck, all sick. I fear my wheat will most of it fall before it can be cut. Dr. Gunnel has just come bringing a rumor that we have whipped McClellan at Richmond so that he was obliged to fall back twenty-eight miles. If true I shall not fret over the loss of two or three hundred bushels of wheat.

I sent Robert out to catch Cricket about two hours ago as it is important I should go to Upperville on business. He has been racing and chasing up and down the field ever since and the horse is no nearer being caught than before. I had no one else to send. It will wind up with my walking after all.

These are trying times, but I must remember that there are many left worse off than I am. I heard a few days ago that Hal was safe. That is blessing enough for one week.

July 3, Night. I rode up for the paper tonight and the first thing I saw was that "the Ministers of two leading powers of Europe have notified that hostilities must immediately cease." Can it be true that the long expected intervention of France and England has come at last? If so, and if effectual, millions of hearts from Maine to New Orleans will pray "Vive l'Empereur" and "God save the Queen" as fervently as ever uttered in Paris or London. The whole of

the front sheet of the paper is taken up with "The Great Battle of Richmond." And what does it tell? Heart-chilling tales of streams of blood and heaps of dead, of shrieks and groans, of mowing men down like heads of wheat, of onslaught and repulse, and after three days' fighting, from Thursday the 26th of June till one o'clock on Sunday the 29th, the battle still undecided. . . . Oh, that a merciful God would spare his people while there are any left to bless His goodness! I have reason to hope that Hal is still in the valley. Mr. Bolling starts for our lines tomorrow and will take his horse to him. No news as yet of poor Mr. Kidwell.

July 4. Mr. Weidemeyer came over this evening bringing Mary and Fanny and Johnny with him, the two girls to stay till Monday with Jenny. [Jenny was the twelve-year-old sister of my Aunt Ida, afterwards Mrs. Charles Minnigerode. It will be seen that Captain and Mrs. Dulany had as members of their family at Oakley, "Grandma" who as referred to in this journal, was the grandmother of Mrs. Dulany, my own great-grandmother—born a Randolph of "Eastern View"—"Ma," her daughter, Mrs. Dulany's mother, Mrs. Marietta Fauntleroy Turner Powell, and two of her unmarried daughters, "Katey" who married George Carter, and "Jenny" a little girl. To take in so many relatives as permanent members of a family was nothing unusual.]

One of my servants, Minnie, behaved shamefully today provoking me so that I was determined to have her

whipped, which she found out—indeed I told her of my intention, in consequence of which she watched her opportunity and ran off. I sincerely hope I have seen the last of her for she has been a constant worry to me for years.

July 5. This morning when I went before breakfast to the barnyard, I saw by the surly manner of all the servants that something was the matter. Soon Mrs. Kidwell came down and told me that Minnie had gone around to each of them saying that I had mentioned them all by name and said I wished the Yankees would get every one of them; that I never wanted to see the face of one of them again. Ben and Selina she said I had abused especially. I told them this was false but am by no means convinced that they believe me.

Mrs. Kidwell went over this morning to a Mr. Blakesley's for news of Mr. Kidwell, as they were taken at the same time. Mr. Blakesley said that Mr. Kidwell told Col. Geary when he was undergoing his examination, that my wheat was ready to cut and my corn suffering for attention. Geary said if that was so, he would take Mr. Kidwell along, but was releasing the other prisoners. It is a petty meanness so low I can hardly credit it, yet I have been told by Mr. Bolling and others that there was no doubt of the fact that he had an especial dislike to me. If he knew the opinion I have of him it is probable that his dislike toward me would do anything but soften.

Bartlett Bolling brought Anna over this morning to stay

with the other little girls, and a merry time they have had of it.

Uncle John called today for a moment to tell me that he had heard from Hal through Mr. Stephenson, that he was well three days ago, and at Harrisonburg. This is the first definite intelligence of his whereabouts that I have had for some time.

For at least two hours this morning I heard heavy cannonading in the direction of Manassas. I can form no conjecture as to its cause as I did not know that we had any troops there.

Mamma is quite sick so all the housekeeping and dining-room cleaning falls to me, with Robert's assistance and some help from Katey, whenever she is not otherwise occupied. The women are still sick, only Mammy, Lucinda, Harriet and aunt Louisa being up to do all the farm and house work where the usual number is twelve.

July 9. On Sunday the sixth we went to Upperville to church expecting to hear Mr. Kinsolving preach but he had gone to Richmond to try to have General Rogers exchanged, and Mr. Tudor gave us a sermon. On Monday Kate and I went to Middleburg, Bartlett Bolling kindly asking us down in his father's carriage. I there saw some Southern papers. They state our loss as enormous but our victory as complete, and at the same time give McClellan great credit for generalship. The only names I recognized among the killed were Wood McDonald, George Adie and Richard Grayson. I learned from Uncle Ned Turner that

our cousins, except "St. Louis Tom," who is my favorite, were not in the fight. The report of Jackson's death is, I am thankful to say, untrue. His loss added to Ashby's would have been hard to bear. Gen. Griffith of Mississippi was killed and also Gen. Ellzey.

Mrs. George Carter sends me a letter from George in which he sends me word that my dear husband was well on the nineteenth of June, and between Staunton and Harrisonburg.

I was glad enough yesterday to see Mr. Kidwell coming by the house. He had been arrested without any charge except the suspicion that I had sent him to gain information to send to the Southern army, and was released without any trial or acquittal. My harvest progresses so slowly that I fear I shall lose most of my wheat before it can be cut. I copy here some lines written on the death of Ashby. They show the love felt for him and express the sorrow felt by the whole country.

A Dirge For Ashby

Heard ye that thrilling word,
  Accent of dread,
Flash like a thunder-bolt
  Bowing each head —
Crash through the battle din,
Over the booming gun,
Ashby, our bravest one,
  Ashby is dead.

'Tis not one broken heart
  Wild with dismay,
Crazed with her agony
  Weeps o'er his clay —
Ah, from a thousand eyes
See the pure tears that rise —
Widowed Virginia lies
  Stricken today.

Not two years ago this brave and lamented hero, a modest, unpretending young man, visited us frequently and won us by his gentle courtesy to love him as a friend. He had not even had a military education and it was not till later that the company was raised in which as Captain he commenced his brief and brilliant military career. Who could have foreseen that in two short years a nation would grieve at his death? Two years—two centuries rather—so much have we known and lived and suffered in that time.

July 14. There has been perfect quiet here since our week of battles. On Saturday I started out alone to go to Upperville to make some purchases, but meeting Bartlett Bolling he kindly escorted me there and back. I was glad to have him with me for he is very entertaining and the road so lonely I did not much like the idea of going alone. I was sick all day yesterday and have been in bed all day today. Uncle John came over and when he went home sent me some ice which was very grateful to my parched mouth.

Anna Noland, Nannie Taylor and Fannie Powell are all here and this evening Stuart and Anna Bolling rode over. I hope the young people will have a merry visit in spite of the war.

July 16. All day yesterday I was very sick but in the night became better. Toward morning I heard Mamma calling me and then her voice saying that Hal had come! I was up in a minute and sure enough there he was, looking thin and very brown as a soldier should, but well and hearty. He has resigned his Captaincy having heard that Brother Richard has been made Colonel and wishing to get the adjutancy of his regiment. He has suffered so with his eyes that his physician told him he might lose his sight entirely by continued exposure, so he thought it best to try a change. [Captain Dulany, my Uncle Hal, had lost one eye entirely in his childhood, owing to an accident.]

July 21. This morning was the day appointed for a picnic for Jenny and the other little girls. The Bollings and Stephensons came over early. It looked so rainy I hardly thought they would come, and tried to persuade them to stay here. But they seemed unwilling to give it up, and so went. I was sorry not to go with them, but Hal's fine horse was taken very sick, so Bartlett who was to have ridden him was thrown out of a mount, having given up his horse to put in my carriage. So I gave him my seat.

Rumors come of further fighting at Richmond and stirs

in the valley and it is said that our pickets are at Millwood and a portion of an army in Winchester.

July 24. The girls all left yesterday. Last night's paper though containing little news was interesting from its general tone of despondency. It contained extracts from the leading northern papers severely blaming their administration both civil and military. McClellan's evacuation of the Peninsula was hinted at as by no means improbable. The volunteering for the new 30,000 men pronounced lamentably slow. And the National debt to be paid, contracted during the war, so enormous that the energies of the babies now in their cradles will be mortgaged to pay the interest on it. The interest in "Morgan's raids" as the Yankees call them, continues, Cincinnati is in a great state of excitement, expecting to be taken by him every day. Newberg in Indiana is already in his possession, forming the first instance of aggressive war on our part. Nashville is threatened by the Confederates and the Union folks there are in a delightful state of alarm. General Pope is to begin operations at once in the Valley, and the Yankees expect great things of him; he has commenced his course by giving his men permission to plunder the inhabitants at pleasure and his orders are that horses and men are to subsist upon the people. A sweet time we shall have if he succeeds in bringing his men this far. A servant from Winchester reports the Yankees still in possession there.

Hal complains very much of rheumatism since his return. His hard camp life tells on him.

July 27. There was no news of importance in the paper last night except that a naval battle of importance has been fought near Vicksburg in which the single Confederate ram Arkansas had succeeded in passing the whole Federal fleet after disabling several vessels and sinking one, and has arrived safely under the guns of Vicksburg. The noble city still holds out against the whole attacking force and will do so to the last. The sad fate of New Orleans has taught such a lesson that every Southern city has formed the resolution to surrender only in ashes.

Yesterday morning a man came to lay claim to the horse given me by Colonel Anisansel. He says that it was stolen from his father-in-law and that the Colonel refused to deliver it up unless he would take the oath of allegiance to the Lincoln government. It is really astonishing that not one honest man can be found in that disgraceful army. I believed in Colonel Anisansel, he seemed so much better than others, but here he is proven in a deception, for he told me he had paid for the horse with his own money.

July 31. On Monday Hal wrote me from Upperville that he had heard Means' men were coming to this neighborhood to administer the oath to all citizens and that as G. Ayres was going across the lines he would go with him. I accordingly prepared all his clothes, but when he came home he had hurt his foot so badly that he could not go until this morning when he left me for an indefinite time, his return depending entirely upon the course of events.

Pope's iniquitous proclamation enforcing the oath upon all male inhabitants and empowering his soldiers to punish suspected communicators with the Confederates with death without trial, make it impossible for any man to remain in this country with honor and safety both, should the country be occupied as before by Federals. In that case he cannot come home, yet the doctors say he is entirely unfit for service and I should be miserable if he were again in the army; but I do not know that that is any worse than wandering about without sufficient means or occupation. I am more anxious for him now than I have ever been. All the men are in great trouble. All resolved not to take the oath, yet all naturally anxious and troubled at the prospect of having to start off at a moment's notice leaving families to fare as best they can, many with no earthly provision—or to take them with them, not knowing where they are to go.

If our men will only be firm and united in their refusal to take the oath the very severity of the order will defeat its object. It would be impossible to banish or punish with death or imprisonment a whole community. Mr. Bolling returned on Monday, and came over early this morning to see Hal before he left. He brings very encouraging accounts from Richmond and gave us an amusing story of General Hatch's skirmish at Mr. Leigh's in which a body of 150 cavalry under Gen. Hatch was completely routed and driven across the Rapidan by a party of 40 Confederates. The most amusing part of the story is that Gen. Hatch rode up to Mr. Leigh's door and ordered Miss Leigh to have 150 lbs. of bacon and bread in proportion cooked instantly for

his men. She, thinking it safest to comply, gave orders immediately, but before the provisions were half ready, the expectant supper-eaters were in full retreat and doubtless Miss Leigh's abundant preparations proved very acceptable to our Confederates when they returned from the chase.

My head aches tonight for which I am sorry as I must rise early to ride to Upperville on the ox-cart and deliver some wheat. Our last two men, Simon and Ben, ran off on Sunday. Simon having volunteered to tell his master a week ago that he would never leave him, and Ben having started on the pretence of getting medicine for his little baby who was very ill, taking with him a pair of shoes and a pair of pants belonging to his master. Poor Selina, his wife, is much distressed, not only at Ben's going but at his leaving her without telling her anything about it, and that, too, when their only child was not expected to live. I went to see her this evening, and fear she will lose her pretty little yellow baby.

Aug. 1. Today's paper contains much encouraging matter for us. Brilliant moves by Morgan, seven articles against the North from English papers and a notice from the West that Com. Farragut had sent a flag of truce to Gen. van Dorn asking permission to pass the batteries at Vicksburg and offering to evacuate the Mississippi and New Orleans.

A skirmish is described at Malvern Hill in which the enemy attacking were repulsed; our loss was one killed, six wounded, that one killed was Julien Carter my bright,

handsome girlhood's friend. It seems but yesterday I heard his merry laugh in this very room, the sound of his voice rings in my ears—"Cousin Ida, I love my country, I know I am no coward, I relish a good fight, but I am not ready for killing just yet."

53021

Chapter II

Additional depredations, deceptions, anxieties and deaths. My Uncle Hal goes for provisions, which the Yankees take away from him. He returns on foot, disheveled, empty-handed, without his pistol, collar or gloves. The old ledger, originally an engagement book for the blooded horses of the Oakley Stud

AUGUST 2. I have been somewhat perplexed within the last few days by finding out unmistakably that of my slaves Will, Maria and Mary have planned going off with their children to the Yankees. I think they are taking advantage of Hal's absence. I care very little but for the sake of example I should like to capture them in the act, and so offered $500.00 today to any one who would undertake to carry them south. But no one came forward with energy enough to undertake it. I have taken what precautions I could to prevent them from taking much plunder.

The news in tonight's paper, if true, is most gratifying, *viz.*, that a fleet of ten iron-clad gun-boats made in England for the Confederacy have arrived at Mobile and opened the blockade. If so we can get supplies of ammunition, etc., without further difficulty.

Aug. 5. Today's paper has no confirmation of the blockade being opened at Mobile. I have had a message from Hal. He has gotten safely through to our lines. Mr. Weide-

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meyer was here this morning to tell me the Yankees about sixty strong were in Upperville and that more were coming. I immediately sent Mr. Kidwell off with the best horses and the colts to a secure place in the mountains where Hal told me to hide them in case of another invasion. My heart sinks within me when I look forward to having another Yankee visitation. I fear this set will leave but little behind them. There is one consolation, I have now very little left for them to take. Thank heaven Hal is beyond their reach. It is supposed they have come to administer the oath to the inhabitants. I only hope our men may have the firmness to resist to the death. Exile, confiscation, even death, before perjury and disgrace.

Aug. 8. We have found out the object of the Yankee visitation. A servant who came from Leesburg to bring Josephine Stephenson some money informed the Yankees on his return that her brothers were in Upperville. So they sent off this party to capture them. An express was sent to the boys to warn them, so they left Upperville the evening before the Yankees arrived, and their friends were congratulating themselves on their escape.

The girls were told the Yankees were returning through the village, and on looking out poor Josephine saw, the first thing, her youngest brother Johnny brought in a prisoner by them. He had been captured at the river, some traitor having told where he would wait for his comrades.

Mr. Throckmorton came yesterday for the Anisansel horse. He told me many hard tales of my Yankee Protec-

tor. It seems he made a decided exception to his general rule, in my favor.

Aug. 10. I have been looking over my journal today and find many errors, some gross mis-statements as to facts. It would be impossible to correct them all, so I will let all stand. The truth will be shown by history and my statements that conflict with the truth will serve to show how in these times of trouble we are imposed upon by intentional and unintentional misrepresentations. I am also struck with the great change these times have effected in my own character and feelings.

Familiarity with hardships and annoyances and difficulties of every kind have accustomed me to thinking with less distress of the deprivations of the same kind endured by our soldiers, and a constant repetition of descriptions of death and suffering has hardened me, and I hear now of acres of dead and cities full of wounded with less sensibility than was at first occasioned by hearing of the loss of half a dozen men in a skirmish. As blow after blow falls, and our hearts are in a measure seared by the constant touch of the fire, we grow graver and older, and take a great shock more quietly than we would have taken a trifling annoyance a year ago.

Pope is driving peaceable men before him in his progress with his odious oath, we do not know how soon he may be here, and there is not a man of any respectability who will remain to take the oath. We shall then be given up entirely to Yankees and negroes. I am looking anxiously in

every paper to see that Pope's haughty spirit has had its fall in the shape of a whipping from Jackson. This is our only hope.

My poor husband—I am utterly at a loss to conjecture what he will do, and long, yes, really long for a time when man may cease to put asunder what God hath joined together. That the duty of man and wife should actually lead them into such entirely separate paths cannot be in accordance with God's will.

Aug. 19. Yesterday morning Uncle Ned Turner and Janie came to take our poor old Grandmother to "Kinloch." She has been miserable for months because she could not get there, and when the time came for her to go she was bitterly opposed to leaving us. I was sorry to see her go for I am afraid it will be impossible for Aunt Sarah with all she has to do to give her the constant attention she has been accustomed to from Mamma.

Mr. Bolling brought his carriage to take me to Middleburg this morning. We started but before we got near there we met several persons coming back who told us that the merchant whose goods we were going to buy had not been able to come out of Alexandria. So we turned back.

Before starting I walked to Maria's cabin to tell her that I had hired her to Mr. Gerby. She was violently opposed to being hired out and was rather disrespectful in manner. This evening I took my children and followed the body of Beck's baby to the graveyard where I read the funeral service, not liking it that the child should not have Chris-

tian burial. Afterwards went to the cabin to see poor Margaret whose days I fear are soon drawing to a close.

On returning to the house I met two nice-looking men going on horseback towards Mr. Bolling's; they were from Alexandria, trying to escape from the Yankees. They say that Jackson has whipped the Yankees again severely. Tomorrow's papers will probably mention it. However we have less chance than ever of learning the truth for the "News Sheet," the only paper that dared tell the truth, has been suppressed and we must depend upon "The Sun."

Aug. 20. This morning I got up very early, having had a headache all night and thinking a morning ride would do me good, started for Upperville to get some medicine from the Doctor for Margaret. I took Rozier behind me on Cricket. Finding the doctor still in bed I went to Dr. Williams to pay him for pulling Mary's tooth, and then back to Dr. Gunnel's to wait till he came downstairs. He had just come down when Mr. Carr put his head in the door and said in the most distracted way: "Mrs. Dulany, Mrs. Dulany, the Yankees are coming, coming fast—you had better—better—you had better ——" "I had better secure my horse," I said, "and will thank you to lead her into the back yard, please Sir." This he kindly hastened to do but the doctor was before him and Cricket was hardly out of sight when the Yankees came racing and tearing through the village. They pulled up just in front of the doctor's, and soon every kitchen in town was full of them calling

for breakfast, and the stables were broken into and provender taken to feed their horses.

I trembled for Oakley, knowing they would have seen the gate. On the whole they behaved tolerably decently for Yankees, taking only two horses and some goods from Gibson's store. They took Cricket, but the doctor recovered her and lost his own good horse. While I sat at the window in his office with the blinds closed, one soldier opened the blind and stared at me but when I turned my back walked off. They only stayed in town to get breakfast and then returned the road they came. They were some Maryland companies and were looking for some droves of cattle they heard were in the neighborhood. Stuart Bolling escorted me home.

Our having twenty-seven of his officers in close confinement has so cut General Pope's comb that he has published a proclamation so modifying his infamous order No. 9, that he might as well have cancelled it entirely. No soldier is now at liberty to enter a private house, under severest penalties.

Aug. 24, Noon. I cannot doubt but that a great battle has commenced. Since ten o'clock there has been one incessant roar of artillery in the direction of the hostile armies. Each instant, as I write, a solemn boom of cannon falls on my ear and my heart sickens at the thought that for every such sound I hear it may be many of those fighting for our homes and liberties are stricken down.

Afternoon. The firing slackened after one o'clock and

had ceased altogether by three, and now we shall have to wait for days to hear the issue and then it will come to us so misrepresented through the northern papers that it may be weeks before we hear the exact truth. The fighting cannot be more than twenty-five or thirty miles off. I think if I were a man, a whole community so deeply interested should not remain long in ignorance of what had occurred; but it would never enter the heads of any one of these stay-at-home gentlemen to get on his horse and ride in the direction of the firing.

Night. I was mistaken in thinking that the firing had ceased. A strong north wind prevented our hearing it. As soon as the wind lulled we heard it again constantly until the sun went down.

Aug. 26. A few moments after I got up this morning I heard Uncle Nathan Loughborough's voice calling me in the yard, saying he was in a great hurry. I threw a shawl around me and went to the window. He was so excited that his voice had an unnatural sound as he told me that Jackson with forty thousand men was at Salem, en route for Manassas it was supposed. Our own dear General, our own beloved army, within ten miles of us once more. I could well sympathize with his excitement and had any one been here to go with me I would have ridden all day to cheer my eyes with the blessed sight.

Uncle Nathan had heard that Jackson had sent word to the people around to send all the provisions they could as he was making a forced march and carried nothing with

him; so I immediately sent word to Mr. Kidwell to get the spring wagon and my two old mares (all the Yankees have left me, and he was soon under way with corn, hams, tomatoes, a barrel of flour, and as much as the wagon could hold.

It seems that while Lee was amusing the Yankees with a feint of crossing the river in one place, Jackson and his army were actually crossing much higher up, and here they are in the enemy's rear, while they suppose him before them across the river, baffled and disappointed. Many conjectures are afloat as to the result of the move. Glorious old "Stone Wall"—I am now expecting Mr. Kidwell back from The Plains where we thought he would arrive just in time to meet the whole army.

Aug. 29. Mr. Kidwell came back very late from The Plains. I did not see him till the next day, when he came in bringing me, to my no little mortification, *money* for the provisions I had sent to the army. He got to The Plains too late to see the main body of the army which by that time was far on the way to the Junction. Shortly after he left the house Mr. Bolling came with Cousin Addison Carter, Henry Harrison, Stuart and Anna. Mr. Bolling had been to The Plains, had seen all our boys, Tom, Willie, Bev, and all were well. Everyone is jubilant at the move, expecting great things.

A note from Cousin Mittie Herbert today tells that Gen. Ewell has been wounded, and one of our Turner cousins—she does not say which—and that *Clarence Whiting* is safe at Welbourne.

Yesterday we went to Middleburg and just before entering the town caught up with a long train of our army wagons going to Jackson. Our poor soldiers looked so dirty and tired. I longed for something to give them, and thought with regret of the milk, eggs, etc., at home that they would have enjoyed so much. They were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the ladies of the town, plates of provisions were handed from every house and every demonstration of welcome shown them.

At Cousin Catherine Cochran's we heard the sad news of Charlie Powell's and Cousin Randolph Mason's death. Charlie Powell I did not know, but can feel sincerely for his parents whose only son he was. Cousin Randy Mason was one of the best-loved friends of my girlhood and it is with keen regret that I think I shall never see him again.

This evening I heard the clank of a sword on the porch and knew instantly a soldier had come. It was Walker Armistead. Hal, he tells me, is in Halifax county on a visit to Dr. Carrington. I am very much afraid he will miss this chance of coming home.

Notwithstanding the buoyancy of our soldiers I cannot help feeling very anxious for our army.

Aug. 30. This morning after attending to my household duties and teaching the children I mounted Cricket and with Rozier behind went to Upperville to learn the news. There I heard that Gen. Ewell had lost a leg, for which all are sincerely sorry, he is a gallant officer. I feel particularly sorry for he was so kind a friend to "St. Louis Tom," that

I shall feel greater uneasiness about him now than ever. Bev Turner has been severely wounded. Many wounded are being brought to Middleburg and it is said some may come to Upperville. Dr. Williams sent to me for aid in sending him a wagon load of provisions tomorrow. I only wish I lived near enough to the hospitals to assist in nursing.

Dear old fellow, Walker Armistead is with us, it looks like good old times to see him sitting in our circle once more.

Sept. 1. Yesterday having heard that a great battle was fought the evening before near Manassas, in spite of its being Sunday and raining a little I mounted Cricket and with uncle Joshua as an escort I started for Middleburg thinking I could gain a little information.

I also wanted to tell Kate, who is there, to look out for people going to the battlefield, as we might hear from our boys as soon as possible in case of their being wounded. I met a good many of our soldiers on the way and had one adventure in being thrown over Cricket's head in the dust. Fortunately I was not hurt. In Middleburg I saw Cousin Burr Noland and Willie Wilson who had come home the day before. Everybody looked so happy there I could hardly believe it was the same country it was two weeks ago.

Brother Richard and Mr. Weidemeyer were at Cousin Burr's. I rode back behind their carriage and found when I got home that Hal had come in my absence. So now my satisfaction is complete.

Sept. 3. Yesterday morning Uncle Nathan came over to tell us of dear Wilson Turner's death. He was killed in the battle Saturday. Mr. Bolling came over; Hal was starting for the battlefield to see about Willie's body, but Mr. B. having just come from there told us the body had been buried and the place marked, and that Uncle Ned had gone down to remove him to Kinloch. Every such sacrifice only increases my detestation of the wicked government that has caused such needless suffering, and intensifies my love for the cause daily becoming more and more hallowed by the dearest and noblest blood of our land.

Sept. 11. Everything is a complete change—I can hardly believe myself in the same land. We see our own soldiers every day. Where the Yankee army is I do not know. . . . We have a hospital full of wounded soldiers for whom we are providing food and clothing and in Middleburg there are 1,500.

Sept. 28. I cannot write regularly now. The house is crowded from day to day with our soldiers, most of them, I am sorry to say, stragglers from the army who had better be at their posts. Some of them (and these I am delighted to see), weary marchers calling for a meal and night's lodging. Many of them prove nice gentlemen whose acquaintance it is a pleasure to have made. Our own boys, the Turners, are here all the time. Last night even the floors were covered with mattresses.

The Yankees in quite large force made a raid through

this neighborhood last week. They did no damage except paroling some of our wounded in Middleburg and killing one man and wounding four in an engagement with the Sixth Cavalry above Upperville. A good many gentlemen were staying here who might all have been captured very easily as the first intimation we had of their being within fifty miles of us was the reports of musketry from the skirmish.

Provisions are getting low with us. My sugar is all gone, there is no coffee, and the corn is alarmingly low in the granary. The churches all being used as hospitals, we have no services.

Nov. 2. Nearly two months have passed since I last wrote. Battles have been lost and won, friends have come and gone, our country has been occupied by our own troops generally but occasional raids by the Yankees have produced temporary excitements. On two occasions we have had the mortification of seeing our cavalry retreat before equal or inferior force of the enemy. In the last ten days there has been much excitement among us. First, Walker's Division of two Brigades, and then Hill's whole Division, have been encamped around Upperville. Stuart's famous cavalry have been in the neighborhood. The day before yesterday they sent in sixty prisoners captured near Union, yesterday Hal was present at an artillery skirmish near the same place. This morning we all went to church but were hardly seated when Hal came in to say that Gen. Hill recommended the removal of women and children from

the village as the enemy was advancing. We came rapidly home, meeting the infantry pickets and wagon train. Since then we have been listening to the artillery. Just now it has ceased but Hill's whole Division is drawn up in line of battle on Vineyard Hill, and we expect a general engagement.

Not only have we had the horrors of war to contend with but disease has been carrying off numbers in our midst. For weeks I have been alternating with Ma helping to nurse Uncle Nathan's little children. Of his six daughters four are dead from diphtheria, and many other children are dying and dead in the neighborhood. [My Aunt Ida had three young children of her own, but we see that it never occurred to her or her mother to fail to come to the rescue of their neighbors.]

Cecil Gray and Mr. Fletcher, our kind old friend, have died in the last week, and Lizzie Powell and Katie Taylor. As I sit at the window and write, the road is alive with stragglers and Hal has just brought in a sick soldier and put him to bed in the little room. Four cavalrymen are at the front door.

Eleven o'clock: The house has been crowded with poor hungry sick soldiers since I stopped writing a few hours ago. Gen. Stuart's cavalry fell back slowly before the enemy, disputing every inch of the way, the enemy occupying the ground as he retreated. I sat on the balcony of my room and watched the battle which became very distinct from the flashes of the artillery as night came on. With the aid of a spy-glass we could see many movements of our men, the

enemy being entirely concealed by the woods. It is strange for us in our sheltered, quiet country, to hear the roar and see the flash of artillery, to watch the movements of an army and feed at night dozens of soldiers wearied with a hard day's fight.

Nov. 4. Yesterday was a day of days. First as we sat down to breakfast a courier rode up to say that the Yankees were advancing. Soon after breakfast the soldiers in the house prepared to leave. With a sad heart we said good-bye to Brother Richard and "St. Louis Tom" and all the rest. Then they went off to enquire the news and soon Tom came riding back to say our army was falling back toward Piedmont and had no intention of giving battle to the enemy. We could tell from the sound of the batteries as they approached each change of position. First they were at Fletcher's, then in the woods below our house, and so on, the Yankees regularly advancing and occupying the position our men had left. About eleven o'clock Hal rode up with Welby Carter and others. I hastily prepared lunch for them and then we watched the skirmishing, our field being entirely covered with videttes and our pickets at "Number Six." Soon we saw the pickets move from Number Six, then the videttes going across the fields toward Upperville. The soldiers here and Hal with them rode at this time away —suddenly I saw them start their horses in a gallop and from the right I saw our videttes coming in more rapidly. Then looking to the hills beyond Number Six I saw them covered with Yankees, and soon the field in front of our

house was filled with sharp-shooters. Soon we saw a battery on Cousin Robert Carter's hill just in front of Oakley, which began to play on our men and then there were no more southerners in sight. The house was surrounded by Yankees. For an hour I watched the battery pouring out shells against our battery which was planted in the Vineyard. The shells from both batteries burst in full sight of us, frightening the servants nearly to death. I was forcibly reminded of their startled exclamation in Baltimore on the 19th of April—"Fo' Gawd, dey gwine 'shoot.' "

After a while the Yankee battery followed by a large body of cavalry moved across the front field. In passing a soldier rode in and dismounting rang the bell. I went to the door and, receiving a polite bow, was asked whose house it was? On answering, I was asked if I had forgotten the soldier who returned me my filly last year? I then recognized Major Chapman who had been really very kind. But so sad did I feel at seeing our men go and the Yankees take possession that my reception was rather chilling. He seemed to feel it for he stayed only a few moments saying that he had always promised himself the pleasure of calling on me if it were ever in his power. I had some cause to regret not having taken advantage of the incident to obtain protection. Soon after he left I saw Hal coming to the house between two soldiers. He told me he attempted to come home the Piedmont way, but when by uncle Dan's cabin the Yankees began firing at him very rapidly. He waved his handkerchief for a white flag and rode up to them. He was carried to Major Chapman, who, finding out who he was,

introduced himself, and told Hal he must consider himself under arrest. He gave his parole and was released. He was quite sick when he came home and lay down but had hardly fallen asleep before our troubles began.

I first saw the Yankees taking off the turkeys, then the bridles, then the chickens, and fearing everything would be taken I wakened Hal, who went after them and succeeded in getting back nine hens with their heads off. He contended with the marauders till eleven o'clock and then worn out went to bed. When we woke in the morning there was not a turkey on the place, only two ducks and about a dozen left out of two hundred chickens. The first thing I saw in the morning was the men in the yard chasing and shooing the chickens. I saw others with dogs chasing the sheep. I called to an officer who stopped it so our sheep were saved this time, though five were killed the night before and some hogs.

Yesterday Mrs. Loughborough came over to see what we were doing to protect ourselves. She was in the greatest distress, every sheep, every fowl of any kind, almost the last hog, and every horse and colt they had, gone. Uncle Nathan has gone in pursuit of his horses and colts. Here they have broken into the corn house and taken off as much corn as the horses can carry, and are as insolent and over-bearing as they can be. We are told that the army has moved, but our fields are alive with soldiers, and Vineyard Hill white with their tents. The cavalrymen are going by my windows now with horses laden with our hay. The three last horses that are worth anything are locked up now in the meat

house and Mr. Kidwell is watching the others in his yard. Hal is guarding the hog-pen while Katey and I take turns watching the sheep.

Nov. 9. Several days have passed since I wrote. Not one moment could be spared from contending with the plunderers who have surrounded us day and night reminding me more of ravening wolves than of anything human. One night at least one hundred were here, and by morning of our large flock of improved sheep only fifteen could be found, while from one end of the field to the other their white skins were dotted about on the grass. They killed the hogs and every shoat and took most of the cabbage out of the garden. We had to butcher four sheep left badly wounded.

One night Hal brought home the Chaplain of the Regiment nearest to us thinking his presence might be some little protection. He was a wordy old fellow who thought the loss of horses, chickens, hogs, sheep and everything we have, a small matter when considered in connection with the great question of the integrity of the Union. I could but observe the spirit with which he described the trouble *he* had had, and the indignation *he* had felt, when some undiscerning thief treated *his* old gray mare with as little respect as if he himself had been the most obstinate rebel of them all, leaving him in the same condition as most of our gentlemen, namely, a-foot.

I am struck with the difference in the conduct of the servants during this last invasion. Last spring they were

more or less disposed to take advantage of the times, but now their indignation equals ours. It is true these last are no respecters of persons, but make way with *their* chickens and other goods as unscrupulously as if they had been the original secessionists, and when you interfere with a darkey's "things" you cut him to the quick.

Hal has just come in from Welbourne bringing the first intelligence from the family that we have had since this invasion. Both at Crednall and at Welbourne they have been stripped of everything.

We hear that the Confederacy has been recognized by England, France and Russia, but do not know whether or not to believe it.

I find it impossible to get clothes for my servants. As to myself I get on with little or nothing, but my great perplexity is how to keep Hal covered. The children had a supply laid up. Shoes are the great difficulty—my feet are literally on the ground—and I have not the least hope of getting another pair.

Nov. 14. Having heard that the widow Fletcher had sent into Loudon for some groceries I rode down to enquire what chance there was of my getting some, and so was off the farm for the first time since this invasion. The whole country is a vast common, not a rail fence to be seen for miles, and the stone fences pulled down to let the armies pass, until they do not serve at all as enclosures. When we got to Mrs. Fletcher's her wagon had not come and while we waited her son showed us the results of bombardment

near her house. Shells had burst in the yard, the plaster and windows were broken. A shell entered the window of Mrs. Fletcher's chamber and tore the room to pieces. A general made her house his headquarters and had with him a Miss Chaste(?) who took off with her when she left, brushes and combs, bed linen and towels, Mrs. F.'s side-saddle, etc., etc. They killed sixty hogs and forty sheep and most of her poultry. Everyone tells the same story, and many poor men are left without a mouthful of meat for their families.

Yesterday evening Brother Richard sent his bugler to me to send him some cold meat and bread. His whole Regiment was in Upperville. Mrs. Loughborough was here and had me send to her house for a round of corned beef she had. I sent Robert with apples, walnuts, bread and meat and butter. Talcott Eliason was here today, wanting to purchase Hal's horses, especially his bay mare. I would greatly prefer Hal taking her to some safe place. She is too fine an animal to sacrifice.

Dec. 28. We are in the midst of all the disagreeables of Christmas week. The poor children have had a dry time of it, no toys, no bon-bons, no parties. As to me I have had but one idea for weeks, to find homes for all these servants, so that none may be left here to sit in idleness at home for the coming year to consume the scanty supplies laid in for the family. All have found homes but Patsy who is as hard to get rid of as a counterfeit shilling, and in fact not much more useful.

Great events are taking place every day, our great victory

at Fredericksburg, the backward move of the Yankees toward Washington, successes in North Carolina and Tennessee and the dissolution of the Lincoln Cabinet; Jefferson Davis' severe but admirable order retaliatory upon Butler combined with our relief from the presence of enemies, excite our hopes and cheer our spirits. My little Mary and Fanny are staying with Jenny. Jenny is looking prettier than I ever saw her, bidding fair to eclipse her elder sisters before very long.

We had a visit from Cousin Robert Beverley and Eliza a few days ago and it happened that Hal had been lucky enough to have shot a wild turkey and as it was the only turkey we were likely to have at Christmas time we asked Uncle Nathan and Mr. Bolling to come over and help us eat it. The country is full of game and Hal is a very good shot, so if we can only get ammunition I shall consider it a special provision of Providence equal to the supply of manna and quails given to the Israelites; by which reparation is made to us for the loss of all our domestic fowls.

Jenny returned from her visit on Friday. She was detained by a party of Yankees stopping her at the main road. Jenny's tears lie very shallow, so when she found that her assertion that she was only a little girl on the way home to see her mother had no effect, she began to cry. Lena Noland, who was with her, tried to move the soldiers by earnest entreaties, accompanied by vehement complaints of the cold, to let them pass, which finally they did, preceded by about eighty cavalrymen.

May 1, 1863. The winter has passed away, the dreariest, coldest, wettest, saddest winter followed by the latest spring within the memory of man. Not one tree in leaf, the garden not even cleaned. Everyone dressed in winter clothes—curtains up—carpets down. No corn in the ground and very little grass in the fields. The unusual lateness of the season and delay in farming operations causes serious uneasiness. President Davis has issued a beautiful proclamation urging upon the people of the whole South to turn all their energies to producing food and to think more of supplying the army and people generally with provisions than of their individual gain; to give up cotton and tobacco and cultivate corn and wheat, and raise live stock.

The two armies have been during the winter principally *in status quo,* but we hear at last that Hooker has crossed the Rappahannock and a battle is anticipated almost immediately. In our own neighborhood we have no lack of excitement. General Fitz Lee has been not far off and Major Mosby with his one hundred and twenty-five Partisan Rangers occupies the country immediately around Upperville, the village itself being the rendezvous when a raid is contemplated. The men live upon the citizens and consequently there is not a house where they are not quartered, and as a change of residence takes place after every raid, we have strangers every few days, and the house always full to overflowing. The impression seems to be that we are protected by them from the Yankees, but I fear it is just the reverse for after every raid by Mosby's men there is retaliation by the enemy, in which the citizens suffer severely, as

Mosby and his men must always get out of their way, seeing he is always out-numbered. The broken bridge on the turnpike has till this time been some protection to us, but the people of Middleburg and vicinity have suffered severely.

Mr. Barnes, a young Marylander, and many of the men, stay here. He always, the others coming and going. It is a comfort to have our own soldiers around us and a pleasure to administer to their wants, but the utter breaking up of all family privacy is very much to be lamented. I fully realize the inconvenience of living in a roadside tavern.

I have been to Baltimore and succeeded in getting clothes for the family and the servants but could get no groceries. I sent a man to Harper's Ferry and he got me some brown sugar, which we are using in tea, having no more coffee. The blockade is very strict, nothing can be gotten across the river and we feel seriously the pinch of the times. For months we have had nothing but salt pork on the table, potatoes and rice being equally unattainable, hominy therefore is our only vegetable, varied by fried mush and occasionally carrots. A dish of asparagus today was a real treat but the family is so enormous that it will be days before we collect enough for another dish.

The prices in Richmond are fabulous. $75.00 a cord for wood, $8.00 for a small turkey, $3.00 a yard for cotton and calico, $30.00 a pair of lady's shoes ——

The horrors of the war are increasing every day. Only last week "Kinloch Tom" left us, bright with enthusiasm, glowing with health, to go on a scout for Mosby and was

shot through the lungs by a party of Yankees in ambush. Fortunately he was near enough to Kinloch to be carried home on a litter. The wound was pronounced mortal but the end was hastened by the Yankees coming to the house and insisting on taking him off. He died a few moments after they left his room.

[There were so many of the Turner boys in the war that they are distinguished by the names of their homes. "St. Louis Tom" of General Ewell's Staff was the son of my Aunt Ida's Uncle Henry Turner, who lived in St. Louis, Mo. "Kinloch Tom" was Uncle Ned's son, who lived at the ancestral home near the Plains.]

Mosby left for another raid yesterday, his object being to burn some bridges; it is a hazardous business and I feel anxious for the result.

While I was in Baltimore Katey engaged herself to George Carter and will be married in October. But for this war her prospects for happiness would be very great, but these times of death and terror cast a gloom over all things.

May 8. A few days ago Major Mosby started on a raid towards Drainsville, the object being to surprise a Yankee camp. This he accomplished, capturing a whole regiment of cavalry. But just as the men were remounting, some bringing off prisoners and some collecting plunder an alarm was given and lo! a whole Brigade was upon them! The prisoners were of necessity released, most of the plunder relinquished, and the whole party had to scamper for their

lives. The loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, estimated at between six and twenty.

Yesterday was appointed a rendezvous for the company in Upperville. Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Barnes left us in the morning expecting a possible raid. About one o'clock Mr. Barnes rode hastily up, saying the Yankees were on the Union Road and that one of the Turner boys had volunteered to go in pursuit of them. He armed himself and went off. At dinner Hal came in with Mr. Ellzey. Robert Gray had borrowed Mr. Ellzey's horse to join the scout. We had just done dinner when Mr. Barnes rode hurriedly up. "We ran right into the Yankees—Upperville is full of them—Buchanan is shot."

Everything was again in confusion, horses had to be hurried off, meat concealed, silver and jewelry secreted, etc., and every preparation made to escape the rapacity of the enemy. Yet all the time my mind's eye never for a moment lost sight of that poor fellow suffering and bleeding who had left my house so well but a few hours before. It rained such torrents we could not send for him that evening but Hal went over to see him and thence to Upperville to get a doctor. The town was full of "Blue Devils" and no doctor to be found. I had to be content with sending Robert to stay all night with him giving him most minute directions as to dressing the wounds. This evening Hal took six men, an ambulance and litter and brought him home. Mr. Barnes, Mr. Gray and Mr. Ellzey are still among the missing, but I expect they will all return here some time tonight.

May 10. After another week's spell of cold rain a beautiful bright spring day, bringing out rapidly the poor cramped weary vegetation, pale with its long confinement and longing to burst its prison bounds. And with the glorious beauty of the spring day comes the soul-gladdening tidings of a great victory [Chancellorsville] over Hooker on the Rappahannock—"a greater victory than we have ever had before," says General Lee's dispatch, for which our hearts ascend in thanksgiving to the Lord God of Hosts. The list of wounded is headed by the name of Stonewall Jackson. Could he know—perhaps he does know—how beloved he is by every Southern man, woman and child, he would feel richly repaid for all he may have to suffer.

Mr. Buchanan is doing very well, poor fellow. I hate to see him shut up in his little room while all the others are riding, walking, and enjoying in every way the loveliness of this sweet day. He is as bright and cheerful as possible and seems to be content.

Many rumors come from the Rappahannock, but it is useless to record them all. Long before anyone thinks it worth while to read my journal History will have placed it in the power of every half-grown boy and girl to contradict every word I say.

A report has come that the Yankees are advancing in large numbers from the direction of Snickersville, and I see people running in all directions taking their horses to places of safety in the woods and mountains, but I have determined not to stop the all-important work of corn-

planting, so Hal rode out to reconnoitre. He was long in coming back, so I made myself easy.

Not the least evil of these troublous times is the agitation produced by reports of approaching Yankees. We have so little left us that we cannot risk it, so at every rumor we have all the meat taken from the meat house, the stock run off to safer places, silver, money, arms, etc., concealed, and generally it amounts to nothing. I have not seen a Yankee for months. With our reduced force this extra trouble is no trifle. Mr. Buchanan is not so well today. Dr. Gunnel expresses some uneasiness.

May 22. Tonight is the first time since January that we are a family circle in the library. Mr. Barnes who has been with us so long having left this morning for Richmond and Mr. Buchanan still in his room. I hope I am not inhospitable but I do sincerely enjoy this return to our old privacy.

Since I last wrote we have had two invasions. I was in the garden pruning my grapevines when the tramping of approaching horses attracted my attention, and the enemy was upon us. I trembled for Mr. Buchanan, the others having gone to the mountains the night before. We lost nothing, as cavalry cannot carry off meat and poultry. A few mornings later I was awakened by uncle Dan in the passage —"de Yankees is comin' "——The alarm has proven so often false that I prepared leisurely to dress, but thought I would reconnoitre from my balcony. Just before the house were a squad of "Blue Devils" inspecting three of my

horses. Hal sprang from bed like a flash, Mr. Barnes and William rushed into boots, pants and coats, regardless of collars, cravats, etc., and in less than five minutes Mr. Barnes' long legs and William's short ones were striding and double-quicking it over the ploughed fields, their bodies bent nearly double in the desire for invisibility. The Yankees were in front of the house as they got away from the back.

Hal with breathless eagerness made arrangements for running off the few fine horses and then with infinite composure strolled toward the men still inspecting the three horses. He convinced them in spite of their eyes that these horses were worthless; with strategic ingenuity worthy of General Lee or Jeb Stuart parleying with them and holding their attention long enough to secure the execution of his orders as regarded the other horses. They finally retreated without any trophy.

An unusually long spell of dry weather speeds the corn planting which will be done tomorrow, and then every energy will be directed toward getting in a good supply of potatoes. My garden is looking beautiful, every vegetable in advance of neighboring gardens.

May 31. Ma is at Kinloch and writes me an incident illustrative of the insecurity in which we live. Uncle Ned having provided accommodations for them was preparing to start south with his most valuable live stock and a family of negroes for sale when the night before he was to leave a squad of Yankees appeared with a wagon and team and

carried off the negroes, thereby rendering abortive the whole scheme.

I have been much interested in getting a large planting of potatoes. Owing to the size of our family, meat is scarce and vegetables all-important. I took Uncle John over my garden today, it is in beautiful order and I received warm commendation from him for my good management. The poultry so far are prospering—I am surprised at my interest in such matters when a Yankee raid may any day deprive me of the fruit of all my labors. Poor little chicks and ducks —I should hate them to fatten Yanks. A duck was hatched today with four legs—the servants shake their heads and say "Humph—dat's sho' de sign o' some'in'." Any event of importance that may occur during the next month will be laid at the door of this poor little duckling.

Mr. Buchanan is down stairs today on his crutches. To my great regret Mr. Bolling has sold Bollingbroke. I have been planting out tomatoes this evening and was obliged to water the plants copiously as everything is suffering from a three weeks' drought. Tonight a kind Providence promises rain, for which everything in the vegetable world pleads with dry and thirsty leaves.

I have just seen in the paper the death of young Shirley Carter of "Shirley." Death after death, friend after friend.

June 21. We had news of Stuart's cavalry fight at Brandy, then without any warning or preparation rapid and heavy firing from over the mountain told us more surely and rapidly than courier or telegram that operations had com-

menced in the valley. Hal listened to the firing as long as he could and then mounted his horse and said he would enquire of the nearest picket.

He did not return till the next night. Ewell had captured Winchester taking many prisoners, stores, ammunition, etc., Milroy only escaping with a few men. Hal came in bringing Welby Carter with him. Imagine my astonishment to learn that Longstreet and his entire corps were in Upperville, General Stuart with his cavalry on the turnpike, Fitz Lee's brigade actually passing our gate—the whole army coming on. Knowing it would be needed I instantly made preparation for the entertainment of soldiers in and out of the house and had hardly dressed myself when Hal came in bringing Fitz Lee and Charlie Minnigerode, his Aide, with him. I have not seen Fitz since he was a cadet at West Point. He has changed a good deal, grown stout; he is not handsome but has an expression of quickness and sagacity and occasionally of sweetness and humor that is decidedly attractive. He was sent for in the morning by General Stuart but returned in the evening quite unwell, and has stayed with us till last night when he was again sent for.

July 7. Last night after many anxious hours waiting for Hal's return from Maryland where he went to try to buy some groceries, I heard steps on the porch and there he stood with a side-saddle on his arm, very gloomy, very dirty, *no collar, no gloves, no pistol*—to cut a long story short, they had been to Hagerstown, made all their pur-

chases, had crossed the river on their return home, when they were fired upon by a party of Yankees sent to destroy our pontoon bridge; they were obliged precipitately to leave the wagon, horses, harness, goods, clothes, and take to the woods for their lives; there they hid behind trees till they had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the saucy Yanks carry off their precious possessions, and started to walk home, *sans everything*. So good-bye for the present to all our blissful dreams of white sugar and new shoes.

* * *

One should understand that horses were the living, the recreation, the topic of conversation, the joy, one would not go far wrong in saying the religion, of the people of the Piedmont valley in the years before the Civil War; that when danger threatened their blooded horses it was the last word in calamity.

One page of this old ledger which my Aunt Ida used for her Journal is devoted to the engagements made by Uncle Hal Dulany for service from a special stallion.

Mares insured to Welbourne from May 1 to July 1, 1860

Alfred Glasscock ..... three mares
W. L. Gochenour ..... one mare
Morgan Bevers ..... two mares
H. Blackwell ..... four mares
A. Glasscock ..... one mare
S. P. Smith ..... one mare
H. Simpson ..... one mare
James W. Forreson ..... one mare
J. Mock ..... two mares

W. Merser .....one mare
R. H. Dulany .....one mare
J. P. DeButts .....one mare
M. Rollins .....two mares
Joshua White .....two mares
H. M. McKinstler .....one mare
John Kern .....one mare
Stephen McCarty .....four mares
Joseph Holmes .....one mare
B. F. Carter .....four mares

and so on through three times as many names as above, including all the time-honored worthies of the Piedmont section. My cousin Rozier, now a grandfather himself, the little boy who rode astride of Cricket behind his pretty mother on those early morning rides, told me a few days ago when we were dining at "Oakley" and his grand-children and mine were playing together, that soon after the war our cousin Holmes Conrad replied, when asked how it happened that in the blue grass region of Kentucky they were again raising blooded horses, but that Virginia was falling behind in that great enterprise for which before the war she had been so famous, "Virginia bore the brunt of the war. There is not a young man in Virginia today with money enough to buy a good stallion." Now Cousin Rozier's horses win at races all over the country, and the "Oakley" stud is as well known today as it ever was.

And here these dear old "scraps o' paper" end. Bittersweet, but vital today, after lying for sixty-four years upon a shelf. The story, but for the spirit of the writer, might be a sad one; the later volumes had inevitably been so. News, travelling slowly in those days, had not reached her. On

July 3 and 4, Gettysburg had been fought and Vicksburg had fallen.

Typing this material, the editor can but feel that in spite of a difference in sentiment, the fact remains that foraging is foraging, whether the foragers be friends or foes.

Rising in the Blue Ridge mountains four historic rivers flow southeast to the Atlantic; the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York, and the James. Rising further south in the same mountains the lovely Shenandoah flows northeast into the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. A fine agricultural district, this territory has ever been a battleground. During all these campaigns in Northern Virginia, two great armies, moving, as was the old-fashioned way, "on their bellies," subsisted upon the population, invaders and defenders. The Federal Army, "The Army of the Potomac," and the Confederate Army, "The Army of Northern Virginia" both commandeered supplies and both ravaged the country through which they marched and counter-marched. The Federals had more money and sometimes paid private persons for plunder; the Confederates had the sympathy of the communities, whose sacrifices were made voluntarily. But either way, the residents of the war zone found themselves between the devil and the deep sea.

Part Two

Unroll the Long Annals—
Manassas to Appomattox

"Speak, History! Who are Life's victors?
UNROLL THE LONG ANNALS, and say,
Are they those whom the world called the victors,
Who won the success of the day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans
Who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges
Or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

Chapter III

Old Letters. The Battlefield of Manassas

The Civil War Letters of Charlie Minnigerode, Aide-de-Camp to General Fitz Lee: Cavalry officer in the Army of Northern Virginia: left for dead on the field of Appomattox

OF ALL the flotsam on the tide of Time old letters are the most significant.

They are impressed with the thought of minds now gathered to the Universal Mind again, hallowed by touch of vanished hands, breathing of love and brightened by merriment, passing along the moods and philosophy of other days.

Yet genuine personal letters written in times of stress when every day is a day of destiny are but indirectly concerned with great happenings.

That delightful little epistle of Paul to Philemon which has been so fortunately preserved to become one of the literary gems of the world, a personal letter from one gentleman to another dealing with the question of a run-away slave, suggests much of the courtesy of that day and sketches delicately but surely the characters and qualities of men, to such as may read between the lines, though its intention was practical, not literary; to ameliorate the punishment of the run-away who now clearly sees that it is his duty to return; to suggest that any pecuniary loss to the master be charged

to Paul himself; and to petition these considerations in the disarming name of "Paul the Aged."

The letters of Bismarck at a time when he held the fate of Europe in his hands contain no mention of momentous affairs, but are full of tender solicitude as to the health of his wife (she was a von Arnim, a relative of my Grandfather Minnigerode), minute details as to his own diet and directions as to the care of their children's teeth.

It has been my privilege to cherish a packet of letters written nearly seventy years ago, before or after battle, in camp or on march, by a run-away school boy between his years of sixteen and nineteen, from 1861 to 1865.

The Army of Northern Virginia in all its operations left a burning trail easily traced today. In arranging these boyish letters of my father I have gone over much of the ground of my native state following in his footsteps—along the Rappahannock and the Shenandoah, along the Potomac and the James, along the old roads through Harper's Ferry, Shepherdstown, Hagerstown, into Maryland, and on to Gettysburg—that I might more intelligently edit these precious papers, supplementing their scanty outlines with memories and sketches of my own; not presuming to invade the field of the historian but rather as an impressionistic painter jotting down the lights and shadows of the things I see.

These boys of the Civil War did not write to their mothers of military science or far-reaching public policies; they hardly realized the magnitude of that in which they played their parts so valiantly, that chain of events which slowly and surely were writing history. World affairs were to the soldiers themselves more or less incidental.

They wrote about girls and clothes and—food; about friends and home-folks and—food; about sermons and horses and—food. They were so young.

During the World War it was the same with their grandsons. Letters from the firing-lines were about girls in France and girls at home; boys in the air, under the sea, on land, on water, in the trenches, in the hospitals; begging for cigarettes and letters. Writing almost daily from the front, yet often remarking that there was not much to write about —only sleeping in mud or straw; only a little shrapnel; only a few Boche airplanes circling overhead; a slight wound yesterday, a little infection today; a good many wounded to evacuate; a friend gassed; a frozen toe; a citation for the Section—a Croix de Guerre for oneself—they were so young! And their dear letters home had none of the qualities of magazine articles.

The situation of the educated private in any army is at first disconcerting, but the young American in 1917 instead of resenting the stern authority of trained officers gave unquestioning obedience, wherein he differed greatly (at least the Southerner did) from his grandfather of the Civil War.

It was incompatible with his grandfather's ethics to hire a substitute. The Southerner went at once, fired with passionate devotion to a romantic ideal, volunteering from a home till then luxurious and over-full of obsequious domestic servants. He had been fed all his life on family pride and was often too cock-sure, too arrogant, too undisciplined, and felt affronted at the authority of a social "inferior"; sometimes actually challenging his officer to personal combat, he found himself assigned to extra duty, reduced rations or court-martial.

The insubordination which made John S. Mosby a brilliant success as a free lance landed many another fiery F. F. V. in the guard house.

They are such boys! Enlisting with all the ardor of young Crusaders in any war, wherever, whenever, whatsoever, it may be, raw recruits, how they must always chafe under

the arbitrary restrictions so new to them, the regulations of camp life, the disenchantment of enforced idleness, the pen-pushing, the K. P., the service of orderlies; never facing a foe, never hearing a gun, month after month in camps and cantonments, marching and counter-marching, guard duty on bitter nights, picketing where there is no enemy, war without romance or adventure, none of the daring deeds, none of the glorious wounds they coveted. How soon the poetry of war evaporates!

So much to be overcome! False conceptions of the enemy, exaggerated ideas of themselves. But in fulfilment of the Revelation, learning at last "he that over-cometh shall all things inherit." Their adjustments found, their lessons learned, their service rendered, to each of them it may be said, as General Robert E. Lee said to his poor disheartened men after Appomattox, "there is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of purpose."

He sent them home to their plows, with that.

The Southerner of 1861 found the Yankees better drilled, better disciplined, better fed, better equipped; but there was something never to be explained which in spite of rags and dysentery, hunger and cold, discouragement and defeat, left the Confederate veteran after four years of suffering and hope deferred spiritually victorious.

One of my father's stories was that, toward the end of the struggle a Confederate soldier, a veritable scare-crow in his rags and tatters, emaciated, unshaven, hungry and foot-sore and faint from dysentery, accosted a Federal cavalryman, spic and span, as follows:

"Oh my, oh my! You look like you wuz sich a happy man! You got on sich a nice new-niform, you got sich nice boots on, you ridin' sich a nice hoss, an' you look like yer bowels wuz so reg'lar!"

The religious tone of my father's letters is not entirely due to the fact that his father was a preacher. The personal example of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, the deeply religious characters of both, had a far-spread influence.

Charlie Minnigerode mentions in one letter the observance of Good Friday "throughout the Army" by order of General Lee.

Not only are the southern people highly emotional, but they revel in oratory—in hyperbole—in adjectives—(as the reader may have gathered from my own efflorescent diction) and "flowery" as applied to phraseology is a term of appreciation. What then more natural than that revivals and "camp meetings" should have been the order of the day, much preaching and a flood of religious literature—tracts bearing highly sensational titles "PITCHING THE TENT TOWARD SODOM"—published by the Evangelical Tract Society of Petersburg, Virginia, "HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS," from the Richmond, Virginia, Soldier's Tract Society, "FROM THE FLAG TO THE CROSS," "REPENTANCE IN CAMP AND PRISON," "CONVERSIONS ON THE BATTLEFIELD."

Over and above these re-actions sentimental ladies who in that day had never heard of sex appeal, agitated themselves mightily over the spiritual welfare of the soldiers, fluttering about in broad-brimmed hats or tiny bonnets, in frilled muslins or berages trimmed in lute-string ribbon, distributing tracts and molasses taffy, innocently combining amorous inclinations with holy exhortations.

The philandering of the sixties had a strong religious flavor.[1]

[1] My father's family at the time these letters were written consisted of his father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Minnigerode of Richmond, of a sister referred to as "Sittie," a brother Jimmie (James Gibbon) and younger sisters, Belle, Emily and Marianna; younger brothers, Willie,

While I have no personal recollections of the Civil War —I was born five years after it closed—I have associations with it, which as I edit my boy-father's letters, come back to me with startling freshness.

Here out of the mist emerges a long forgotten figure—old Mr. Cazenove Henderson, who with George Mason of "The Eagle's Nest," and Dr. Albert Fairfax composed the trio of incorrigible bachelors in Alexandria, Virginia, when I was very young.

Mr. Cazenove Henderson had had a finger shot off in the battle of Manassas, thereby losing a seal ring with his crest engraven on it. Twenty-five years after the battle he showed me a letter from a farmer living near the field, enquiring as to whether he had ever owned a ring with his name on the reverse side.

It seemed that this bucolic had that morning found a calf limping, and on examination removed from its hoof the ring. I wore that ring for years.

When the present Confederate monument was dedicated August 30th, 1889, on the battlefield of Manassas, or Bull Run, I, a young girl, drove over from "The Plains" in a buggy with two cousins, one of whom was Charlie Ball. As the owner of the buggy was not returning that evening, Charlie was to escort me back to Cousin Janie Carter's on the train.

The day was intensely hot. Nor was there one merciful tree on the broiling expanse of that field. Such viands as Charlie could purchase for my refreshment at the unhy-

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Louis, and Meade. Willie Hoxton was later the husband of "Sittie" and became an Episcopal clergyman. Willie and Cary Robinson, of a distinguished Richmond family, fellow soldiers, were both killed. Lou Haxall, Evy Triplett, Mary Triplett, and Jennie Cooper, war-time belles in Richmond.

gienic little booths were far from appetizing, though he had no difficulty in procuring liquid consolation for himself.

We wandered about all day among the crowds chatting with friends and kinsmen assembled in groups, listening to the reminiscences of old soldiers, for time had not so thinned out the survivors but that many Confederate uniforms were scattered through the motley crowd that day; talkative old chaps whose adventures lost nothing in the telling.

Toward afternoon Charlie's hilarity became a little embarrassing and I sought refuge under the wing of Cousin Rooney Lee on the "Grandstand," a rude little structure in the open field, even hotter, because at least a breeze was moving in the open. I was wearing a pair of new shoes, and only too thankful for a bench on which to sit me down.

The speeches were rather flamboyant, after our usual style; the braggart expressions and flourishing gestures were sufficient to deluge the dry field with tears.

Tipsy old fellows were embracing each other and weary old women whose lives were of unbroken drudgery were fairly wallowing in woe and "a very enjoyable time was had by all."

Chapter IV

First letters of Charlie Minnigerode. Connie Cary, a Civil War Belle—Camp Songs of the South.

Letters from Charlie Minnigerode, Aide-de-Camp to General Fitz Lee, from the day he ran away from school in Richmond to enlist in the Confederate Army, to the day of the surrender at Appomattox, four years later, when he was left on the field for dead, aged nineteen, with annotations, descriptions and digressions, explanatory and supplementary, by his daughter

Richmond, Aug. 31st, 1861

My Dear Father,[1]

I know you think I might have answered your letter before this, but I have had so much to do lately that I could not before now. I am kept very late at the office and it is now after 10 o'clock at night. They wanted me to come down to the office tomorrow (Sunday) but I shall not go, as Mr. Edwards told me not to come unless I thought proper, though he himself will be there all day. I can get my month's pay any time now but I thought I had better

[1] Charlie Minnigerode to his father, Rev. Charles Minnigerode, rector of St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va. Grandfather was evidently away with his family for a vacation, and "Charlie" (my father) a boy of sixteen and recently enlisted in the Confederate States Army, was on duty in the Quartermaster's Department, in Richmond.

let the Captain keep it until you come home. I am paid at the rate of $2.50 per day and my check this month amounts to $77.50.

There are some flying reports in town today about Johnston having crossed the Potomac and is marching down on the Maryland side towards the Chain bridge, also that very sharp skirmishing has been going on all day in the neighborhood of Alexandria & Arlington Heights. I think we shall have some great news from Manassas soon and it is the prevailing opinion here. We sent off nine hundred thousand cartridges (900,000) and a great quantity of cannon ammunition off to Gen. Beauregard last night and this morning, enough to supply over 30,000 men besides what they already had and what they took from the Yankees. Thirty wagons have been doing nothing else all day but hauling it to the Depot.

I was very sorry to hear that Mother was so unwell. I hope she is better and that you and all the children are right well. I keep very well, and have a very good time. Mr. Norwood will preach Sunday. Last Sunday he prayed for the Congress of the United States and after he had done, told the people that he had made a mistake and prayed wrong and that while he used the word United States his prayer was altogether for the Confederate States and that it was owing altogether to his having just escaped from the Despots at Washington. Many people did not like it. His sermon at night was very good.

My new suit has come and fits me to a tee.

Col. Pendleton has been here for some time. I would not

be surprised if he were made General yet. All the ammunition sent to Manassas was marked to him.

You will be grieved to hear of the death of Harvey Dudley; he has had a right long illness. I went to see how he was last night and they said he was just alive and today I am told he is dead. Tom Brander has been very ill with the typhoid fever.

I hardly ever come home to dinner. I have seen Mr. Gatewood several times since your departure and he did not ask me to take any of my meals with him and I know I ain't going. Mrs. Haxall has asked me to come over there several times but they dine and breakfast so late that I cannot go.

My bill of fare for tomorrow will be: Breakfast—Flour hoe cake and milk. Dinner—Flour hoe cake and milk. Supper—Flour hoe cake and milk. By the way, I forgot to tell you that a day or two after you left Mrs. Morris (Franklin Street) sent a big plate of fresh butter to you. Octavia sent her word that you had gone away, but that I was here and would not object to taking it—it has all disappeared.

There was an old fellow down at the office today that belonged to Gen. Floyd's Brigade named Col. French; he told me that he had a mighty nice gal he was going to give me if I would go out West with him, and that I was a very clever looking fellow. Anyhow I told him that he might look out for me shortly, that there were some muskets to go to Gov. Floyd and that I thought maybe I would go up to see them safely through and that every time he heard the Cavr. whistle blow he might look out for me.

Tell Jimmie I went to Mr. Triplitt's the other night with Lou to a molasses stew and that after the pulling we had a watermelon, and then the conversation naturally turned on him, the watermelon and the wine—he knows.

I want to try and get the Library in Sunday School fixed up, it is in a dreadful condition. I went round to fix it one night and the church was shut up.

You must give my best love to all my Richmond friends up at the "Sulphur Springs." All are right well at Mr. Gatewoods. Kiss Marian and all the Chicks for me, tell Jimmie to write to me soon. I want you to stay up there as long as you can. I can get along well enough and so can the Church. Give my best love and a kiss to Ma and tell her I hope she will soon get well, and my love to Aunt Liza and Dinah. Write soon.

C. M.

Louisa Court House,
Monday, Aug. 18, 1862.

My dear Father,

After a travel of about 50 miles we are at Louisa C. H. As soon as I can get a place and time I will give you an account of my trip. It was quite fatiguing tho' pleasant. We start in the course of an hour for Orange C. H. I don't know the destination of the Brigade exactly but we push up the line of the Central R. R. at present.

Channing Price is along with Genl. Lee and is very well. Genl. Stuart went to Gordonsville by R. R. I have foraged

very well along the route, and I have just finished eating a breakfast which would blockade James River. I slept last night under a tree, ditto the night before, etc., but when I find time I shall give you my journey. The Courier is now waiting for this letter and I just write to let you know that I am alive and kicking. My horse stands the march first rate. I suppose he has been ridden more than any horse in the brigade, for besides coming the whole route I have carried orders three times to the rear of the whole column, about 6 miles long and then had to catch up with the General, who was in the advance. Channing Price and myself composed his Staff! I reached here last night about 10 o'c after the General had been asleep about 2 hours. But I must close as the Courier is waiting. Love to all.

C. M.

Head Quarters
Lee's Cavalry Brig.

January 27th, 1863

My dear Father,

I received your letter enclosing Col. Gorgas' letter yesterday evening. Since I last wrote we have all been up in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg again. We received orders to march and were two days getting there and the night we arrived we were ordered back to King William again. So we just rode our horses 100 miles for nothing.

I have not heard anything in regard to the movements of our Army. Genl. Stuart expects there will be a battle. Burnside was certainly advancing a few days ago, but the rain stopped him. When the fight comes off (Genl. Lee wants his pen) we are bound to be there.

I saw Uncle Willie day before yesterday at Guiney's. He was very well & is still stationed at that Post. I have given up all hope of seeing Cary for some time to come. Stuart talks of sending our Brigade to the valley. Genl. Jones is very unpopular up there. I wish he would send us. I would hate to be so far from Richmond but I think the Brigade would do something creditable up there.

One of my friends at Hd. Qrs.—Tom Burke, was taken with the Typhoid fever a day or two ago & has gone home, all the citizens say this house is noted for that disease, but we are all very willing to stay here. I am expecting by every mail to get the letter in which you all unite—send her along. Did Sittie ever get a letter I wrote her inclosing one to Lou? Sittie ought to be ashamed of herself for not writing to me.

I am very sorry to hear that Ma is unwell. Give my love to her & tell her I hope she will soon be better. Remember me to Dr. & Mrs. Johns.

Give my love to all the children. Tell Mrs. Johns that she can send me some molasses candy & send it to me by the first opportunity.

Your Affectionate

Son.

Rev. C. Minnigerode
Richmond

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Cavalry Brigade
March 29, 1863

My dear Mother,

It is Sunday and I have not as much to do as usual. I have been trying to write to you for a long time and I hope I will not be interrupted now.

Fast day was observed throughout the whole Army—a beautiful order in regard to it was issued by General Robt. Lee. I have had a very nice time lately. I know all the ladies in the neighborhood, and the other day I introduced myself to the Rev. Mr. Cole, who looks as if he might be a relation to "Ole King." Mr. Cole invited me to visit him and I think I will do so one of these times. I understand that he has a very pretty niece living with him. The Culpeper Ladies are going to have tableaux for the benefit of our Brigade.

There was a meeting in regard to it yesterday at a Mr. Wise's who has four daughters. The scenes were selected and characters assigned. I have been notified that I am expected to be Romeo, in the scene where he kills himself. Genl. Lee is Paris & Miss Jeanie, Juliet. I expect I will cut a beautiful figure.

You have no doubt heard that Miss Constance Cary was sent back from Washington. I escorted her to Culpeper C. H. Genl. Lee seems highly amused at the piece which

appeared in the Richmond Whig, stating that "Miss Cary the *Intended Bride* of Genl. Fitz was sent back, etc."

I don't know exactly what to think about Jimmie's going in the Navy. I got his letter last night. If the Navy is as bad as the Army it is a very demoralizing place for a young man. But if Pa thinks it is a good plan he had better go at it right away. Where will he be stationed? I suppose he has reported before this to the Department.

I intended to write to you by Ned Jones but my time was a good deal occupied while he was here. I wish he could be appointed our Sergeant. Mr. Talley who now holds that position is not very well suited for it and the only difficulty in my giving Ned the position is to get Talley out of the way.

I hope Pa will have a large number of candidates for Confirmation. I am sorry Lou has no thoughts of being confirmed, & glad to hear that Ellen Anderson & Annie Jeffrey are to be. Write to me & tell me who were confirmed.

Give my love to all the children. I will write to Louis in a day or two, also to Sittie & Jimmie. I hope you & Pa are right well. Give my love to him & write soon to

Your affec. Son

C. Minnigerode, Jr.

Mrs. Minnigerode
Richmond.

* * *

In her girlhood Constance Cary spent much time at Vaucluse, the estate having passed out of the possession of

the Peytons into the hands of Col. Thomas Fairfax, her uncle. The colonial mansion was destroyed later by Federal military order along with General Samuel Cooper's home, Colonel Arthur Herbert's and others, but that was later in the war, and Miss Connie had gathered many scalps before it happened. She married Francis Burton Harrison and achieved some distinction in literature.

The old house was situated on a hill-top above a deep ravine. On a carpet of ferns and periwinkles may be seen to this day, the ghost of a young Confederate officer who, trying to slip through the Yankee lines to visit her, was shot by a picket. He lies there on the bank near the spring, a dark spot in the gray uniform. I have seen him. We all run down on moonlight nights to see him. We have belt-buckles of both northern and southern uniforms plowed up here in our fields and the bricks of the old house are scattered far and wide, and buried now under the sod.

It was Constance Cary who in the Valley of Virginia made and presented to General Beauregard his first Confederate flag. It was she who as a child invaded the camps and introduced "Maryland, my Maryland" as a battle hymn, the air being the old German Christmas folk song, "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, wie grün sind deine Blätter."

These Civil War Camp songs are a study in themselves, emotional whether of the North or the South. From the musical viewpoint leaving much to be desired perhaps, yet expressing in mediocre form the thought uppermost in the minds of average people.

Surely they have their value and old Sam Emmett of North Carolina in composing "Dixie" which he did most casually, has done something that will outlive the Brooklyn Bridge or the Elephant Butte Dam.

From John R. Thompson, held by a by-gone generation

as one of the leading sentimental poets of the South, I quote these lines:

. . . on the fervid air there came
A strain now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up, with flute and horn,
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the bank,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot,
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad slow stream its voiceless flood
  Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
  And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
  That plaintive note appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
  The hidden founts of feeling.

But memory waked by music's art
  Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee heart.
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers!

Certainly choruses are productive of sympathy and there is always merriment among soldiers. The nature of their sex is to be philosophical rather than melodramatic. Anxiety and discontent do not make matters easier. Men despise the man who belly-aches about hardships—and when conditions are not too severe and rations too short, soldiering is a wholesome life enough.

During the Civil War there actually were some "camp fires," there actually were some tents, not many, for they became troublesome to carry and were soon dispensed with —but everybody sang lustily "Tenting tonight on the old Camp ground"—— Now and then an "Ethiopian Serenade" (the songs classed today as "Negro Spirituals") swelled to a rich chorus; now and then from some old drawing-room sounds of young voices, and a girl might be seen at the piano, her full skirt rippling about her feet, her dimpled shoulders rising from the rounded neck of her tight fitting bodice, her hair piled high with ringlets hanging over her

ears and a rose or camellia stuck bewitchingly among the curls; a Confederate officer turning the music as she sang:

"We met, 'twas at a ball, and I thought he did shun me,
He spoke—he whispered low—but his eye was upon me.
He called me by my name as the bride of another—
Ah, thou art the cause of this anguish, my Mother."

Strange it must have been when one group of lads on one side of a river were sending out into the night the strains of "Dixie" or "The Bonnie Blue Flag," to hear coming back in answering melody the notes of "Yankee Doodle."

Chapter V

More letters of Charlie Minnigerode. And an account by a Civil War belle, Miss Harriot Stoddert Brown of Tennessee, of the funeral of Stonewall Jackson, of the Marriage of General Ewell, and a reception at Fredericksburg in his honor

Off for Beaver Dam to join Jackson's Command
Saturday Morning
5 o'clock April, 1863

My dear Father,

We are still at Hanover C. H. but will take up the line of march in a half an hour for Jackson's command. We will probably get as far as Beaver Dam today. The Brigade moved last night under command of Col. Lee of the 9th. Genl. Lee & Staff go off this morning—Hurrah!

I sent a letter in yesterday evening by Lieut. Dabney of Genl. Stuart's Staff, told him to drop it in the P. O. I hope all my letters will reach you. I will write again from Beaver Dam. I was up late last night writing with the General & up early this morning. I expect I will be fatigued tonight as after we get up with the train we will have to march in a "walk" and it will take us till night to reach Beaver Dam.

I wish I had my boots. If I can get them I would not want india rubber leggins, in fact I do not want them anyhow. I don't know when I can get to Richmond again, "it may be for years & it may be for never." Tell Ned Jones

to tell Selden to send my boots to you. There will be Officers down all the time from Hd. Qrs. & I could probably have them sent up.

Tell Ned Jones to take Selden to see the girls. I think it would "do him good." Give my love to all. Tell Cary that I will go to see Miss M. & Lottie Haxall when I get up near Gordons U. Have Miss Evy Triplitt's drum attended to, Sittie knows about it. Tell Ma I will write her a long letter soon. I wish you could send the boys up the country. Tell Sittie the next time I come to R I shall stay with herself & Miss Anderson. But I must get my horse saddled & my haversack filled with hard tack.

God bless you all.

Your affectionate

Son.

Rev. C. Minnigerode
Richmond

I don't know where to tell you to direct yr letters yet.[1]

Culpeper Court House
Hd. Qrs. Lee's Brigade
Apr. 27, 1863

My dear Mother,

I have just received your letter by Walter Hulliken & it is the first time I have heard from home since I left. I have

[1] This letter, scribbled in pencil at five o'clock in the morning, just before starting out to join Stonewall Jackson in the campaign which included the terrible battle of Chancellorsville, in which General Jackson was killed, is still full of girls! The individual soldier sees only the corner in which he is engaged and misses the ensemble of the situation.

been very busy all the time attending to my Ordnance Duties & having no place to write it has been almost impossible for me to write more frequently. We have given up our tents for the bivouac & now sleep under no cover but the "Canister of heaven." I expect we will have a fight up here before many days.

I have been very well, & am glad to hear that all at home are enjoying good health but I fear it will not last long, there are so many at home that somebody is always sick. How does Jimmie like the NAVY? I understand he has been drilling some of the Marines. If he wants to become respected as an officer, no matter how young he is, (it is best to learn these things early) he should not be on too familiar a footing with the Sailors & Marines. I suppose he comes up to see you all right often. Have you heard anything from Louis lately? The little rascal has never answered my letter, & I think Sittie might write to me sometimes too. When I write home I intend it for everybody, no matter whom the letter is addressed to. Tell Sittie when she goes up to see Ned Jones to tell him that I will answer his letter as soon as I get fixed in regard to pen, ink, & paper. I wrote a letter to Miss Nannie Enders the other day. I also intended writing to Miss Evy Triplitt & Lou Haxall, but have not done so yet. I don't know whether Miss N. & Lou would answer my letters & I fear now that I would make a very poor correspondent.

I saw Tommy Ruffin the other day, he is in Wm. Lee's Brigade. I intend to visit him in a day or two. All the Richmond boys in our Brigade are well. Jim Werth, Jim

Tucker, etc., etc. How does Jim Dunlop come on, is he going in the service? When did you hear from Cary & Willie? I hope the poor children are well.

You must direct your letters to Culpeper C. H. until further orders. There was a great deal of good advice & love in Pa's letter & I hope I shall profit by it. I went to hear Mr. Cole yesterday, he is a very dry preacher I think. All the Generals were at church.

Give my love to all inquiring friends.

Your affectionate Son.

P. S.
Read this letter if you can make it out.

Orange C. H.
May 11-'63

My dear Father,

I have only one moment to drop you a line by Dr. Eliason. I am enjoying excellent health and tho' under heavy fire at Chancellorsville I have escaped unhurt. Immediately after the battle I was sent off with 2 men on a Scout up towards Kelley's Ford where I have had a pretty hard time. I have just returned. I found out a good deal about their movements & went thro' the bushes to an Infantry Camp at Rappahannock. The rascals gave me a good chase yesterday—but could not catch me.

I have been unable to get a word or a message to you until now. I have asked every body going towards a telegraph station to send a message for me & I expect you rec'd some of them.

I have been in the enemy's country ever since the fight & could not send a message.

What a dreadful loss the death of Genl. Jackson is to us! I hope you are all well—don't make yourself uneasy about me.

Love to all

Your Son
CM

Give the enclosed letter
to W. H. I hope he is getting
on well.

From a belle of the Civil War times I have received the following letter, reminiscent of funerals and of weddings and of balls. My cousin Hattie Turner, [Harriot Stoddert Brown of Tennessee, step-daughter of General Ewell; she married Thomas Turner, referred to so often in Mrs. Dulany's journal as "St. Louis Tom"].

Well past her eightieth milestone, this gifted woman writes under date June 27, 1927, full of characteristic recollections: an eye-witness of events which she describes:

Stonewall Jackson was accidentally shot but not mortally wounded by his own men, after the battle of Chancellorsville was won. His arm was amputated by Dr. Hunter McGuire at Guinea Station and his recovery expected. But Dr. McGuire felt the loss of sleep and was compelled to seek it; General Jackson was a hydropathist in his natural

studies and ordered his body-sergeant to apply cold compresses wrung out of cold water, to his side when he felt the pain of incipient pneumonia, from which he died.

When Mrs. Jackson brought his baby to him, then perhaps two months old, he had her laid upon his well arm and treated her with the utmost tenderness. Dr. McGuire had strong hopes for his recovery until the cold compresses declared themselves. Great soldiers are often self-willed.

General Jackson's body was brought to Richmond. The hearse was escorted to the Capitol by wounded soldiers on horseback. General Longstreet and my step-father-to-be, General Ewell, were among the pallbearers who rode in advance of the hearse. I never saw human faces show such grief—almost despair.

Mrs. Jackson and her baby were received in the home of Dr. Moses D. Hoge, then in Europe. Dr. Moore preached the sermon from the text "Cease ye from Man whose breath is in his nostrils." The President of the Confederacy and Mrs. Davis were present. General Robert E. Lee was not there. He was on the lines, where duty held him.

Shortly after this General Ewell was married to my mother, Lyzinka Campbell Brown, the youngest daughter of Judge Campbell of Tennessee, who had been United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury under President Madison and United States Minister to Russia under James Monroe. Though my mother had been christened Elizabeth she was called Lyzinka, the favorite name of the Russians for their lovely young Empress, all of whose children had died.

The marriage ceremony was performed by your own grandfather, my dear May, Dr. Minnigerode, in the presence of President and Mrs. Davis, and the élite of Richmond and the flower of the Confederacy. Among the guests was Captain Elliot Johnston who had resigned from the United States Navy to join General Ewell's staff: he was witty; a Baltimorean; brother of Henry Johnston who married President Buchanan's niece, the lovely Harriet Lane.

In a few days we received an invitation to Fredericksburg, for a reception in honor of General Ewell. We were entertained there at a large brick house which commanded a superb view of the battlefield owned by our host Mr. Yerby. The house was already full of relatives, among whom was an elegant woman of the name of Neale, wearing a turban similar to that worn by Dolly Madison. There were many Virginia girls in the house, modest, sweet and lovely, who made us feel at once at home.

The Confederates gave General Ewell this handsome reception. Your father and Fitz Lee were there together. Your father was very agreeable and a good soldier. Rumor said he was engaged to Lou Haxall, a Richmond belle; he was full of wit, rode well, danced well. He may have been engaged. I do not know. But as I recall his gaiety and general popularity, I cannot say he seemed disconsolate. He and Fitz Lee were jolly company.

The elegance of this entertainment was hard to associate with war. Plenty of music, beaux galore, luxuriant plants in the conservatory (which doubtless our hostess tended with her own hands), and a delicious repast. The courtesy and

graciousness of southern society seemed only heightened by impending dangers, and as is usual in times of anxiety, gaiety was mixed with excitement, and there was no little love-making.

The frocks of most of the girls were make-shifts—home-made, at least, from ample supplies of good materials stored away in chests and attics—silk here and there, lawn and muslin. Flowers were worn in the hair, and there was considerable jewelry.

From the old houses in the vicinity the flower of Virginia aristocracy assembled, ladies arriving in coaches even from the distant manor-houses of the Tide-water section, with out-riders of their still faithful negroes. The beaux arrived from every direction. Men not in the army were unpopular, and the gentlemen were all in uniform. It was pretty to see the graceful girls in their tight basques and full skirts curtsying low to the old Generals, gorgeous in gray and gold, dark curls bobbing as they did so, and gray heads bent.

For war times, what a supper! Home-cured hams and home-raised turkeys. Little roasted pigs and saddles of mutton. Oysters in every style sent up from Norfolk, and chicken fried and roasted, in jelly and in salad. Stuffed mangoes, spiced pears, beaten biscuits, hot rolls, fruit cake, angel cake, wine, mint-juleps, punch and coffee. From Sabine Hall, from Mount Airy, from Chatham, from Avenel, delicacies were sent to cheer and honor General Ewell and his staff.

The Tayloes, the Braxtons, the Masons, the Randolphs, the Maurys, the Wellfords, the Carters, the Beverleys, the

Dulanys, the Ellzeys, the Turners, the Fitzhughs, the Lees, the Marshalls, the Chichesters, the Harrisons—it would sound like Burke's Peerage to enumerate them all—all were there, forgetful for the hour of all anxieties.

Later the younger people adjourned to the large porch. Candles were our only light and the wind blew them out as fast as they were lighted. We had to sit in the dark. Your father and Fitz Lee did not seem to mind that. At day break there were still many couples sitting on the porch; it was quite cold; Mr. Yerby thoughtfully sent out mint-juleps in great loving-cups. These helped us out until breakfast, at nine o'clock. We sat down to an abundant breakfast in our party-frocks.

Chapter VI

More letters from Charlie Minnigerode. Fights and Philanderings. Picnics and Pistols. Lou Haxall and the other girls. Were the Confederate Officers Poseurs?

Headquarters Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade
Official Business
Hd. Qrs. Lee's Brigade
Near Orange C. H.
May 12, 1863

My dear Mother,

I have just heard through Major Warwick of the uneasiness & reports you have had about me. How in the world did you ever hear that I was killed? I know how anxious you all must have been, but I am happy to say that it is not so, and at the same time let me tell you that if you should not hear from me for a long time during the Campaign, don't think there is anything the matter, if anything should happen to me I have numerous friends who would notify you at once, and the same good Providence who has shielded me this far through the war will I believe protect me to the end.

Ever since the Brigade left Culpeper C. H. we have been working night & day. We commenced fighting (our Brigade) on Wednesday morning & kept it up every day until the following Wednesday when the Yankee Army crossed

the River. It was a dreadful battle. Our men fought better than they ever did and the Yankees worse. How our men ever drove them out of such fortifications as they had is a mystery to me. The Yankee army ought to be ashamed of itself.

I wish they had sent our Brigade after Stoneman instead of Wm. Lee's,[1] I'll bet the gentleman would not have gone so far, as it was he did not do as much harm as he ought to have done. I expect we will make a big raid soon to Pennsylvania, if ever I do get there I intend to take everything I can carry away.

I wrote a little note yesterday to Pa by Dr. Eliason who is going to Richmond. The day after the Yankees recrossed the Rappahannock, Genl. Lee sent me on a Scout to Culpeper. I had only 2 men with me all through the country, but I was pretty well acquainted with the country below Culpeper C. H. & I got through safe. I went to Kelley's Ford where a very pretty little girl lives and while I was sitting in the porch talking to her I saw the Yanks crossing the river after me & I had to put out. The same day I got within 400 yards of an Infantry Camp in Fauquier and could have shot any man in the camp but I thought discretion the better part of valor & did not shoot. One day the Yankees gave me a pretty good chase. I had sent one of my men back to Genl. Lee with a dispatch and was scouting with the remaining one when we ran against 2 Yanks whom we chased about a mile and a party of about

[1] William Lee was William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, second son of General Robert E. Lee, familiarly known as "Rooney."

30 came out of the woods & chased us, we had a big run of it, tho' the nearest I came to being caught was that my cap cover flew off and one of them got it. I returned to the Brigade yesterday.

Have you heard from Cary or Willie Robinson yet? I hope nothing happened to them. Anderson's Div. was not heavily engaged. Walter Hulliken I suppose is at our house. The death of Channing Price has cast a gloom over Genl. Stuart's & our Hd. Qrs. He was so beloved by all who knew him. How much I feel for Mr. & Mrs. Price.

How deep must be the mourning of the whole Confederacy at the death of Jackson. Nothing during the whole war has been so distressing to me and I know that almost every man in the Army feels his loss as much as I do. But I believe another man is destined to rise up & fill his place and while we have Genl. Lee left I feel secure & thankful.

I have not heard from home now for a long time. Please write soon & direct to Orange C. H. Capt. Bowie of the Staff will carry this letter down. Please write by him, he will stop at 119 Spottswood, or if you send the letter to Mrs. S. S. Lee [1] she will send it to me. Give my love to everybody and tell Pa to have church next Sunday, I ain't dead yet. How does Jimmie come on? Give my compliments to Sittie & tell her I received her last letter. Give my love to Lou H. F. & Ellen & all the girls. Tell Miss Evy Triplitt

[1] Mrs. S. S. Lee was the mother of General Fitz Lee. She was a Miss Mason, and a brilliant woman. Her husband, Captain Smith Lee, was in the Navy, a brother of General Robert E. Lee. Her other sons were Dan Lee and Robert Carter Lee.

that I got a Yankee Flag for her the other day in a charge, but somebody "stole it"—Good-bye—

Dead boy

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Cav. Brigade
Culpeper C. H. May 18th, 1863

My dear Mother,

I have not heard from you all now for a long time. The last letter I got was by Dr. Fitzhugh & I did get a letter from you last night dated Apr. 28th. Since the battle of Chancellorsville the mail for our Brigade has been very irregular, but I think if you will now direct your letters to Culpeper C. H. I will be sure to get them. I have not yet heard the circumstances of my death, how the report got out, who cried & who didn't, whether I was killed by bullet or shell or whether I fell from one of the baggage wagons or my horse threw me. All these little items which will appear hereafter in history are interesting to me now.

I have had a good deal to attend to lately, when I don't have any Ordnance to work on the General sends me off somewhere. You all, I hear, were scared to death in Richmond when Stoneman came that way. I would not be surprised to hear that Pa took Willie's single barrel shot gun & reported to Genl. Winder for immediate service. Jimmie I expect was pointing one of the big guns at Drewey's Bluff in the direction of the Brook turnpike and you & Sittie making bandages for the wounded, "what was to be," while Dinah & Elsy's little girl Harriet, [servants] were packing up their trunks ready to start north. Tell Pa to let

Jimmie have his revolver & I will send him another. But I think it a shame that Jimmie should want to hurt anybody. How are all the girls? I am most dying to see some of them. I am so sorry to hear that Lou Haxall has been sick but am very glad to hear that she is well again. Bless her heart! I got a letter from Ned Jones about a week ago & wrote to him day before yesterday. He didn't pretend to say anything about Miss Fannie & Ellen Anderson. How are they? Give my love to them. The Crenshaw woolen mill & the burning of part of the Tredegar is a great loss to the South. I hope 'Uncle Joseph' did not sustain as much loss as is reported here.

Have you heard anything from Cary & Willie? I was 15 or 20 miles from them in the fight & of course could not see them nor have I *heard* anything from them. Walter Hullíken I hear is at our house. I hope improving, I don't think he'll die. People say cats have nine lives. Where is Keith? Still in Richmond I reckon. Tell Walter he better get well for our Pennsylvania trip. Frank Deane is with Mosby who lost nearly half of his men in a fight the other day taken prisoners. If his mother has not heard from him you can tell her that I heard day before yesterday that he was all right. He came very near being captured. His beard was so long he could not get through the bushes.

My means for writing is very limited, excuse this & read what you can of it. Give my love to all, especially the girls.

Your affectionate son

C. Minnigerode, Jr.

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Cav. Brigade
May 28th, 1863

My dear Mother,

It has been nearly a week since I wrote to you but I have had a heap to do. There have been more Ordnance Stores received here during the last week than ever before & I have been everlastingly supplying our Brigade.

I think of you all at home a heap & want to see you very much. I don't think there is any chance of my getting down to Richmond for some time to come. The General and some of the Staff went down to Cob Rosser's Mainage this morning at Hanover C. H. Genl. Fitz is going to nail on him.

May 30th. I was interrupted soon after I commenced this letter and have not had an opportunity to finish it until now. We had the biggest kind of a Picnic at our Hd. Qrs. yesterday. Between 30 & 40 ladies were present & we had ice cream & cake, made by Henry & Co. We also had dancing, Pistol shooting, etc. I enjoyed myself very much as I generally do on such occasions.

They (i.e. the People in the neighborhood) have me already "engaged" to not less than 3 ladies in the country so you may know that I am pitching in pretty strong. The Staff gave the Picnic & the girls are going to give us a Strawberry party next week.

I have had some very disagreeable duties in the way of selling these new English Saddles to the Officers in our brigade. It is very troublesome & I have to be very careful.

I have not heard from home for about a week. I would not be surprised if we have some fighting to do shortly—

but you need not be uneasy about me. I will turn up all right. I am not one of these people who expect to be killed in the war.

My horses are beginning to improve very much. Old Stonewall is as fat as they make 'em. I will write again in a day or two.

Give my love to Pa & all at home. Hope Jimmie is well again. Remember me to Walter H. & all the girls—particularly Lou Haxall.

Your affectionate Son

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Brigade
June 1, 1863

My dear Father,

I have only time at present to drop you a few lines on a very important subject. Mr. White goes to Richmond in the morning & will hand you this note.

I want you to come up to Culpeper Thursday next to see the grandest sight of the war. On Friday Genl. Stuart will review 5 Brigades of Cavalry. Genl. Lee has sent to Richmond for some of the ladies to come up & wishes me to ask you to come & bring Sittie & Lou Haxall & any of the other girls that will come. It is no common thing to see 15,000 Cavalry at one time pass in review. If you can come & bring Ma & Sittie & Lou I am sure you would be repaid for your visit, and it would afford me the greatest delight. I don't think there is any chance of my seeing you all again till after the summer Campaign unless you come to see me. I want to see you all very much. If you can come

please telegraph me at once so I can engage rooms at a private house in Culpeper for you.

You can come up Thursday & go down Saturday to preach Sunday, or you can stay longer here & preach to the Soldiers Sunday. I shall be very much disappointed if you do not come. I know of no reason why you should not come. It is probable that the Cavalry will move soon after the review. Now or never is the time to come. Genl. Robt. Lee will probably be here. If Jimmie can get off bring him up. I will keep up communication with you by telegraph. You must be sure to come & bring Ma. Tell Mr. Haxall to come & bring Miss Evy & all the family & any of the girls. You will not have an opportunity to see another sight like this during the war.

Yrs. truly,

"Expectation."

The tragedies of Chancellorsville were truly sobering. Not only in the irreparable loss of Stonewall Jackson, a bulwark of stern Christianity and an uncompromising soldier, but in many casualties and deaths greatly affecting to the affectionate writer of these letters.

Channing Price was a dear friend,—though a mere boy already Adjutant General to General J. E. B. Stuart—falling, struck by a shell and dying, as he had been promoted, right under the eyes of his beloved commander.

We have followed Fitz Lee all along the Falmouth road, witnessed his attack and victory in a skirmish at the Hartwood Church; at Kellysville they met the Federals and Cary Breckenridge was captured. The Federal General Stoneman was approaching; General Fitz interviewed Gen-

eral Jackson. His young Aide must then have seen Jackson for the last time, but in his letters home he only mentions that he sneaked back to Kelley's Ford to see a very pretty girl.

He promises to bring his mother something from Pennsylvania but from subsequent revelations it appears he could get nothing more than a few shoe-strings. As a looter, he was not successful. Some of the treasures brought to America after the Boxer uprising in China, or from the hunger-stricken regions of central Europe, after the World War, might have taught him how to get a few "souvenirs."

That was indeed a stirring pageant prior to the march into Pennsylvania which ended in the battle of Gettysburg, when the whole cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia passed in review before General J. E. B. Stuart, always himself a spectacular figure.

There was much of the old Cavalier in the Confederate soldier. I do not object to the word "rebel." Rebels they were, so far as I can see.

"Jeb" Stuart was a heroic figure, and the artists of the South who painted these heroes made them giants, all of them. Whoever saw such heaving bosoms, such breadth of shoulder, such flashing eyes, as these painted generals boast of, standing as super-men and towering over the trees and steeples of the background?

General Stuart was dashing and dramatic. So was Phil Sheridan. Stuart usually stands still, so upright that he is sway-backed—General Sheridan, whether in his statue at the Circle named for him in Washington or on the cover design of his Memoirs—where he appears in pure gold—is riding hard, whooping and howling and flourishing his sword.

In general appearance Stuart might be a companion picture to Captain John Smith. Two hundred and fifty years lie between them, but the descendant of the Irish gentle-

man holds his own for picturesqueness with the protégé of the lovely Pocahontas.

Painted by the full brush of an admirer, General Stuart towers over a miniature landscape, his military cape thrown back, his manly bosom expanded, his curly dark beard falling over it, and his waving hair blowing in the breeze.

All that braid and buttons, belt and buckle, sash and sword, gauntlets and boots, hat and plume, can do to make a man magnificent, has been done for him; and doubtless he so appeared that day, thrilling his impressionable soldiers with delight.

The Confederate officers were, many of them, poseurs. They were by tradition and intention picturesque, and had they not taken themselves and each other so seriously, they might have been a little funny.

Wade Hampton's whiskers belonged in a Du Maurier illustration from the London Punch. Bishop Polk's flowing robes and pontifical countenance, always, in uniform, a Bishop in disguise—a theatrical make-up. Mosby's unearthly cameo of a face, that marble profile and flowing cape, a dare-devil abroad on a moonlight night. General Gordon's distinguished figure. It is hard to think of him as hurrying—as clearing his throat or blowing his nose. He is always standing before the world's camera.

Thinking of this review by General Stuart recalls how Cazenove Lee once pointed out to me the spot where on my own land a great sycamore tree once grew, into which he said he climbed as a little boy, having the story of Zaccheus in mind, and how he thence beheld Abraham Lincoln with Mr. Stanton, his Secretary of War, reviewing 75,000 troops during the time that General McClellan occupied this territory. There was a lot of skirmishing around here, on this second range of hills ten miles from Washington, and many houses were torn down, and the

buildings of the Theological Seminary were used as a Federal hospital, Munson's hill, to the west, and the Long Bridge to the north were all important points, and Col. Herbert's house was torn down and Fort Worth built on the site of it—we pick up Indian arrow heads and Civil War minnie balls indiscriminately, all over our fields today.

Chapter VII

More letters of Charlie Minnigerode. He brings his mother a few shoestrings as souvenirs from Gettysburg. Lou Haxall and the other girls. Sixty years later his daughter and his grandson motor to Gettysburg along his line of march

Headquarters Fitzhugh Lee's Cavalry Brigade
Official Business.

Aug. 12
Mr. Nightengale was
left by his slow use
of long legs.

"Sunbright"
Near Brandy Station
June 8th, 1863

My dear Mother,

I have not been able to write to you for sometime, but sent a telegram yesterday. We have commenced a big movement. The Cavalry moved day before yesterday. We are now across Hazel River. Tho' we came over to Brandy Station today to be reviewed by Genl. Robt. Lee, I am now at Mr. Kennedy's near the Review ground where there is a sweet little girl looking over my shoulder & talking so incessantly that I am obliged to make mistakes. The whole of Longstreet's & Ewell's Corps have passed thro' Culpeper C. H. & I understand that Genl. A. P. Hill is soon to

follow. The men are all finely equipped & in excellent spirits. I hoped to see Anderson's Div. but it did not come through. I expect I will see Cary & Willie some of these days. When you write give my love to them. I hear Hooker's Hd. Qrs. are at Centerville. I expect our army will go back to Manassas & have a 3rd Battle.

The General has been very sick with the inflammatory rheumatism, but he is now much better & will join the command in a few days. Col. Munford is in command of the Brigade.

You can't imagine how very much disappointed I was at your not coming up to the review. I did not get any telegram saying that you were not coming & waited at the depot for you. The train did not get up until late in the night. You will never have a chance to see another such sight. Saw Frank Deane & got the pants & am very much pleased with them. I had engaged two elegant rooms at a nice private house for you. I wish Genl. Cooper had been in Guinea. There was no danger or impropriety in your coming.

Give my love to Pa & all the children & Lou Haxall & the girls.

Kindness
Maj. Ball
"The Bower"
July 1863

Hd. Qrs. Cav. Division
July 1863

My dear Father,

Rev. Dabney Ball, Div. Chaplain, is going to Richmond in the morning and I take the opportunity to send you a line & also a check for $170 which please draw at the C. S. Treasury & use as you wish. Before I forget it, send me my watch by Major Ball when he returns. I want a good many clothes—draws, etc. but don't like to trouble Maj. Ball to bring them so I will go without them. I am now at Genl. Stuart's Hd. Qrs., but will leave in a few moments as I hear the Pickets of our Brigade have been driven in by the Yanks. We have fighting almost every day, and sometimes very hot. Walter Hulliken is looking over my shoulder & sends his love, so does Frank Deane. Keith is staying here (at the 'Bower') but has gone to church. He seems very much affected by his father's death. I came up here after Ordnance & must now go back. Give my love to all inquiring friends—my pen is bad—my ink is pale—my love for you—can never fail.

CM

(*Written on pieces of note book paper*)

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Brig.
July 15th, 1863

My dear Father,

I am in no situation to write a letter but I know that even a line will be welcome and I have an opportunity to send a message.

You would not believe unless you saw it with your own eyes the fatigues that our Cavalry & especially our Brigade has undergone in the last 3 weeks. Never did I think that I would or could stand what I have. I believe we have been fighting every day since we left Va. We crossed the river yesterday & are now encamped near Martinsburg. I suppose you have heard more about the Gettysburg fight than I can tell you. It beat Sharpsburg—as far as hard fighting is concerned. We are still in doubt up here as regards Vicksburg—God grant that she is safe! Saw Cary & Willie Robinson the other day—both are well. Have heard nothing of Keith—Poor boy—I hope the report of his father's death is incorrect.

The gentleman who will take this letter is waiting & I must hurry on.

My arm is all right—like a fool I went in a charge with the 4th Reg. & got that cut. I have had many narrow escapes. Had two horses wounded in one fight. One was the grey I got in Richmond; he will recover however.

There is no chance of my getting to Richmond unless the Army goes in that direction. The latest I have heard from you is a letter of the 7th to Mr. Perkins. I have not

seen Mr. P. at all. May now have a chance to write home oftener.

Give my love to all. Tell Sittie & Lou Haxall that I am going to write to them as soon as I get "Settled." I got Ma a bunch of shoe strings in Penn & some other little tricks. Good-bye & will write soon as I can—would like to see you in the trenches.[1]

Yours truly

CM

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Cavalry Brigade
Near Leetown, July 18, 1863

My dear Mother,

I believe I sent a letter day before yesterday but I don't know whether it will ever reach you. Since I wrote that letter I have been in a mighty hot fight. On the 15th we fought the enemy all day and whipped them badly. We had 3 Brigades in the fight under Genl. Fitz Lee, who has been very much complimented on the result. At one time I was under as hot a fire as I ever was, had a shot put through my saddle. I have been most wonderfully preserved & hope I feel truly thankful to my Heavenly Father for His watchfulness over me. I don't believe that I am to be killed in this war, which I think will last almost indefinitely. Things do not look very bright for us at this time, but we must not despond, God will defend the right.

[1] "I suppose you have heard more about the Gettysburg fight than I can tell you." And with that single reference he passes by one of the great battles of history. But he was bringing his mother a few shoe strings as souvenirs from the enemy's country!

I want to see you all now worse than I ever did before. I have not seen any of you for about 8 months. I don't see any prospect of getting to the town of Richmond until winter comes on.

The mail is waiting & I must close. All here are well that you know. I had several new acquaintances killed day before yesterday.

Give my love to all.

Your Affec. Son

Charlie

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Brig.
Near Brandy, July 26, '63

My dear Ole Gal: [1]

They tell me that because I nave not written to you for two or three days that you have become very uneasy and anxious as to my present state of health, be assured Miss that I am at this moment in a state of profound enjoyment: —for the first time in the last 6 weeks I sit under my own tent. We are again at our old Camp ground near Culpeper C. H. We marched from Shepherdstown to this place in three days and I now feel almost at home. It would be impossible "utterly impossible" for me to tell you of all the fights & rare times I have had the honor of participating in while in Maryland & Pennsylvania we were marching by night & fighting by day. This Cavalry fighting is getting to be much more serious than it has been heretofore. Many of my friends in the Brigade have been killed & wounded.

[1] His sister Belle.

The Staff has been wonderfully preserved, at Gettysburg Capt. Ferguson A. D. C. shot a Yankee who was just raising his Sabre to strike Genl. Fitz. Henry Lee had a lock of his hair cut off by a minnie ball near Hagerstown but since that time he has had his hair cut off so close to his head that you could not catch hold of it with tweezers. A very nice boy named Owens, the General's clerk was taken prisoner in Maryland, otherwise we are all right at Hd. Qrs.

While I was in the Enemy's country I had no chance of getting anything for you all, at Westminster, Md. the only place where I could have gotten anything, a Yank hit me with his Sabre & I missed my chance. I however succeeded in obtaining a pair of gaiters for you & a bunch of shoe strings for the rest of the family. Some persons obtained a great many articles but I was among the unfortunate. I received a letter from home this morning stating that my boy Joe had arrived in Richmond. I have given him up for gone. He got separated from me at Wmsport and I thought he was hunting around the Army for me & expected when we left Shepherdstown that he was left about there some where & the Yanks got him. I am glad he had sense enough to go to Richmond. He lost a very fine horse for me when the Yankees took him.

I hear Frank Deane is in Richmond. I don't know how all these fellows get off. I saw Keith the other day. He said he had heard that his father was only wounded but I fear he was killed. I saw Cary & Willie Robinson on the march day before yesterday, also the Williams & Ned Hardy. Jim Werth had had a billious attack (tell his mother) but is all

right again. Jim Tucker gets on very well. All the other boys are well. Ask Lou Haxall if I write to her will she answer my letters?

Give my love to Ma & Pa & every body else. Aunt Eliza, Dinah & the rest of the servants.

Ever yours,

C. Minnigerode, Jr.

Between the lines of these merry letters full of jokes and love affairs and affectionate efforts to encourage the anxious ones at home, we read the things unwritten. Amazing, how little of the vital news was given, how casual, how incidental the big work seemed to be.

We are following Fitz Lee's cavalry en route to Pennsylvania as they canter along the old Virginia roads, through little old Shepherdstown and up the steep hilly roads of beautiful Harper's Ferry—paintable as some Swiss village hanging from the crags of the Alps. On through the historic roads of Maryland and through quaint Frederick Town; into the enemy's country, "North" into Pennsylvania—passing the trim enormous barns of the Pennsylvania Dutch farms, with their grotesque imitation stained-glass windows painted on the outside with the wild idea of ornamenting the blank red walls—gothic windows and orioles, and make-believe green shutters all jumbled together, presiding silently and sedately over giant hay stacks and manure piles which turn one green with envy. Past the beautiful apple orchards, where one may be shot for stealing an apple. And the York highway.

Gettysburg—that place of doubt and death—now an open-air museum of sculptural monstrosities; nevertheless dignified because of its natural beauty, its dreadful toll of

life; sanctified by its memories, memories crystallized for all time in that brief masterpiece of English diction which broke spontaneously from the sincere soul of Abraham Lincoln.

My son and I motored to the Battlefield of Gettysburg that I might actually visualize the route taken by Fitz Lee's cavalry and get the reaction of the third generation. It seems that the most vivid memory of my young escort has nothing to do with the historic, traditional or military aspects of the spot, but rather, with the conversation of the guide, who like myself was a sort of hero, and ancestor, worshipper. My admiration for my father is no match for his, and my father's performances were child's play compared to those of the guide's father!

This young man answered to the description of a "razor-back" hog—"six feet tall, six inches wide, with a nose like a bow-sprit."

His voice, the falsetto which always belongs to those attenuated, shad-bellied, Adam's-apple-y people; his vocabulary unique and his gesticulations violent as he described those "doings!"

His pockets bulged with photographs of sections of his late father's anatomy; his father having been the outstanding hero of the battle, and his body perforated, as the photographs absolutely proved, in all parts by Confederate bullets. Unlike the thrifty Pennsylvania Dutch he gave these treasures free as air to all who committed themselves unto his guidance.

Chapter VIII

More letters of Charlie Minnigerode. Canteloupes for breakfast. A General for a bedfellow. Lou Haxall and the other girls. "General Robert" knows what to do

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Brigade
Aug. 12, 1863

My dear Mother,

I can just drop you a line by Mr. Nightengale who leaves for Richmond presently. He is a great friend of mine & is desperately in love with Miss Turner Macfarland. We are still near Fredericksburg & are living very well indeed. Our mess bill will be very high this month but we have plenty of vegetables for dinner with Cantalopes for breakfast. Our Hd. Qrs. are in Mr. Guest's yard where Cary was last winter. Talley came up last night. You are all mighty good to send me so many nice clothes. The shirts are rather warm but are just what I wanted & will last a long time. I have just heard that Joe, my boy who got away, is in Culpeper & has hired himself out. If I ever get there I will give it to him. The Genl. will probably be promoted in a few days, if so I will go up a peg. I don't care much though. The Genl. is one of the best friends I ever had. He will do as much for me as Col. Baldwin would. He has been my bedfellow all this campaign & we get along first rate. I am

going to try my best to get to Richmond soon. I don't think I will succeed. Give my love to all the girls.

If Nightengale comes to see you treat him well, he is a very nice fellow & will do anything for me. Why did you send me all that flannel like the shirts? You said nothing about it in your letter. You can send a letter back by Nightengale. Hereafter you can write as long letters as you choose. How would you like to send Willie up to stay with me a little while? I will take very good care of him & in case of a fight I have plenty of friends with the wagon train. I think he ought to have a little fun he has been at home all the time.

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Brigade
Aug. 16, 1863

My dear Mother,

Nightengale & Willie arrived safely yesterday. I was surprised to see how badly Willie is looking. If I can keep him up here a week or two I think it will improve him very much. You gave me instructions to keep him out of the sun but I don't think it will hurt him. He has been out riding all the morning & is already looking better. All up here say he is very much like me only better looking. The latter clause I can't agree to. I hear most all the girls have left Richmond.

Genl. Lee's plan to cross the Rappk. & attack the Yankees failed from the fact that they became alarmed & left the day before. You say in your letter that Ned Jones says it is my fault he is not in the Army. If I could not get him

a place with Genl. Lee why can't he go somewhere else? I think he ought to join the Army in some capacity. Every man is needed now. All those young clerks particularly ought to be in service. Ned Fisher is in the Engineer Corps up here. I suppose he never has heard a shell burst or a bullet whistle but that is better than staying in Richmond. If ever I get there again I intend to speak my mind to all those boys on this subject. I have not heard from Cary & Willie Robinson since I left Culpeper. Somebody said they were camped near Rockland. I got Pa's letter the other day & yours & Lou Haxall's by Willie. There is nobody at home to send love to except you & Pa. So good-bye.

CM

Fredericksburg
Aug. 20, 1863.

My dear Mother,

Henry starts to Richmond in a few moments. I send the flannel by him which you sent up by mistake. I think the mess have been very kind in letting Henry go Home.

Willie is very well. I have not seen him for 24 hours. Col. Wickham took him away on horse back yesterday morning & told me he would keep him all night. He seems to enjoy himself a great deal & is improving very fast. If I keep him up here a week or two I will make a good rider out of him. I have placed "Old Stonewall" entirely at his disposal & am myself riding one of Genl. Lee's Horses

We will have Review & Inspection for the coming week

every morning at 6 o'c— & I will have to get up sooner than heretofore.

A Yankee General came into Fredericksburg yesterday under flag of truce to stop the pickets firing at each other across the river. Col. Wickham said he would show Willie the Yankee Pickets. Every body is well. Maj. Warwick is next to me as I write & is going to Richmond this morning.

I don't know of any news to tell you. Don't know whether I will have a chance for Richmond or not. In the meantime

I am very Respec—
Your
C. Minnigerode, Jr.

I need a jacket or a coat very bad, went to see some very nice girls in Fredericksburg yesterday in one of your new shirts. Every body admires them. I prefer a jacket to a coat.

Although this youthful cavalryman was admittedly deeply in love with Lou Haxall, the Lou so frequently referred to, he was by no means indifferent to petticoats in general.

Lou Haxall was one of the clique of famous belles and beauties of Richmond in the war times. She married an English gentleman, Charles K. Harrison, who lived in the country near Baltimore, where as very young girls, my sister Lucy and I visited them.

The past generations valued inherited friendships even more than inherited mahogany and silver; it was a matter of decency to be interested in the children of one's old

friends. Affections of this sort were passed along, as lace and books and family trees, as something that "belonged" and could not be treated lightly.

I find these frequent references to Lou Haxall one of the most delightful details in these boyish epistles. For at this time the writer was only eighteen years old. Taking his love affairs, however, with much seriousness.

Puppy love, so ridiculed, designated by a term so belittling, is a pretty fine phase of the ruling passion. It is not selfish, it is not often gross, and it creates a magical world which no seasoned sinner can conceive of.

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Cav. Brigade
Near Fredericksburg
Aug. 23, 1863

My dear Father,

General Lee told me last night to get ready to start to Richmond this morning but Captain Furgerson, A. D. C. just heard of the death of one of his brothers & the mortally wounding of another and got a furlough to go to his home in Charleston, South Carolina a few minutes after Genl. Lee gave me permission and that sad misfortune has interfered greatly with my plans. I will in all probability have to remain 20 days now without a chance to go home, though I am determined to go if there is any chance. I have been acting Asst. Adt. Genl. since his departure in addition to my other duties & if that thing keeps up I know I can't go.

Willie has improved very much and is having a good time generally. He is at present about 12 miles down the

river at (I forget the gentleman's name) with Henry Wickham, the Colonel's little boy about his own age, he has been there since yesterday and it is now 10 o'c at night & he has not returned. He is in very good hands however & I do not feel in the least concerned about him.

Bishop Johns preached in Fredericksburg this morning at these Hd. Qrs. this afternoon. I did not attend church in the morning on account of my duties but this evening he gave us a very fine sermon. I never admired the Bishop much as a preacher but his sermon this evening was a first rate one, the best I ever heard him preach. He goes down in the morning to Richmond & told me this evening that he was going to try to persuade you to come up to Fredericksburg next Sunday. Mr. Scott (I don't know whether you know him) who has a lot of pretty daughters wants you to come & stay with him. I wish you would come up & preach in the morning at F. & in the afternoon here. Genl. Lee joins in my request. I think you could make arrangements to come. I wish you would. You can take Willie back with you unless you will let him stay longer. If, however, I can get off this week I will let you know at once & you can await another opportunity. I think the citizens of Fredericksburg stand much in need of an Episcopal preacher. Where is Mr. Randolph, I think he ought to be up here.

I know of very little news. We are all expecting to hear of the fall of Sumpter. I don't think that will help the Yankees much though. The general impression here is that the Yanks are slowly falling back on Washington to wait

for more troops & are sending a portion of this Army to Charleston. I know Officially that the 11th & 12th Army Corps have gone there. I would not be surprised at any moment to hear of another advance into Maryland. It seems to me from all I can hear that that would be our best policy but Genl. Robert knows what to do.

Tell Ma I say she must not make my letters *so public.* Everybody I see from Richmond says "I saw your mother the other night & she read me a very characteristic letter of yours."

Hoping these few lines may find Ma well & yourself enjoying the same blessing, I remain as Ever,

The same old Uncle Fuller

Rev. C. Minnigerode
Richmond

Near Fredericksburg
Sept. 6, 1863

My dear Mother,

I received your letter by Abe Warwick with my jacket yesterday. I wrote you day before yesterday. Genl. Lee is a Major General. He has not made any Staff appointments yet & I don't know where he will be assigned. He is such a nice little fellow. I love him like the mischief. I suppose I will be one of his aides with the rank of 1st Lieut. Hope so anyhow.

If Sittie & Miss Molly Herndon will come up & spend a week I can get them a first rate place to stay. Either Mrs. Scott's or with Miss Mary Patton Wolfe who Sittie knows

and I will come down to Richmond & bring them up. I wish they would come. I want some of my friends here to see Sittie & want to see Miss Herndon myself, not meaning that I don't want to see my dear Sister.

Tell Sittie to give my love to Miss Jeanie Cooper & tell her I have a big peach [1] I would like to send her if I could get it in a letter. I reckon I will have to eat it & think of her while I am doing so.

I am going to write often. I don't think this letter is worth 10 cents & doubt whether I will send it. Good-bye, love to all.

Your affec Son

Charlie

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Div.
Sept. 30, 1863.

My dear Mother—

It is rather late at night to be writing but I thought I would just drop you a line to let you know I am all right. A serenading party from one of the Regts. has just left. Some of the men sing very well. I think the song of "Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home" made me think of writing.

I have received my commission as 1st Lt. & A. D. C.

[1] The fruit through all this country had long been famous, and the phenomenal peach referred to as an offering to Miss Jennie Cooper was but one of many purloined from the orchards by the passing troops. The apples of Albemarle county are exceptional, and to this day the best are shipped to England. Queen Victoria is said to have cornered the market on Albemarle pippins as long as she lived, and they still find favor in the eyes of her countrymen.

I don't know, however, whether I shall keep it or not, when I return my acceptance to the War Department I will have to state my age and it is contrary to law for person under 21 to be commissioned.

I wrote a letter to Mr. Edwards the other day, of the Richmond Arsenal, requesting him to purchase some cloth at the Ordnance Bureau for me & leave it with Pa. I understand they have some excellent at the Department for sale to Ordnance Officers only, & I thought I might as well make use of the opportunity.

I will soon have to get a uniform jacket or coat, because I have none at all now & have not had for the last two months.

But I must close. Give my love to Pa who I suppose has returned, & tell him I say he will have a chance yet of paying me a visit. Remember me affectionately to all the girls who I suppose are returning rapidly to school, & tell Lou Haxall to write to me, also to all my little brothers & sisters & all my friends & relations & believe me

As ever

Your affect.

Son.

Kindness of
Major Bowling

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Cav. Div.
October 6, 1863.

My dear Mother,

Major Bowling [Bolling] is going to Richmond this morning and I thought I would write by him as the mail is

so very irregular. We thought the Yankees were coming yesterday. All Meade's Army moved out and it was seen from the top of Clarks Mountain by our Signal line who reported that they were advancing on Summerville Ford by 4 roads. Our whole Army was in line of battle and everybody expected the Yanks, but they did not come. Today is so misty we cannot see what they are after. I don't know whether they will come or not. General Ewell's Hd. Qrs. are only a mile from here. I am going over there this evening. Mrs. Ewell & Miss Brown are there, they live in Mr. Jerry Morton's house. All the big bugs call on Mrs Ewell & on several occasions the General has introduced her as "my wife, Mrs. Brown."

I never hear or see anything of Cary or Willie. They are on the left of the Army & I am on the right. Tell Sittie I can't say that Major Bowling is much of a beau but he is a first rate fellow. I like him very much, he is very funny when you know him well.

Willie's friend General Wickham had a fall from his horse day before yesterday & has gone home on the strength of it.

Your affectionate Son

Charlie

Chapter IX

More letters of Charlie Minnigerode. Willie Robinson is killed. A letter from Lou Haxall. His "draws are torn from whence." Cary Robinson is killed. Virginia!

Near Raccoon Ford
Oct. 10, 1863

My dear Mother,

I can only write you a few lines. You already know that the Army has advanced. No fighting has commenced up to this time but we are expecting to hear the booming every moment. Genl. Robt. Lee with the whole army has moved way around on the Enemy's right flank & will pitch into their right or rear before they know it. He has left Genl. Fitz Lee with his division & two Brigades of infantry here to keep up appearances. The Yankees still continue in our front to all appearances perfectly unconscious of any movement on our part. When the fighting commences we will cross the river here and get on the right wing of our army. I expect we will have a good time. We will probably cross the river tonight.

Good-bye. Give my love to all at home & don't feel uneasy about me.

Your own

Charlie.

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Div.
Beverleys Ford
Oct. 21, 1863

My dear Mother—

I have again arrived in Old Culpeper after having been, through God's blessing, spared thro' many dangers. You have heard before this of the death of poor Willie Robinson. Mahone's Brigade is camped in two miles of our Hd. Qrs. & today Walter Hulliken & myself rode over to see Cary. I did not know anything of what had happened & have never been so shocked in my life as I was when Robby Taylor told me of it. I had a long talk with Cary & heard for the first time that Willie had professed religion. Cary seems perfectly resigned and says "God's will be done." He told me he had not written to you yet, that he has attempted it once or twice but that his feelings always unnerved him. Poor boy, I never felt so much for anyone in my life. All the members of his Co. tell me how well Cary has bourn the trial. It is astonishing the good he has been the instrument of accomplishing in his Regt. & whole Brigade after Willie's death. A prayer meeting was held in the Brigade & Cary led the meeting. Theodrick Williams was telling me of it, he says the service was the most solemn he had ever witnessed & very impressive. Ned Hardy & all the Lieutenants & some of the men of the Company professed religion that night. Willie was universally beloved. I don't believe there was a man in the world who was his enemy.

He was the bravest of the brave, always the foremost

in the fight. Among his last words were "Tell Cary that I will meet him in Heaven." I do feel so sorry for Cary, they were inseparable. And his poor mother! How can she bear it. I have always felt like those boys were my brothers, & this great affliction makes me feel more than ever. I have a true & lasting friend in Cary & I sincerely wish that I could be more in his society. He is one of the best & truest Christians I ever knew. The society I am in here is anything else but of that kind, tho' they are all nice agreeable gentlemen, not one is a Christian.

But I am writing very hastily & the General is hurrying me to get at the desk himself. I have been exposed to a great many dangers & just to think that I have been in a dozen fights since I left & have escaped & dear Willie Robinson was killed in a little skirmish when no one was expecting death.

Genl. Lee sends you his regards & says please send word to his mother or Mrs. Cooper that he & Henry & John are all right, & likewise the rest of the Staff. It is a wonder none of us have been hurt. I had my horse "Stonewall" shot through the neck in the last Brandy fight, but he will recover. I saw Frank Deane last night, he brought me a letter from Miss Evy & one from Lou Haxall. I got yours this morning by Lt. Tyler. Miss Evy wrote me a mighty nice sweet letter. She is a good friend. I wanted to go to hear Mr. Perkins preach at Mahone's Bridge this evening but was sent off on important business. I have not seen him yet. The Genl. says tell his mother to go to the store next

to the War Dept. & see what she thinks of a picture of him there.

Give my love to all. I hope Pa will be able to come up soon. Cary will go to Richmond before long I think. I have a heap to write to you about & will do so tomorrow or next day. I have to stop now. Goodbye.

Your own dear

Charlie

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Cav. Div.
Nov. 16, 1863

My dear Mother,

Mr. Hancock, a brother of Dr. H goes to Richmond tomorrow & will return with a wagon train so it will be no trouble for him to bring me the following articles if you have them to send. Some socks, draws and a pair of shoes or boots. I don't recollect whether I have an old pair at home or not. I just want a pair to save my boots, any old things will do to knock around in camp, as it is I am wearing out my good boots in camp when they will be of great service on the marches hereafter. I am perfectly destitute of socks and my draws are torn from whence. I spent the day with Walter Hulliken, who sends by the same opportunity for a suit of clothes which he has at Wm. Smith's. I will have to have a uniform suit made I am sorry to say before long. I don't know where they will come from. On the last review I had on a borrowed coat. Genl. Rosser paid $600 for a uniform coat in Richmond a few days ago. I don't know what it cost to have the cloth made up. I expect I have

been growing wonderfully since my last suit was fabricated as it positively declines to button anywhere. My old coat I have turned over to "Lorenzo," a colored individual who attends to old Stonewall. He has perfectly recovered from his wound and is ready for another action.

I think I have been fortunate in never having had to buy but one horse & in getting him for $175. He was valued in the Brigade 6 months ago at $725, so if his chunk gets put out I will get that for him. The next fight I am going to leave the Genl. & get me another animal.

I wrote to Jimmie this morning. I think he had better come up when he gets his leave. I fully expect to come down Christmas but everything is always so uncertain in the Army that I don't allow myself to be carried away with the idea. I have not seen Cary since we left Culpeper. I would have invited him up before this but for my having for the last few days to inspect the picket line. W. Hoxton was over here yesterday. He is a nice boy.

I don't visit any now tho' I know lots of girls in Orange C. H. There is one very pretty girl there tho' her name is none of the prettiest, Miss Annie Bull, who is turning the heads of the whole Army.

No news that I know of, Meade claims 1960 prisoners in the last fight which is many more than we thought. Everything looks like an advance of the Yanks. Cars are running to Culpeper.

Give my love to all & don't forget the shoes, (old pair). I know you think I am in a pretty gay mood by this letter.

Your dear Charlie

Hd. Qrs. Lee's Cav. Div.
November 23, 1863.

My dear Mother,

I received your letter & the package sent by Mr. Hancock yesterday. The draws & socks came in just at the right time. Never mind about getting any shoes or boots, I have just bought me a pair of shoes from the Qr. Master Dept. which will do first-rate for camp, tho' they would not suit to dance in. Have you got enough cloth to have a jacket, pants & vest made for me? I have to get a uniform suit. The President reviews the Cavalry tomorrow or next day & I have "nothing to wear."

I was thinking today of telegraphing for Pa to come up, but he cannot get here soon enough. 'Twill be a grand sight to see the whole Army on review.

I expect Capt. Lee,[1] the Genl's father will come up. I did not know until a few moments ago that there was to be one. I wish Pa would take it into his head to come up with Capt. Lee. They are making a great fuss over the President. He attended Mr. Hansborough's church in Orange C. H. yesterday. He & Genl. Lee the two greatest men in the Confederacy were side by side. Genl. Pendleton preached a very fine sermon.

I am glad to hear that Cary Robinson is in Richmond. He has passed through the greatest trial but has borne it nobly and as a Christian should. I think Cary is the brightest & one of the most earnest Christians I have ever known. He has told you I suppose that he intends to be a minister.

[1] Captain Smith Lee, brother of Robert E. Lee and father of Fitz Lee.

He told me so the last time I saw him but said he would not write you word because he preferred telling you. W. Hulliken got his bundle. Alexander has Cary's here. How long will he stay in Richmond? I think I shall send it by the first person that goes. Ask Cary to give you the pants he had on the last time I saw him, to keep as a relic of the war & a curiosity for time to come.

I really am serious about having a new suit made. I can send you a month's pay (135 dollars) if it can be made for that. Tell me in your next letter whether I have got enough cloth & what it will cost to be made up. I will have my measure taken & send it down. I believe I am the tallest man on the Staff now. I can sit down & eat soup off the General's Head.

I expect this is a "crazy letter" as there are 5 or 6 persons in the tent talking at a great rate. I will make no more promises about writing.

Your dear

Son.

Camp Near Charlottesville
December 12th, 1863

My dearest Mother,

After a long and terribly cold march we have arrived in Albemarle, where the Division will probably winter. Our Hd. Qrs. are about a mile from Charlottesville & there are a plenty of pretty girls there I understand. It is a right nice little place and all Hd. Qrs. anticipate a pleasant time Xmas. If the Yankees in the Valley do not call us out from

our quarters we will be comparatively quiet. I am going to try my best to get to Richmond but am not yet certain about it. I got a letter from Lou before I left Orange C. H. but have not heard from you for some time.

Before I forget it let me tell you to let Smith make my uniform by Walter Hulliken's measure, with the pants about an inch & a half longer. Tell him to have a buff collar & cuffs & have the coat corded with buff. I have some buttons here if I could only get them down.

I wrote some days ago, about the 10th, inclosing $150 for W. H.'s clothes & would have sent it sooner but did not think it quite safe. Write to me soon & direct Charlottesville.

I am sitting under a tree with a negro boy holding the ink stand & the wind blowing the paper & my hands are so very cold I cannot write any more.

Your affec. Son

Charlie

Forrestville
Novemb 2, 1864

My dearest Mother,

I cannot tell you how great is my grief at the death of our dear Cary. It came on me so suddenly, so unlooked for. Oh! what a true Christian friend, and to think that his good work on earth is ended seems so strange. But his example is still left to many, to all! God grant that it may prove of value to me! I cannot realize it, to think that Cary Robinson is no more is more than I can believe. Cary, the noble sol-

dier of his country,—the pious soldier of his corps! Oh! if we were all like him, and yet our loss is his gain. I can but agree with you when you say that he almost wished for death. I think he really longed to be with Willie, what dear noble boys they were! Always together in life, side by side in death, and enjoying together the rest which remaineth for the children of God! How many more dear friends will be taken from me! How many more *useful* men Killed—& I still left? I hope I feel truly thankful to Our Heavenly Father for his merciful protection—and yet if I was like Cary I should not be unwilling to die. How I feel for his poor mother! and how I feel for you his second mother!

I shall always pray that I may become a man like Cary Robinson.

I have just received your letter. We are going on a Scout & I cannot write more. I will not return to Richmond as I am the only one of Genl. Lee's Staff now with Genl. Rosser except Willie Warwick who is well. In fact I am now acting Adjt. General of the Division and cannot very well leave.

Willie Hoxton is very well. I have not seen him, he is 36 miles away. I sent him the letter & book you sent by Gill.

Please give my love to all at home. I will write as soon as we return from this trip.

Your devoted

Charlie.

Love to Walter. Every one here is loud in his praise for gallantry.

Each incidental mention brings before me the lovely little rivers of northern Virginia, with their pretty Indian names, the Rapidan, the Rivana, the Chickahominy, the Opequan, the Rappahannock, the Shenandoah, the Potomac —that is the upper Potomac—their little fords and bridges, the steepled villages and cozy farms, the rolling country through which they make their way, the sky-line always ending with the Blue Ridge mountains or their foot-hills, glimpsed between noble trees.

These boys saw them, serene and peaceful, before their waters ran red with blood, as at Fredericksburg—before the blooming things were trampled down, as in "The Wilderness." Strange to say, the wilderness is as much a wilderness now as it was then—one tangle of honeysuckle and laurel, wild grape and Virginia creeper, impenetrable depths of shadow and fragrance. A refuge for the birds, no longer scared away by the din of battle.

For here among these brown old scraps of paper, as dry and crisp themselves as autumn leaves, there lie a pressed violet or bunch of little bluets—lovingly called "Quaker ladies"; or a four-leaf clover.

In April the trees were bare, but swelling as the sap climbed up. In the woods the first shy blossoms creeping into life under the shadow of last year's leaves, anemones, arbutus, hepaticas, violets—and that ever-recurring amorousness of the birds; thrushes and vireos in the woods; bluebirds and orioles in the orchards; five varieties of woodpeckers pecking industriously in the old trees, old roofs, old tanks, old pillars of old porches; robins and wrens close to the houses, sparrows and larks out in the open fields; blue-jays scolding from the pines, cardinals caroling from the oaks, swallows twittering in the chimneys, pee-wees building in the eaves, cat-birds fluttering in and out of the rose bushes—thousands of grackles each

wearing a single red epaulette, flocks of crested cedar birds, both species stopping for gossip on their long journey northward. Observant boys, cooling their heels in camp as they awaited further orders, might have counted right around them no less than seven varieties of thrush—the bluebird, the wren, the wood-thrush, the brown thrasher (also called sandy martin—but he is a true thrush—) the robin, the cat-bird, the mocking bird. They are right around me here at Vauxcleuse, and the racket made by my little Underwood provokes them to argumentative melodies. They wonder what it is about, and why humanity emits such discords.

In May there was the dog-wood overhead and the johnny-jump-up saucy as could be, under foot; the pink azalea and the blue lupine—loveliest of color combinations, sacred to bridesmaids' bouquets and baby basinettes —rose and azure—youth and hope. The birds are still singing, though living now in established connubiality. Great sprays of snowy blackberry bloom throw themselves defiantly across the paths, relying on the bayonets of their briars. The many-colored morning glories make glad the waste places—my grandmother called them "convolvulus" and had an engraving in her bedroom of Aurora drinking the dew from one of their fragile goblets.

June and July see the flickering yellow butterflies hysterically gay over such prosaic things as little mud-puddles; the wild roses are passing away on the roadsides and the laurel is gone from the woods; the honeysuckle queen of every highway, bank and byway; the ox-eye daisy, unknown before the Civil War, now in possession of every field the Fordson tractor passes by—the Yankee brought the daisy seed down in his hay—the Yankee invented the Fordson tractor, to replace old Thomas Jefferson's double plowshare,

In rocky places the red columbine and the blue-bell of the Alps. Along the streams the alder bushes flourish, their creamy racemes bent with their own weight. Tall spikes of bugloss (blue thistle) mix with spraddling sprays of chicory along the roads in ravishing shades of blue.

As night comes on Nature's pyrotechnics in the millions of fire-flies against the shadows of the evening wood. The mid-summer dust has not yet wearied the foliage. The birds are mostly silent except for their ostentatious domesticity. They are in the hum-drum stage of matrimony, arriving via the narrow road of conjugal fidelity and parental responsibility.

August brings the tall, deep-purple iron weed and the taller Joe-pie, a stately stalk and decorative foliage topped by a giant pom-pom of dirty pink, and the many varieties of milk-weed with the handsome Anosia Plexipus or milk-weed butterflies, the eggs laid and hatched and the grubs fed on the milk-weed, the cocoon formed and the butterflies emerging—living until the cold November days, when, chilled and inactive, they are seen clinging in whole colonies to the twigs; and in sandy spots the blazing star, vivid purple stars on slender stems, pretty things, generous bloomers, with little onions of roots.

Shall I go on? The poison ivy, too beautiful to be an evil thing, the Virginia creeper, the wild grape, the indomitable trumpet vine flaunting its flaming clusters above the white clematis; along the dusty ways wild sun-flowers and the first purple asters. Overhead, here and there, a single blood-red leaf upon the gum trees.

Sometimes at night, a nipping air. This is the world that I would have you love. This is Virginia. Her sorrows are conquered, her charm has survived.

This is the world these young soldiers saw and loved. Nature, which man's stupidity cannot discourage or de-

stroy forever. The crow finds ample rations now as he wings his way over the Shenandoah Valley. The chipmunks with their striped backs and bead-like eyes, find all they need as they dart along the old vine-covered stone fences.

The squirrels overhead where pig-nuts and acorns are abundant, bark in that absurd baby way they have, as they discuss the generations of men, which Homer declares are as the generations of leaves—transient, ephemeral manifestations of dust.

Chapter X

Last letters of Charlie Minnigerode. Appomattox—Good-bye. In the Federal Hospital at Farmville, Virginia. Saved by the Enemy. Parole, April 10, 1865

Barboursville,
Jan. 15, 1865.

My dear Mother,

We, that is Genl. Lee & myself, have been moving about considerably of late. I am tonight at Genl. Lomax Hd. Qrs. at this place, last night was at Genl. Early's Staunton, & tomorrow expect to be at Wickham's, so you see I have not had much time to write. We begin to like Waynesboro very much. I have made some very pleasant acquaintances & some warm friends. Everybody there are Presbyterians, but the Cavalry are gradually converting them into 'Dancers.' I was at a big wedding the other night & at several parties. If things go on with me as I have commenced I may marry in Waynesboro myself. Indeed I have gotten the reputation of being the greatest ladies man at Hd. Qrs. I like my new clothes very much & am the envy of everybody.

Willie Hoxton [1] paid me a visit last Thursday & we had a long & very pleasant chat. I also saw him last night for a short time in Staunton. I wish I could be more with him,

[1] Willie Hoxton and "Sittie" had become engaged to be married.

for he is a noble fellow. It is surprising to see how affectionate he has become towards me. I can't understand it, (maybe Sittie can explain).

He is certainly a handsome fellow & looked quite "killing" in his new uniform. He is 1st Lieut. now, and will probably amass great wealth by receiving $10 more per month. You can tell Sittie for me that I admire & esteem him very much, and only wish that I was more like him.

I don't expect to come home for a long time, and indeed if it was not for wanting to see you all at home I would not care for it. I am very well satisfied to remain with Genl. Fitz, who is just as good & kind to me as ever.

I could study some now if I had the proper books. I borrowed some in Waynesboro but I want to read a history of France, & have been unable to get one anywhere, with the exception of the life of Napoleon. I know nothing whatever of French History.

Give my love to all. I hope Jimmie & Grandma are better. Tell Willie when the time comes for him to join the Army I will have him with me, but in the meantime he must study hard.

God bless you.

Your devoted

Charlie

April 5th, 1865.

My own darling Mother—

I am safe so far, though we have been heavily engaged every day. I heard of Jimmie, he is in Danville & all right.

I will get him with me & take care of him. All our boys are well.

I cannot tell how anxious I feel about you all. Pa must be very careful. Can't you send Sittie away somewhere? We hear all kind of rumors but nothing positive. I saw Genl. R. E. Lee this morning. Do not be anxious about me. Our cause is not gone yet. We must trust in God. He will protect us & in the end all will be well. God bless you. Pray for me always.

I leave this with a lady who expects to go to Rd. I have written often but fear you have not received my letters. Kiss all the children.

Your darling

Charlie.

Scribbled on a scrap of paper, when left for dead upon the field of Appomattox.

Mrs. C. Minnigerode
Cor. 3rd & Main Streets
Richmond, Va.
Ap. 9, 1865.

My darling Mother,

I am dying—but I have fallen where I expected to fall. Our cause is defeated but I do not live to see the end of it. I suffer agonies would to God I could die calmly. But in all things I must see His will be done. My greatest regret in leaving this world is to leave you and the rest of the dear ones, the younger children will be more comforting to you than I have been, but none of them will ——

Though left upon the field of Appomattox for dead, the generosity of the Federal surgeons saved my father's life. He was in their care in their hospital at Farmville for many weeks.

General Fitz Lee in his report of the operations of the Confederate cavalry in Northern Virginia mentions the supposed death of his young aide in the following words:

"I deeply regret being obliged to mention the dangerous wounding of my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Charles Minnigerode, Jr. One of the last Minnie balls that whistled on its cruel errand over the Field of Appomattox passed entirely through the upper part of his body. He fell at my side, where for three long years he had discharged his duties with an affectionate fidelity never exceeded, a courage never surpassed, wonderfully passing unharmed through many battles fought by the two principal armies in this State: for an impetuous spirit often carried him where the fire was hottest. He was left at last writhing in great pain to the mercy of the victors upon the field of our last conflict. The rapidly advancing lines of the enemy prevented his removal, and as we turned away the wet eyes and sorrowing hearts silently told that he was no longer in our midst.

"Lieutenant Minnigerode combined the qualities of an aide-de-camp and a general officer in a remarkable degree. Personal service to me will be praised and remembered, while his intelligence, amiability and brightness of disposition rendered him an object of endearment to all."

To one familiar with the curt official notes of Governmental departments, the phraseology of this report is astonishing. Southern sentiment, highly reprehensible! I have seen death notices received by mothers, without a word to take off the sharpness of the communication; one woman returning from church on a lovely Sunday morning answering the telephone and hearing from a parental government in a single sentence that her son had fallen in France.

I have said before, we love words, and make abundant and redundant our use of them.

They are "the winged tools of thought."

Federal Hospital,
Farmville
April 13th, 1865

Dear Father,

I was painfully wounded on Sunday, the ball entering below the shoulder on the right & lodging in the ribs on the left side, producing Paralysis of the lower extremities, the wound is very painful, but the Drs. do not consider it necessarily mortal. I rested well last night & feel more comfortable this morning. I am well cared for.

I suffer intensely, but my hopes of recovery are great. My life is in God's hands & I feel that whatever he does will be for my good. All my friends are well I believe. I have heard of none being killed. If I live through this I will be a better man & devote my life more entirely to God's service.

Give my best love to all the dear ones at home. Tell Ma that I will live to be a good son to her. Kiss all the chil-

dren for me. I feel thankful that you all at least are safe. Trust in God, He must be our Savior & Deliverer. Everybody is so good & kind to me. Tell Sittie to be thankful that she has Willie left to her.

I have sent you many messages. All my friends thought I was killed, & I fear you have heard it. I was left on the field for dead.

I want to send for a minister but cannot. My own communion with God does me good. I know I am a great sinner but I trust God hears my prayers. If I do not see you again on Earth I feel that I shall meet you in heaven. Oh! the blessing vouchsafed us in our Savior's death! I am in great pain & can write no more now. Please come to me if you can.

Love to all my dear Friends. God bless you all, I hope to see you before long.

Your devoted

Charlie

Appomattox Court House, Va.
April 10th, 1865.

THE BEARER, Lieut. C. Minnigerode, A. D. C. to Gen. Fitz Lee, a Paroled Prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, has permission to go to his home, and there remain undisturbed.

Fitz Lee,
Maj. Gen.

General Fitz Lee who had slept for three years under the same blankets with his young Aide pinned a slip of paper on the breast of his uniform as the Confederate cavalry

retreated at Appomattox, stating who he was and requesting that he be decently buried and his father notified. I regret that we have not that relic. It must have been thrown away, or torn from his uniform as he was borne from the field to the Federal Hospital at Farmville. General Lee must have learned, however, that his condition was not hopeless, for the above parole is dated April 10.

During many years after this trouble, the relations between my father and his commanding officer were affectionate, and one of our boys bears the name of Fitzhugh Lee. The correspondence between them was intermittent, but must have been amusing, for Cousin Fitz (a relative of my mother's) was just as witty as he could be, a fat, jolly, robust old fellow, whose appearance in the streets of Washington was the signal for the wildest enthusiasm. He rode in the Inaugural Parades of later years amid the plaudits of the populace, and his military funeral was one of the memorable pageants of Washington. I wish we had his letters, but in our many migrations we have lost almost everything except ourselves.

Part Three

"The Spanking Spot"

Chapter XI

"The Spanking Spot," and the State of Ohio. Some Scraps of Paper from General U. S. Grant and Admiral Daniel Ammen

SOUTH of the James River, halfway across the state from Richmond, was the scene of the final disaster—Appomattox. That section of the state was known as "the Spanking Spot"—famous from the earliest times, identified with the first English settlement at Jamestown; not far from Williamsburg; one might almost say "holy ground." There at Jamestown in 1607, Father Hunt stepped ashore and administered the first Communion of the Anglican Church in America to the settlers, the altar being a log placed across two stumps; the canopy under which the sacrament was prepared and administered, a bit of sail, depending from the branches of the cathedral-like trees. There at Williamsburg one of the earliest institutions of learning, old William and Mary College; there, at Yorktown the final triumph and establishment of American Independence which ended the Revolutionary war. All this stretch from Jamestown to Appomattox is historic ground, following the old Petersburg Turnpike. Here the Berkleys established as early as 1619, the first iron mills, which in a few years were destroyed in an Indian raid and massacre. Along this route marched British Red-coat and Hessian hireling. An old double-arched bridge—not unlike the double bridge at Rotenburg-am-Tauber, in Bavaria—is about the last land-mark of the early days. Then came the Civil War to make new scars, scars which have

themselves grown old; all the armies marched and countermarched through this region, and much of the grace and charm of older days is gone.

The old home of the Shores, where General Lee made his headquarters near Petersburg, has gone, but the little Pocahontas Bridge still spans the Appomattox, and Appomattox Manor still gleams through the vistas between the branches of its mighty trees—seat of the English Eppes—at the junction of the waters of the Appomattox and the James. Southeast, on the way to Petersburg, the village of Farmville, where was the Federal Hospital in which my father's wounds were treated, whence, after kind attention, he hobbled home to Richmond on crutches.

The State of Ohio figured conspicuously in the War between the States. The Secretary of War of the United States, Edwin M. Stanton, was a native of Ohio, as were Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Rutherford B. Hayes, and James A. Garfield, Federal officers, and afterwards Presidents, also, and Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, of whom I am now to speak.

There lies open before me a handsome volume too little known. "The Old Navy and the New" autographed and affectionately inscribed to my husband, also a native of Ohio, by the author, Admiral Ammen, whom we had the pleasure of counting among our friends.

This book is full of interesting reminiscences, and an authoritative work on the United States Navy. Admiral Ammen saw service through the Civil War and was from childhood a close friend of General Grant. As little boys, too venturesome, they had gone swimming or fishing in a swollen stream, and little Daniel Ammen had saved the life of little Ulysses S. Grant, a circumstance that was never forgotten. Through all their later distinguished years, they were closely identified, and on the invitation of General

Grant the Naval officer visited him when he was encamped at Culpeper, Virginia, in 1864. Armed with a pass, the Admiral, then in temporary command of the "Shenandoah" undergoing repairs at Norfolk, made the trip into the battleground of northern Virginia, where his old friend was established as recently appointed commander of the Federal forces. How strange it is to think that these two good men and old friends, friends of each other and of my dear husband, stood there together on the hills of Virginia, looking with alien, calculating eyes, upon the bare country, ravished of all her charm, congratulating each other that the sorry business must soon conclude, and estimating to the last man and the last bushel of oats, how long Lee could still hold out.

During the Presidency of General Grant, Admiral Ammen, living then in the attractive settlement in Maryland which is called "Ammendale" was a regular Sunday dinner guest at the White House table. The correspondence between the two was lively, and covered a long period of time and thousands of miles of land and sea. Admiral Ammen, as I recall his talk in our home during the early years of my married life, when his daughter Mathilde was one of my art students, was full of anecdotes of President Grant, whom he accounted one of the best of men.

The book, "The Old Navy and the New" contains an Appendix, which is a collection of letters from General Grant. The paragraph, second in the introductory remarks, in which the Admiral gives his reasons for printing these letters, contains a quaint inaccuracy, which would have provoked a smile from either Grant or Ammen. Just a little confusion as to the order of the Ten Commandments:

"My anxiety to have these letters published," writes Admiral Ammen, "grew out of the fact that, despite all my care, some of them had disappeared, and one of those

that remained had been mutilated in order to obtain the autograph of the General: it is a silent witness to the fact that some individual was willing to break the seventh Commandment to possess himself of the coveted signature."

Several of these letters, which show delightfully the genial nature of Gen'l Grant, are dated 1864 and 1865; a passage from one of them I will repeat, as it refers to the removal of Ben Butler.

Headquarters of the Armies of the United States
City Point, Feb. 4, 1865.

Dear Ammen:—

Your letter of 16th January just received. You have no doubt seen by the papers that the very thing you so strongly hoped had already taken place. I mean, Butler had been removed at my request. The failure at Fort Fisher was not without important and valuable results.

A scrap of yellow paper from General Grant's notebook furnishes the first draft of the terms of surrender. This the publishers of Grant's Memoirs have reproduced in the book. The document is one of imperishable interest. An exhibit to which the eyes of all Americans should be from time to time directed.

Appomattox C. H., Va.

Apr. 9th, 1865.

Gen. R. E. Lee,
Comdg. C. S. A.

Gen: In accordance with the subject of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the

Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each Company or Regimental Commander sign a like parole for the men of their Commands. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. Grant.
Lt. Gen.

Had the spirit in which these lines were written been the spirit of the Government—had the assassination of President Lincoln by a maniac not been visited upon an entire people—the shocking circumstances of the so-called "Reconstruction period" would have been avoided. General Grant acted and spoke in good faith, and it was no fault of his that his promises in the above terms were not fulfilled.

I cannot leave the subject to the Civil War, nor put these scraps of faded paper again into the box where they have lain so long, without a word as to that final scene of the surrender. For while my nineteen-year-old-father-

that-was-to-be lay in agony on the field, General Grant and General Lee were facing each other as soldiers, as gentlemen, as Christians. Already the Federal surgeons were making their rounds among the "enemy" wounded and dead—the war was over.

I wish that every Southerner—especially those dear old "Daughters of the Confederacy" who still carry in their hearts the sting and rancor of the old days—would read the closing chapter of the Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant. I know in all literature no sweeter thing than his description of General Lee's appearance. As I have said before, a certain splendor attended the Confederate officer. General Grant writes:

"General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with stripes of a lieutenant general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards."

Gathered all of them now into that mercy of God, where misunderstandings are wiped out and nobleness is recognized; while we who carry on in their place will remember that there is, in the words of Robert E. Lee, the "honor of integrity of purpose"; and in the words of Abraham Lincoln, will endeavor to benefit by all heroic example "with charity for all and malice toward none."

Chapter XII

Surgery in the Civil War. The case of Corporal James Tanner as told by himself. A letter from General Jefferson Randolph Kean, Editor of "The Military Surgeon"

WHILE surgery seems to have been a little in advance of medical science during the Civil War, there was comparatively little knowledge of bacteria or of antiseptic treatment. From stories I have heard I should be tempted to believe that the average doctor was little better then—possibly not so good, as—a grandmother. In the rural districts it is no exaggeration to say that a man might have gone out into a field and been disembowled by a bull, and recover better without a doctor than with one. In the wretchedness of Civil War conditions there were countless lives lost through ignorance and neglect, for inoculations and serums were not in use, and measles and typhoid killed as many men as bullets.

Russell Conwell, a great Baptist preacher of Philadelphia, had served in the Union Army with rank of Colonel, and his reminiscences are available in a remarkable autobiography, entitled "Scaling the Eagle's Nest." The fact that he became a great orator, with tremendous lung power, focuses attention upon his injuries: he was shot in the lungs. A Confederate surgeon, having no other dressing to staunch the blood, stuffed his handkerchief into the wound. Blood poisoning should, logically, have resulted. But it did not. Many times when a fool thing is done in an emergency, it being impossible to do a wise thing, there

is wisdom in foolishness; at least, it is a gamble. The balm of kindness may have entered in, in this case. A great moving power for good in the world was preserved by that dirty handkerchief, the service of a compassionate enemy.

Washington for many years witnessed the efficiency and pluck of Corporal James Tanner, a veteran of the Civil War who was appointed by President McKinley Commissioner of Pensions in 1889, and was Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1905. Because of this position James Tanner was sometimes addressed as "General" but the old soldier preferred the title "Corporal." For more than twenty years following the term of his appointment by President McKinley, he enjoyed the confidence of the public as Registrar of Wills, in which capacity he was an efficient and beloved public servant. It was an inspiring and pathetic sight to see him when the judge entered the court, struggle to stand, as was proper, though to do so he had to get himself steadied on his "heroic stumps," those silent reminders of the price of wars.

His experiences as a wounded soldier at the second battle of Bull Run, called Manassas in the South, are told in his own words in a pamphlet reprinted from "The Military Surgeon" for February, 1927. By courtesy of the Editor. Colonel Jefferson Randolph Kean, Chief of the Sanitary Service of the American Expeditionary Forces during the World War, I have a copy of this pamphlet. A few extracts from it will picture conditions as they were in Civil War times. The letter which my good friend Colonel Kean has written me indicates the advance made since then, and the Editor's note, written by him at the close of Corporal Tanner's story, gives honor to whom honor is due. "To the practical genius of the Chief Surgeon Major Letterman and the broadmindedness of General McClellan without any authorization from the War Department" an Am-

bulance Service came into existence before the war was over. Colonel Kean declares that General McClellan "should be given the same credit for this by those interested in the relief of human suffering, as has been given to General Leonard Wood for the assistance he rendered to Walter Reed in the conquest of yellow fever."

My interest in this theme has taken me several times to the Medical Museum, where I invade Colonel Kean's offices, with the privileges of an old friend.

In order to reach him, I traverse many corridors of gruesome exhibits, for the instruction, presumably, of the public. Terrible models of the human anatomy, normal and abnormal, and realistic reproductions of various afflictions.

These I pass hurriedly by; but the sight of the Venus de Medici, flayed, and all her muscles bared, and painted poisonous shades of red and purple, so paralyzes me that I stand rooted to the spot. In the case with her is the dear young Antinöus, he who, to fulfil a prophecy and satisfy an oracle, gave his own life as hostage for the life of the Emperor Hadrian—a beautiful, generous boy whom some old Greek sculptor immortalized. It never was intended that he should stand in a twentieth century Medical Museum, not only nude, for nudity was natural to his day, but skinned—skinned, and painted red and purple. Science is all very well, but this is downright sacrilege, and the famous figures of the old goddesses and heroes, handed down by the early sculptors, should be immune from the skinning process. I registered my disapproval in round terms to the powers that be, but they persist in believing that I am only trying to be funny.

Corporal Tanner's account of his own sufferings are as follows, reprinted from "The Military Surgeon":

A Wounded Soldier, U. S. A., at Bull Run

On the afternon of the 30th of August, 1862, we found our brigade constituting the extreme right of the Union Line.

We were lying on a slope, a meadow field, a gradual rise of ground in front of us; and beyond the rise out of sight was the left of the Confederate line. Pretty soon they began using their artillery, and their shot and shell went flying over our heads, falling far in our rear. Soon they shortened their fuses and the shot commenced to explode over our heads or not very far behind us. Anticipating that the artillery fire was but preliminary to a charge over the hill or slope, General Robinson ordered us to fix bayonets and lie down. The whole brigade did so. As I dropped down on my face I threw my right heel over the left. (My mother told me afterward that it had always been a habit of mine from the time when I was a little child to sit or lie cross-legged.)

The shots were coming more numerous now and were exploding nearer to us. Presently I saw one go to pieces in the air in front of us, the first one which had exploded in front of us, and at an angle of about forty-five degrees. I felt intuitively that that shot meant harm to me and ducked my head so that my forehead struck the sod sharply. The next instant I felt a great shock and I knew I had been hit and hit hard; but I had no conception of the terrible misfortune which had overtaken me until the member of

the 105th lying on my immediate right, for I was at the right of our squad, sprang to his feet exclaiming: "My God! Look at that poor boy with both feet gone!" I was the first man wounded on that part of the line and it created quite a sensation in that immediate vicinity. They seemed to be paralyzed for an instant until I spoke and said: "Don't let a fellow lie here until another one comes and takes his head off." My mind was never clearer in my life. It was, as I say, a great shock; but about the only sensation I felt was one of numbness—there seemed to be no immediate pain to speak of. My comrades jumped for me and laid me upon a blanket, in the absence of a stretcher. Then they rolled a musket in at each side of the blanket and lifted me to their shoulders.

I had been struck by a fragment of shell, which they brought to me as I lay upon the blanket before they raised me from the ground, and I had it in my hands for an instant. I had been struck just above the ankle. The right leg was entirely severed except for a fragment of flesh and skin; and the missile had crashed through the bone of the left so there was no hope of saving either one.

The member of the 105th Pennsylvania, who was on the extreme left of that regiment and was at my immediate right, the one who jumped up and made the exclamation which I have quoted, was dressed in the uniform of Sergeant Major. Long years afterward I learned that his name was R. I. Boyington.

My comrades asked him to see what he could do for me and they laid me down on the ground. One of his assistants commenced cutting my garment from my person while he, himself, opened a chloroform bottle, held it to my nostrils, and the last thing I remember was that he told me to take long sniffs. The next thing I heard were the words: "He's coming to," and I soon realized that the operation was over and that I had parted forever from the good feet which thus far had carried me through life. Long years afterward Dr. Everett told me that he did not believe that there was ever a limb amputated quicker than my left leg was, which was the second one he operated on. He stated that just as he finished amputating the right leg a shell burst very low over our heads and he thought that everybody in the group would be wiped out of existence. Everybody, himself included, dropped to the ground; but the shell had spread as it exploded and no one of them was hurt. He said he sprang to his feet, completed the operation on the left leg, and, realizing that he had done all he could for me and that it depended upon my comrades as to what might become of me, without waiting to wipe his instruments he threw them into his saddle bag, threw the saddle bag over his horse, flung himself into the saddle and galloped away.

I hardly knew at the time how time passed between that Saturday evening when I was carried in there and the following Tuesday morning; and no recollection has come to me of it since except as I have specified. But on Tues-

day morning they carried me out and placed me on a stretcher under an apple tree in the rear door-yard. So far as I know, no attention had been paid to me except the giving, occasionally of a drink of water. During Tuesday forenoon as I lay under the apple tree, a hard thunder storm occurred and I was drenched. All who could move were scurrying to get under some kind of shelter; but I lay with my mouth wide open, burning up with fever as I was, and thanked God for every drop of rain water that fell on my tongue.

A surgeon of one of the New York regiments and half a dozen of our soldiers had been left behind to do what they could for us wounded. During the forenoon as I lay there under the apple tree a Johnny Reb came along, stopped, looked at me pityingly and then said: "Poor boy, can I do anything for you?" I answered: "Johnny, I'd thank you for a drink of water." He pulled the cork from his canteen, emptied the contents thereof on the ground, went to the well, filled it with fresh water, brought it back and held it to my lips until my thirst was assuaged. Then, re-corking it, he wrapped the strap around it and shoved it under my right shoulder as I lay on the stretcher and said: "Here, Yank, God knows if this will do you any good, you are welcome to it." I thanked him again for his further kindness and asked him what the latest news was. He told me of the battle at Chantilly the night before, where Kearney and Stevens had fallen. All of my service in the field had been under General Kearney and he was my beau ideal of a soldier. Like all others who served under him, I had

wonderful affection for him. It seemed almost impossible to me that he could be dead, and as I grasped the fact I am ashamed to confess that I burst into tears. When I had in some measure regained my composure I told my Johnny Reb benefactor that we would never be able to strike them a blow that would offset Kearney's loss until Stonewall Jackson's saddle was empty for the last time.

That afternoon a little tent was pitched a short distance from where I lay. It would accommodate six in all, three on a side. Scantling had been thrown down on the grass, loose board laid on that, and this wedge tent erected over the platform. Six of us were placed therein and six of us had had seven legs amputated, the other five having lost one each. I have never known the name of but one of these five and that was William A. Shute of Marlboro, Massachusetts, who lay at my left as I lay the first on the left side of the tent as you entered. Our garments had been cut from our persons for sanitary reasons. Between our naked bodies and the rough boards of that floor we each had a rubber blanket, and each one had a blanket over him. I was favored above some of the others in that I had a piece of board about as long as my arm, set up slanting; and this was my pillow. Our experiences at that time are almost too horrible to mention.

The Union surgeon left in charge of us, it proved, absorbed in his own stomach the whiskey in the medical stores which ought, if necessary, to have been forced down our throats to help us sustain the terrible shock we were under. We had very little to eat during the ten days we lay there;

and most of that consisted of what those of our comrades who, though wounded, were able to crawl around and gather from the haversacks of the dead. One day the surgeon staggered into our little tent and as I lay nearest, he stooped over to unbandage one of my limbs and set his foot on the end of the other. For the first time in all that horrible experience I screamed with agony, and he, raising up, mumbled: "Shut up your damn noise. What are you hollering about?" I answered him that he could thank God I couldn't lay my hand on a pistol or I would shut his noise forever and send him down to Hell. He mumbled out the expression: "You're so damn sassy I guess I'll leave you alone," and turning, left the tent, which was fortunate for us for, in the condition he was in if he had undertaken to dress the limbs of any of us at that time, it would undoubtedly have resulted disastrously, endangering our lives then and there.

The heat of that Virginia sun during the time we lay there from the 30th of August until the morning of the 10th of September was terrific, and we suffered greatly. The flies were a terrible nuisance and the resulting horrors naturally occurred. One day, as we lay there, there were more or less moans of "Water! Water!" from our tent and then there came to us an exemplification of the brotherhood of man which as one considers it, lifts him to a higher plane of feeling. Among those who lay around outside on the grass there was one who was terribly wounded in the side by a piece of shell, mortally wounded, it proved. When I think of him there always comes to mind the scene

when Sir Philip Sidney fell at the Battle of Zutphen with a mortal wound. It is recorded that an aide brought him a cup of water and just as Sir Philip was lifting the cup to his own lips he caught sight of a wounded private soldier, who lay near him with his eye fixed longingly upon that cup of water. With all the grace and courtliness which had characterized him when he had been treading the salon of Queen Elizabeth, the pride and pet of her court, Sir Philip handed the water to the private soldier with the remark: "Friend, thy necessity is greater than mine. Drink." And the private soldier drank and died within an hour, while Sir Philip lingered in life for two weeks longer.

So there lay our comrade, unknown to us except for the fact that he wore our uniform, and it seemed to me that he was a lineal descendant, in spirit if not in blood, of the gallant knight of the Elizabethan period; for he heard our moans and, while he could not rise and go and bring us water, he looked out yonder under one of the trees where apples had fallen to the ground and, though every motion must have been for him agony unutterable, he clutched the grass, dragged himself along until within reach of the apples, picked them up, and put them in the pockets of his blouse. He then turned to keep his bleeding side uppermost, dragged himself painfully back to the entrance of our tent, and, as I lay nearest, handed them out to me one by one. I took them and passed them along to Shute, who handed one to his neighbor on the left and tossed one to each of the three on the opposite side. I had just set my teeth in the last apple handed in—and oh! how delicious it tasted, unripe

though it was—when I heard an agonized moan on my right and rolling my head on my board pillow, I saw our unknown benefactor, his hands clenched, a shudder in his frame; and in an instant his soul had passed to God.

On the morning of the 10th of September, a Confederate officer came along and took our names and the designations of our companies and regiments, paroling us. As he took my record, he said, pityingly: "Poor boy, you'll never do us any more harm." I answered: "I presume that's so, Johnny, but don't forget that while the flesh is weak the spirit is mighty willing." So we were paroled and loaded into ambulances that had come within the Confederate lines after us and started on the most horrible journey of my life, so far as physical suffering goes, for the hospital at Alexandria.

One of those who had lost a leg was my companion in the ambulance I was placed in. We rode over rough roads, through creeks, across fields, and were so weak that we could not control the movement of our limbs and added to our pain by tossing against each other. Our driver was a big, burly, bewhiskered individual who did not show any indications of refinement; but he had a heart that was true at the core. Our groans distressed him and finally he halted his team, reached down to the box of the ambulance, which runs along in front under the dashboard, pulled out a long black bottle full of whiskey, pulled the cork, and laid it over between us, saying: "Here, boys, God knows if this will help you any, you're welcome to it." Truth compels me to confess that we lay there and drank that

whiskey until we lay in a drunken stupor; but I am bound to state in the same breath that, in my opinion, that whiskey under God undoubtedly saved our lives.

It was after dark when we arrived at Fairfax Seminary Hospital in the outskirts of Alexandria, very near the point of death from the exhaustion of the awful ride we had endured. I was one of the first to be taken out of the ambulance and was placed in a bed at the end of one of the long wooden wards adjacent to the Seminary building. No attention was paid to me for some little time and I became quite impatient, realizing that my case would be critical if it was not attended to soon; and seeing a man coming down the length of the aisle who seemed as though he might be some official, I hailed him and asked him as he halted if he had any authority there. He smilingly answered that he believed he had a little. I learned afterward that he was the surgeon in charge, David P. Smith, a splendid specimen of manhood and an honor to his profession.

He asked me what was the matter and I told him that if he would lift the sheet he would see. He did so and then I told him that we had been under the care of a drunken surgeon while prisoners for the last ten days; and I judged that if I did not get some attention very quickly the most they could do for me would be to carry me out for burial. He at once halted a nurse who happened to be passing through, gave directions to have various things brought to him, and at once proceeded to unbandage my legs and to give them proper attention. I knew by his statements and exclamations that he felt that my condition was an out-

rage and that someone was mightily to blame. I did not learn until some time afterward, when my brother came down, that when he unbandaged my limbs, he found that the lint put on at the first dressing by Dr. Everett in the ravine a short time after I was wounded had never been removed, and now it was a mass of corruption to which the flies had gained access and in which the maggots rioted.

The nurse held a basin of water as the doctor worked away at the limbs, one after the other, and I could plainly hear the maggots as he dug them out and they dropped in the water. Finally, he turned to me and said, "Yell! Why don't you yell? It will do you good!" I answered, "You are doing me too much good, Doctor; and besides that, I don't belong to the yelling kind." Finally, the new dressing was completed. I was very much exhausted and the doctor was a very tired man. Straightening up, he said, "Well, I guess you feel fifty percent better, don't you, my boy?" And I answered, "No, I do not." "Why?" he asked, and I answered, "Turn me on my side and you'll see." "Bedsore?" he exclaimed sharply, and I answered, "Yes." The fact of the business was that my back had become sore lying on those boards in that tent, the flies had got at it, and all that you can possibly imagine had followed. My back was in a horrible condition, the backbone being bare for two inches. I have heard profanity in my time but I have never heard anything to excel that in which Doctor Smith indulged when he grasped the condition that I was in. He roared out an order to bring to him the surgeon who had had these men in charge, swearing by this

and by that, that if he could get hold of him, he would cut his heart out. The answer was brought to him that the surgeon had departed immediately upon the arrival of the ambulance.

Fairfax Seminary was an Episcopal theological school before the war, has been since, and is yet. The main building was not extremely large; but long wooden wards had been erected outside and altogether there were some seventeen hundred or more of the sick and wounded lying there. When I had been taken out of the ambulance and carried in, I had been laid on the first bed at the end of the ward I was taken into. After my wounds and back had been dressed they placed me in a clean bed on the opposite side, the second from the end. The hospital was very nearly full to its capacity. I had become emaciated to a horrifying degree, so much so, in fact, that both of my hip bones had pierced the skin.

Day and night passed almost unheeded. I realized that I could do nothing to help myself and that there was no use of worrying. I had been visited by the Protestant Chaplain of the hospital, the Reverend John A. Jerome, and at my request he had written a letter to my mother, telling where I was and the condition I was in. Of the Reverend Mr. Jerome I wish to say that he was one of two ministers of the Gospel I have met in my life, who more than all others, have seemed to me to resemble what Christ must have been when on earth in human form. The other one I refer to was the Reverend Icabod Simmons, also a Pastor

of the Methodist Church and under whose ministrations my family and I sat for some years during his pastorate in Brooklyn.

As I have stated, I was lying now in the second bed from the end of the hospital ward and had, when I rolled my head that way, a clear view out of the window. I had been there, I think, some three days when I heard the tread of a horse and looking out of the window I saw that whoever was driving had stopped with the dashboard just in view. I could not see who was driving, but I saw his arms when, as the horse stopped, he threw his lines each side of the dashboard; and at once I recognized the motion and said to myself: "It's my brother John." I learned afterward that he had been hunting the hospitals around Washington, trying to find me, but the only information he could get was that I had been left a prisoner in the enemy's hands.

John came back the next morning and stayed with me until the 15th of October, when we started home together. Of what occurred in the meantime, while I was there within the walls of the hospital, it is hard to speak even fifty years afterward; but there are some memories of experiences there that I would not have wiped out for a large sum of money. One experience I had early in those hospital days was of such horrible nature that it makes the blood run cold yet when I think of it; and I would not record it except for the truth of history and the fact that connected with it was what seems to me to have been an important incident and one worthy of record.

I had been there but a few days. I was very much reduced, and, lying, as I was compelled to most of the time, either on my face or, at long intervals, a little bit on my side, it was very irksome. Then one day the Doctor sat down by my bedside and, as gently as he could, informed me that gangrene had set in, in my back; that if unchecked it meant certain death; and that the only possible way to check it was to burn it out with caustics. I thought I had some realization of what this meant and the agony it would involve but I had deliberately made up my mind to battle to the limit and do my part in every way, shape and manner I could to produce a favorable result. So I told him to go ahead. It seemed to me afterward that experience in the orthodox hell would have no terrors for me after the siege I went through there. I lay, of course, prone upon my face; and I bit the pillow and suppressed all the groans I could while they seared and seared and seared. But enough of that part of it.

The medical staff of the hospital had been very kind to my brother and had taken him into their mess. In one of their chats one day before or after dinner, for I do not presume they discussed this during the meal, my condition and the condition of my back was spoken of. My brother inquired if there was not something known to them by which the sore spot on my back could be elevated from the bed and so avoid the close contact and the resultant fever and inflammation which would follow; and they answered that there was nothing. Then he asked if there could not be a ring made of oil cloth to be stuffed with

saw dust or some other substance and so support the back but leave the affected spot free from contact. The idea struck them favorably; one was manufactured and placed under me, much to my relief and, I have no doubt, much to my benefit. It was undoubtedly a large factor in the matter of my recovery. It seems almost unbelievable, looking back to that period now, that they knew nothing of rubber rings, air cushions, or anything of that kind at that time.

I joyfully turn from the contemplation of such a gruesome matter to one far more pleasant. Various people visited the hospital at times but one of our regular visitors was a southern lady, Mrs. Virginia Scott, whose residence was on Bush Hill near Alexandria. I believe all of her male relatives were in the Southern army but her woman's heart would not permit her to stay away from the scenes of suffering and misery that were to be witnessed in that hospital. So she came and brought her little tribute of flowers and such delicacies as were at her command but, best of all, she sat down by our bedsides and cheered us by her gentle conversation. My youthfulness and my emaciated appearance somehow or other seemed to attract her to me rather more than to the others; and so I was the largest beneficiary of her gentle attention.

My musical education was somewhat increased by lying there. In knowledge of matters musical I was always woefully deficient, though my enjoyment of music has been intense from my earliest years. I think it is no exaggeration

to say that at the time I entered the hospital the only two tunes I knew were "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner"; but lying there, I came to know, when I heard it, the "Dead March," and this for the simple reason that every day, at four o'clock, I think, the dead of the day would be carried out for burial through the main entrance directly under my window, with the drum and fife playing the "Dead March." So I came to know it and dread it.

A great deal can be seen and experienced even in a hospital ward by one who is confined to his bed. We had male nurses, and one day Dr. Smith came down the aisles on one of his infrequent visits and, halting a few beds away from me, examined the condition of a man who lay in a bed on the opposite side of the ward. It was evident at once that the doctor was very much incensed when he found out the condition of the man. He inquired who was the nurse who had charge and someone named the man to him and said: "Here he comes now." The man came forward and the doctor without a word picked up a three legged stool and knocked him prone upon the floor. The nurse had neglected the soldier outrageously and this was the doctor's protest. It was deserved and, I hope, efficacious.[1]

Note by the Editor of "The Military Surgeon": "This simple narrative of the horrible experiences of Corporal Tanner must strike the casual reader as an instance of shocking inhumanity and inefficiency on the part of the Medical

[1] It will be understood why even in military hospitals women nurses have been found necessary.

Service of either the Union or Confederate Army. Yet, except for the drunken Union Surgeon who was left to care for them, it was not necessarily so, for the rescue of the wounded on the battlefield was at that time nobody's business. It was, it is true, by U. S. Army regulations a responsibility of the Quartermaster's Department, but as no trained personnel was provided for this difficult service it was an obligation honored more in the breach than the observance. As Clements points out in his classical "Memoir of Jonathan Letterman," even in the French Army, which was at that time the model of the world, the same neglect existed.

At the very time that Tanner was lying neglected on the bare board of a tent floor and suffering the torments of the damned, Surgeon General Hammond was writing his eloquent but fruitless appeal to the War Department in Washington for an Ambulance Service in the Medical Department. This letter with its vibrant tone of suppressed emotion is, although familiar to medical historians, worthy of reproduction here:

Surgeon General's Office, September 7, 1862.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

Sir:—

I have the honor to ask your attention to the frightful state of disorder existing in the arrangements for removing the wounded from the field of battle. The scarcity of ambulances, the want of organization, the drunkenness and incompetency of drivers, the total absence of ambulance

attendants, are now working their legitimate results—results which I feel I have no right to keep from the knowledge of the Department.

An ambulance corps should be organized and set in instant operation. Up to this date 600 wounded still remain on the battlefield, in consequence of an insufficiency of ambulances, and the want of a proper system for regulating their removal in the Army of Virginia. Many have died of starvation; many more will die in consequence of exhaustion, and all have endured torments which might have been avoided.

I ask, Sir, that you will give me your aid in this matter, that you will interpose to prevent a recurrence of such consequences as have followed the recent battles—consequences which will inevitably ensue on the next important engagement if nothing is done to obviate them.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

William A. Hammond, Surgeon General.

This letter was returned with an indorsement by General Halleck, reiterating his continued disapproval of the whole plan of medical organization. The blame for this mistake is often placed on Secretary Stanton. Halleck had at that time recently been brought to Washington as General-in-chief and adviser to the President. He could hardly be overruled on a technical military point, such as that of the organization of the army.

The Ambulance Service came, in fact it was already in course of organization in the Army of the Potomac, but

Sketch by the Author

General Jefferson Randolph Kean, U. S. A. Medical Corps, retired

not through any enlightenment in the mind of General Halleck. It came from the practical genius of the Chief Surgeon, Major Letterman, the broadmindedness of General McClellan, without any authorization from the War Department. It was an act of administrative wisdom so far in advance of the military prejudices of the time that McClellan should always be given the same credit for it by those interested in the relief of human suffering that is given to General Leonard Wood for the assistance he gave to Walter Reed in the conquest of yellow fever.

Jefferson Randolph Kean.

12 November, 1927.

My dear Mrs. Andrews:

I was pleased to know that you were interested in my brief Editor's note about the rescue of the wounded in battle during the Civil War, and the wonderful improvement made in the Union Armies by Letterman's organization of an ambulance service for that purpose under the command of the Chief Surgeons of Army Corps. This service after its organization in the summer of 1862 became admirably efficient and the wounded in gray benefitted by it also, as your father would doubtless have testified when he fell wounded at Appomattox. I think the poor Confederates had neither the men nor the equipment to adopt it, but it became the model for the great European armies and was universally adopted.

But though the soldier was in this way rescued and brought to the hospital, he had yet grave dangers and suffering to face there, for septic infection was universal and

epidemics of hospital gangrene frequently swept the wards, carrying to the grave even the slightly wounded. A wound of the knee joint or a gunshot fracture of the thigh was usually fatal unless promptly amputated.

But while the Army Surgeons struggled in vain against these mysterious and unavoidable infections, an Englishman with the soul of a saint and the zeal of a crusader of science was applying the new discoveries of Pasteur to the treatment of wounds, and by patient and ingenious experiments was working out the antiseptic method of treatment. So Joseph Lister, before our great Civil War hospitals closed their doors, was showing his students in Glasgow wounds that healed without fever or suppuration, and compound fractures that did not die of blood poisoning. It is to the credit of the American surgeons that they accepted Lister's teachings before his own countrymen did so.

Another blessing to the soldier which spread over the world at the same time with the new surgery was the Red Cross which brought aid and comfort to friend and foe alike, and taught that the wounded prisoner was no longer an enemy. So when the greatest of all wars burst upon the world the wounded could profit by the work of the American, Jonathan Letterman, the Englishman, Joseph Lister,[1] and the Swiss, Henri Dunaut. Two of these names may not be found in the Encyclopædia Britannica (but please do not mention this to Mayor Bill Thompson).

[1] Joseph Lister, 1st Baron, an English surgeon, born in Scotland, April 5, 1827. Antiseptic system of surgery. Surgeon Extraordinary to Queen Victoria. Attended King Edward in 1902.

Their works, however, live after them, and their fame is happily not dependent upon that worthy publication.

The wounded are now quickly carried to the rear; their wounds are dressed and necessary operations performed within sound of the guns, and recovery is surprisingly rapid. The old generals who grumbled at the large demands in men and equipment of the modern medical service of the front were surprised to find later how rapidly the wounded returned to the colors. These are the best of reenforcements—seasoned and trained veterans each worth two raw recruits. France has been saved, said a great French general, by the wounded which the medical service has returned to the ranks.

A new form of suffering for the wounded may seem to have come with the development of poison gases as a new arm in warfare, but medical officers are not in sympathy with those good people who wish our government to join in an international agreement not to use them. There are two reasons for this attitude. The first is that war has its own laws and is a solvent of treaties. In 1914 Germany had such an agreement with France, England, and the other allies, but violated it, and this would doubtless be the fate of future agreements. Secondly,[2] poison gases are really more humane than shot and shell. They do not cause as prolonged suffering and do not mutilate and maim those who recover. For those who are killed, death comes quickly.

Colonel Gilchrist has shown that of 224,089 patients admitted to our army hospitals in France one third were

[2] Our friend Gen. Fries will like this! J. R. K.

gassed men. Of the two thirds with wounds 12,470, or over eight per cent, died, while of the one third gassed only 1,221, or less than two per cent died, and none were maimed or blinded.

Our death rate from gas was about one twelfth of that from shot and shell. So the mortality is far less, and those who recover get entirely well without after effects enough to hang a pension claim on. If wars must come we may expect that the fate of the wounded and the war prisoners will be far less unhappy in the future than in the past.

I hope, my dear Mrs. Andrews, that from this brief sketch (which is as bare as Antinöus in the museum) you may get some useful ideas.

Cordially yours,

J. R. KEAN,
Colonel, U. S. Army, Retd.

Chapter XIII

Personal Recollections of General Robert E. Lee, by his cousin, Marietta Fauntleroy Turner Powell, who was bridesmaid at his wedding at Arlington, June 30, 1831

"And my Grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow—"

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Oakley, July 17th, 1886

My dear Nannie,

I received a few days since Nelly's letter, written at your request, asking that I would write to you mentioning any of the incidents of Robert Lee's life that I could call to my mind. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to be able to aid your friend, who you say proposes to write a biography of General Lee, or any other of our brave Soldiers; and of course I would be especially glad to do so, in the case of one whose misfortune makes so especial an appeal to my sympathy. But my dear Nannie, this ground has been so often gone over, and with my confused head, and failing memory, I fear there is little I can tell, that will add to the interest of his book. My first recollection of Robert Lee was during his Mother's residence in Alexan-

dria. His Father was absent, I think in the West Indies, from which trip he never returned I have no recollection of ever seeing him. Robert, when I can first remember him, was I should say a youth of some fifteen or sixteen years. I was frequently with the Arlington family at my Aunt's, his Mother. Their family at that time consisted of Carter, Ann, Robert, and Mildred. I have no recollection of Smith's being there. He had either gone to sea, or may have been at College. I recollect hearing my Aunt speak of him and say that she did not often hear from him, owing to his dislike for writing. I was very young at this time, and passing events made very little impression on me. Robert Lee was six years my senior, and when I was there my intercourse was principally with Bella Carter our cousin, who lived with them for a time, while Robert and Mildred would be engrossed with Mary Custis. I remember even then hearing Robert universally spoken of as a youth of great promise, and my going to my cousin Mrs. Custis and asking her, what it was Robert had *promised to do?* I heard his devotion to his Mother, and the great help he was to her in all her business and household matters, spoken of. His devotion to his sister, Ann, afterwards Mrs. Judge Marshall of Baltimore. His Mother was in very delicate health for several years before her death, and every one was filled with admiration for Robert's devoted nursing of her during her last illness & hearing it said, that no devoted daughter could have nursed her with more untiring tenderness.

The first time I remember being particularly struck with

his manly beauty and attractive manners, was when he returned home, after his first two years at West Point. He came with his Mother and family on a visit to my Father's house, "Kinloch." He was dressed in the West Point uniform (at that time) grey, with white bullet buttons, and I heard his beauty, and fine manners constantly commented on. Again I was for some time with him at my Grandfather Randolph's in Fauquier. I think it was the Fall after he graduated at West Point. The house was filled with the young people of the family of both sexes. He was very much matured since I had last seen him, splendid-looking, as full of life, fun, and particularly of teasing, as any of us. But I have often said since he entered upon his brilliant career, that I did not at that time see anything that prepared me for his so far outstripping all his compeers.

The first time this idea presented itself to me was upon one of my visits to Arlington, I think the winter after the Mexican War. We were seated at night, all of the family, around the table. Robert Lee reading; I looked up and my eye fell upon his face in perfect repose; and the thought at once passed through my mind, "You certainly look more like a great man than any one I have ever seen." The same idea presented itself to me, as I looked at him in Christ Church, Alexandria, during the same visit. Again I was with him at my Father's shortly after his own marriage, and just before my own. He was then as of old bright, animated and charming. I did not see him again for several years. He was returning from the Springs with his wife who was in distressing ill health, they spent a week or ten

days at my Father's, and I never saw a man so changed & saddened. It has been always painful to me to think of him as he was then. The last time I saw Robert Lee (except for a short time in Richmond, on his way to the South the Spring before his death) was at my own house, where he paid me a visit with his family, the Summer after the Mexican War; he was then looking very well, and more than usually entertaining and agreeable, from his fund of anecdote connected with the war, which was of course at that time fresh in his memory. This was the last time I ever saw him except for the short interview in Richmond, which I have mentioned before.

Robert Lee was stationed at a distance, at West Point and other distant Posts, and I was engrossed with my growing family. My mother was very old, and living with me and could not bear me to leave her, so that I was not at Arlington for several years. Then I was summoned there by the sudden death of my beloved cousin and adopted mother, Mrs. Custis. I only remained a few days among the scenes so identified with her, which kept my loss constantly before me. Robert Lee was not there. He was at that time Commander of West Point and I suppose his duties were such that he could not leave. From the time of Mary's marriage there had ever been the tenderest affection between himself and Mrs. Custis who was one of the most superior women I have ever known.

If the story of Robert Lee's courtship and wedding would be of interest to your correspondent, it may be I can recall episodes connected with it, as I was one of the bride's at-

tendants. The intimacy between the families at "Arlington" and "Kinloch" was closer than mere ties of blood; we were, I might say, as one group, interchanging from house to house. Much of my own childhood was spent with the Custises, and they in turn were much at my father's. In addition to which, the Lees were more nearly related to me than the Custis family, and I was often in my youth a guest at one or another of the Lee estates.

The great wealth of the Lee connection accounts for the many estates they owned throughout Virginia. Both in England and America the blood has carried distinction and abilities of the highest character. They have been governors, diplomatists, generals and landed proprietors through many generations. Two Lees signed the Declaration of Independence.

"Stratford," where Robert was born, was one of the finest of their estates. It was patented in 1640 but mysteriously destroyed by fire, and rebuilt by Richard Lee in 1725. It is a pleasant old house. We were often told that Queen Charlotte had a peculiar appreciation for Mr. Richard Lee, and gave him from her private allowance a sum sufficient for the reconstruction of this house.

It was very gay, from the earliest times, and the dancing classes were famous long before our day. As the background of Robert Lee's childhood "Stratford" will always be a hallowed spot.

"Chatham," however, home of my cousin Mr. William Fitzhugh, near Fredericksburg, was the scene of the courtship. This estate comprised originally the usual 50,000

acres of a royal grant, and the house was built at about the same time "Stratford" was rebuilt. Mr. Fitzhugh named it in honor of his friend William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

One evening here under the trees of the terraced garden which sloped down to the Rappahannock river, Mary consented to become the wife of Robert Lee. The spot is one to awaken the tenderest emotions. It is said that during the Civil War General Lee forbade the Confederates to fire on Chatham, though at the time it was occupied by the Yankees. The sacred associations of the place were then its salvation.

General Burnside made this house his headquarters. He either did not know or did not care for its beauty and distinction. It cannot be supposed that he was accustomed to a residence of this description. His behavior caused us much irritation. Mr. Abraham Lincoln also staid at "Chatham" as other Presidents had done, but General Washington, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe were Virginians, and familiar guests.

The night of the wedding at Arlington happened to be one of steady rain, and much fun arose from the appearance of the Rev. Mr. Ruel Keith who arrived drenched to the skin, and though a tall man was compelled to conduct the nuptial service in the clothes of my Cousin George Washington Parke Custis, a very great gentleman but a very small man, so far as inches were concerned. I as one of the bride's-maids, stood with Lieutenant Chambers, while my brother Thomas was assigned to my beloved Britannia Peter of "Tudor Place." It was the thirtieth of

June, 1831—and though the mid-summer rain denied the company the enjoyment of the gardens, which command an unparalleled view of the Potomac and the city of Washington, the evening was one to be long remembered. My cousin, always a modest and affectionate girl, was never lovelier and Robert Lee with his bright eyes and high color was the picture of a cavalier. The elegance and simplicity of the bride's parents, presiding over the feast, and the happiness of the grinning servants, untainted by any disloyalty, and unreproved by their master and mistress, remain in my memory as a piece of Virginia life pleasant to recall.

Even in his sadder, later life Robert Lee preserved a quaint humor and on one occasion during the war, when his mood must have been far from jocular, he made a little joke at the expense of his Chaplain, Mr. Jones. They were fording a small stream approaching a village, the people pressing the banks just to touch Robert's white horse, "Traveller," when a lady, grasping the horse's mane, besought Robert for a lock of his hair. "My hair is white and scanty," he said, "but I am sure my friend the Rev. Mr. Jones would be delighted to spare you one of his raven ringlets." And he insisted upon the amputation of the curl then and there.

I knew of a guest in his house after the war, when the circumstances of all self-respecting southern people were necessarily narrow, placing his boots outside his door, according to our old custom, and finding them always beautifully clean and shining each morning. Only upon his departure, looking for the boy that he might give him a

gratuity, did he become aware that his great host himself had cheerfully performed the little service.

The example of General Lee after the downfall of the Confederacy, was an influence for order and reorganization which I think has never been fully estimated. Had he been capable of mischief or vindictiveness, there would have been long-drawn-out complications and confusions, entailing greater suffering and prolonged hatred. As it was, the dignity with which he faced the inevitable, the industry with which he set himself to redeem the ruined farm lands, his efforts toward better education for the rising generation in spite of all the crippling influences of recent years, his stimulating care for the aristocratic element almost exterminated, and his wholesome example to the laboring classes to step in and save the farms and fill the breach occasioned by the defection of slave labor, above all his personal service in doing without apology, whatsoever his hand found to do, encouraged all classes to do their best. He felt so strongly that, the war being over, all must co-operate toward a readjustment, that when his hostess, on one of his visits to a friend's house, pointed out an old tree, a landmark, which had been destroyed by Yankee fire, explaining that she was preserving it as a reminder of the war, and training vines to grow upon it, he said "Cut it down, my dear Madam, and forget it."

I may add that Robert Lee from infancy had been brought up in the Church, and that he lived in the Church and died in the Church. It was his practice to ask a blessing upon each meal, and daily bread answered the daily grace.

It was his custom to hold family prayer and even in camp, I have been told, he followed this sacred habit. In all the evils of war he found consolation in his religion, and persevered in his duty as seeing Him who is invisible.

That Robert Lee, being who he was, should have been a perfect gentleman is no occasion for surprise; but that any man could have withstood discouragement in face of the disappointments and misrepresentations to which he was subjected proves that his faith was built upon a firm foundation. Firm in his love for our Saviour, merciful in his judgment of men, his favorite hymn was the old familiar one:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word."

You will forgive the length of this letter, my dear, which but for your request would not have been written. I trust it suits your purpose, and send it with best wishes for your friend's success.

Your affec. cousin
M. F. Powell

Chapter XIV

Scraps from letters written by Kate Powell to her fiancé, George Carter of "Oatlands" Loudoun County, Virginia, 1863

IT APPEARS that my Aunt Kate, the "Katey" of Mrs. Dulany's journal, also kept a record of the happenings of these disturbing days. That of the older sister, in the form of a diary, was kept in an old account book wherein had been entered the engagements for service to the neighboring landowners, all stock breeders, of my Uncle Hal's superior stallions. The younger sister utilized a similar ledger, but one that had been used by one of her own aunts at "Kinloch" for French exercises. "Votre jardinier a-t-il beaucoup de légumes? Il a beaucoup de légumes mais il a plus des fleurs et aussi beaucoup des fruits." By turning these shabby old books upside-down one discovers on the other side the narrative of the mistress of "Oakley" in the one, and confidences really touchingly told in the other, as the younger sister writes "letters" therein to her fiancé, George Carter. Letters which must have relieved her over-wrought sensibilities, though they were not read by him for many months after she wrote them:

We Virginians have been much pitied for having our beautiful country made the battleground. But when we remember that we are near enough for friends of the fallen to go when the battles are over and look for the bodies of their dear ones, and bring them home to rest in the grave-

yards of their fathers; and that our wounded may be brought home where they are tenderly cared for by those who love them, we need not mind the desolation to the country which a few years will repair; it is the desolation of hearts and homes which can never be repaired, that I think of, that time and religion alone can soften.

[That is not bad for a girl of twenty-one.]

Charlie Conrad came down to stay with us. He had carried the intelligence to Mr. Holmes Conrad of the death of two of his sons. He says he never saw a family bear such a blow with such resignation. The bodies arrived there in the night and were buried at one o'clock in the morning by moonlight.

I had a delightful visit to Winchester. Jackson's old "Stonewall" brigade was stationed there most of the time. I made many pleasant acquaintances and some dear friends. Every Thursday evening while the army was in town we had gay little parties which we called "Soldiers' Bees" but as that appellation is a Yankee-ism, and as much more talking was done than sewing, we changed it into "Soldiers' Buzz." They were entirely informal reunions, the first one at Mrs. McGill's, each girl was privileged to bring a friend, and as many soldiers as she wished. I was staying at Aunt Ann's at the time, and went with Mr. Grattan. After we returned we had a delightful serenade from Capt. Frank

Clarke and several Marylanders who sang very well, accompanied by the guitar and flute.

The next Bee, or Buzz, was at Aunt Bettie's and was crowded. Capt. Clarke was quite attentive to Ginnie Harrison. Kate and Sally Conrad were both there and much admired. We had constant visits morning, noon and night from our soldier friends, especially those from the Rockbridge Artillery. Mr. Alexander and Davy Moore from Lexington, Davy Barton, Holmes Boyd, Mr. Garnett, Mr. Maury, and dozens of others. Christmas night there was a large party at Mrs. Mary Lee's. Mr. Davy Barton was my escort, we had a pleasant time, only there were too many gentlemen for the number of ladies. Four gentlemen were introduced to me at once and it was too great an effort to be agreeable to all at once. Then just as you became interested in one's conversation another would be brought up to be introduced, and so on through the evening. Finally I retreated into a corner with Mr. Barton and Mr. Garnett who promised to entertain me if I could be a patient listener. Mr. Garnett soon grew weary and the whole task devolved upon Mr. Barton. Thursday night there was a party at Mrs. Macdonald's, Cousin Powell went with me, Monday night another at Mr. Williams', Mr. Barton my escort. The Arkansas band serenaded us. Tuesday evening we were distressed to hear that marching orders had been received, and the whole army to leave next morning. Numbers of our friends came to say good-bye. We found Holmes Boyd and Mr. William Macdonald with Susie and Lillie when we came in from walking, and from that time till we

retired they were coming in. Mr. Alexander dined with us. Davy Barton, Mr. Maury, Davy Moore and I cannot tell who else.

Oh, My, doesn't it make me doleful when I compare that happy time with this, the gloomiest time of my life. Entirely cut off from all those of my gentlemen friends and relations that I love most, and within one mile of a Yankee army, not able to set my foot outside of the house for fear of encountering impertinent, prying soldiers.

The first news that greeted us this morning before we were out of bed was that uncle Billy, the servant we trusted most, had gone off to the Yankees. Last night Ida's storehouse was robbed. Uncle Billy has always had his own key to the store-room, as well as other house keys, he must have known about it. In himself he is not much of a loss, for for the last two or three years he has done next to nothing, but we always looked to him as a faithful servant and sent him to meet the Yankees and tell them we were a household of unprotected ladies. Ida had so far trusted him as to pack up the silver and give it to uncle Billy to bury; fortunately she knew where he hid it, and she has removed it. He also knows where all the meat is concealed.

Describing a raid on the home of Mrs. Stephenson, in Upperville, Aunt Kate writes:

One of the Yankees seized old Mrs. Stephenson by her shoulders, pushed her into her own dining-room and locked

her up. Josephine making her escape retreated behind the sugar-barrel in the store-room and began to say her prayers. Mittie escaped upstairs, but Nannie stood her ground and gave them a good piece of her mind.

Referring to the capture of little Johnny Stephenson, and the sight of him a prisoner stopping at his own door to bid farewell to mother and sisters, she writes:

Josephine was dreadfully distressed, sobbed and cried. I forgot everything except that he was one of our men in the power of the foe, and gave him both my hands, telling him how sorry I was. Johnny behaved so well, telling us it could not be helped and for us not to mind. The Yankee told his sisters he would treat him as though he were his own brother, and the girls who had hurried down-stairs said the tears were streaming down the Yankee's face. I did not see it myself and am inclined to think it was perspiration.

The old chaplain stayed all night. He expressed himself as devoted to the South and very hopeful of results from the recent democratic elections. He said so much would be conceded to the South that she would come back into the Union. As a minister of God, we showed him respect. He *seemed* to be a good man, but he had not a good face. Had he not been a minister I would have had no faith in him. As it is, I had rather not think about him staying here all night. Besides he advised Brother Hal not to put any one to

sleep in his sheets, as he had a peculiar disease which some called Prairie Itch, and it might be contagious. It was bad enough to have a Yankee to sleep in the house, but to have one with the Itch was a severe test of our hospitality. The only thing that made it bearable was his being a Preacher, and I remembered the text about giving the cup of cold water in the name of a disciple.

[It will be noted that religious practice and religious faith, the customs of Christian conduct and the words of Holy Writ, were actual hourly factors in the daily life of these people.]

Telling of an accident in Upperville, when the Yankees shot two young girls:

One of the girls, a Miss Brown, was shot in the leg, both bones in her leg being broken in two places. The excuse the Yankees gave was that they thought the girls might be rebels in woman's clothes. Both girls fell from the horse and the one who was not shot was badly bruised. Miss Brown is only seventeen and very pretty. I was delighted to hear of the spirited manner in which she received their apologies, and scorned their offers of remuneration the next day. The major who commanded the party rode up to where she had fallen and expressed his deep regret, even shedding tears. She told him not to weep for her, that the tears of men so lost to all sense of honor as to fire on a woman could only be crocodile tears, and she wished none such shed

for her. The girls were brought back to town on litters borne by Yankees. The next day a party of twenty Yankees with a surgeon came up under a flag of truce to enquire for her. The same major, with the surgeon, went to see her. They brought medicines and all they thought she could need, and a message from the General that, demand what she would, she should have it; if it were in the power of the United States, she should not be refused. She positively declined receiving the medicines or any attention from them, and her message to the General was, that her brother was in the Southern army; that she had opposed his going, but that now, if she had her way, her gray-haired father too should enter the ranks against them. She would accept nothing from them ——

Being once more set at liberty from the presence of our conquerors, as they think themselves, I have resolved that I will forthwith write an account to you, dearest G—— of what has transpired since that eventful Thursday evening when you left here to find out the truth of the report of the burning of Washington, Alexandria, Georgetown and Baltimore, when the only discovery you made was that you had been quizzed. Take as a consolation for you that I myself was for a little while, quizzed. That perpetrator of all mischief, Nick Carter, was at the bottom of it. I only wish that all of his misdemeanors were as harmless as this. Speaking of him, I must tell you that while he was on the raid in Pennsylvania he took a watch from a citizen, who he said was boasting of wearing a charm attached to the watch

made of rebel bone. As to the truth of this statement I am doubtful, but that he took the watch I am sure, as I heard it from others as well as himself. I hear that since General Lee's return to Virginia he has issued an order for Nick's arrest, I suppose he thinks to have a man arrested for such an outrage will prevent its repetition, especially when the man is a relation of his own. I hope it may have the effect. I can't bear the idea of our men committing acts for which we must blush, and I can't stand their following the example of the Yankees in *anything* especially in what is wrong.

—a whole Brigade was encamped in our front field. A few moments later Col. Mann, commanding the brigade, rode up to know if he might make his headquarters at "Oakley." Hoping it might be the means of saving what little we had left, Brother Hal consented. I did not come down-stairs till late, and made up my mind to be coldly polite to them. While they were in our house and protecting us from the insults which many of our neighbors endured, I thought that was as little as I could do. I never spoke on the question at issue between us, unless it was first broached, and then I spoke my opinion freely and plainly, telling them however that I had been taught that to say unpleasant things under my own roof was bad manners, even to an enemy.

The other staff officers were Adj. Briggs, Quartermaster Lions, and another surgeon, Capt. Doane Doty of the 7th Michigan Cavalry, decidedly the most polished gentleman of the lot—in fact, the only one at all polished ——

Now I am going to confess what I know you will highly disapprove of, and what I myself think highly dishonorable, and what I have never done but once before in my life. *I listened to what they said after they went to their room.* I laid my plans to hear what they should say. I sent the children to bed and my room was perfectly quiet, and I sat up, knowing that they would not be aware that every word they said above a whisper could be heard by me. They began by saying that Brother Hal was quite a gentleman and one of them, Yankee-like, wondered if he had any money. They then admired Ida very much and one of them said he would be perfectly happy if he thought he ever could marry such a woman. They said then some things so low I could not hear them, till one spoke louder and said, "Well, you don't know—there may be some chance." At which another gave a loud whistle as much as to say, "No chance for you there, old boy." Whether they were talking of some girl at the north, or of some southern girl, I do not know, but I hardly suppose a Yankee even would have the presumption to suppose that after robbing us, insulting us, invading our sacred soil, shooting our men down in battle, incarcerating them in prisons, maltreating them when wounded, we would for one instant forget our wrongs and let *them* step into the places they made vacant. The idea of a southern lady receiving or looking upon an enemy to her country, in the light of an admirer!

The Colonel then gave his experience as a married man, saying that as long as his wife lived he had never taken a drink, smoked a segar, sworn an oath or made love to any

other woman. "A pretty good account you give of yourself," one of them said.

Then they began to talk about the war, and I opened my ears wider, for it was in the hope of hearing something for the good of our cause that I stayed up to listen.

Chapter XV

Extracts from the Diary of Miss Frances Westwood Ellzey of Leesburg, Virginia, while on a visit to Middleburg during the active guerilla warfare of John S. Mosby and his men

MY FRIEND Mrs. Mary Shepherd McCrary, of Seminary Hill, Virginia, has permitted me to use some extracts from a quaint old diary in her possession, written by her great-aunt, Miss Frances Westwood Ellzey of Leesburg, Virginia, while on a two-weeks' visit to Middleburg, the birth-place of my mother. "The Hill" was the home of my grandmother, Mrs. Powell, referred to; Mrs. Dulany was my aunt Ida. Miss Cornelia was the school-teacher, and Mr. Kinsolving the Episcopal rector. Others mentioned were brothers of the writer, cousins of hers and mine. All the names are familiar to me.

This girl was but eighteen at the time she wrote these letters, and they are entirely representative of the feelings of her class. They are like hundreds of other Civil War diaries. This little Frances, however, was less active than others of her age, owing to a fall from her horse, and reading and dreaming, poetizing and praying, entered just a little more into the make-up of her daily life.

The reader will be compensated for the disregard of punctuation in these letters by the fervently religious and deeply romantic spirit they reveal! There is no dearth of adjectives —Ole Vaginia nevah tire—and a frank desire for the saccharine romance dished out in "The Days of Bruce" and

"Thaddeus of Warsaw"—a brand of chivalry expressed better in printers' ink than in human sweat and blood.

The poor, gay, ragged Confederate soldiers didn't measure up to this picturesque standard; yet the war brought to these girls, more thinking, more work, more service, more adventure, more fun, dancing, eating, flirting, singing, picnicking, church-going, than they ever thought of in their wildest dreams; more men, more lovers, more life, even though the cavaliers were "here today and gone tomorrow."

Miss Ellzey drags the Deity in on the slightest provocation, but I, who know the type, vouch for her sincerity. It is the sweet old faith in which her generation lived and moved; to them the Lord *was* "a very present help in time of trouble."

As I skim through these girlish effusions, I gather that here is one more worshiper at the shrine of John S. Mosby, the Robin Hood of the Southern Confederacy, that dashing "Guerilla" fighter whose followers sprang from nowhere in the very nick of time—and also it seems to percolate slowly through my brain that a certain "Mr. C." came very often and "staid until bed-time."

Middleburg, Va., Friday, January 1, 1864.

And this is New Year's day, a busy, weary day, God grant it is no type of those that are to come, so cold my blood seems frozen in my veins, and yet, my Saviour, under thy care what need I fear?

Naught but what is good for me, I look not into the future, but to thy care resign myself and all I have, grant that to me it may indeed be a new year, a new year of trust and love to Him who died for me.

The clouds look dark that hang above my head and

shroud my well-beloved country, but lo, the silver lining is there and peace will come I feel ere dawns another New Years day.

Monday, January 4, 1864.

A holy calmness settles on my heart tonight, I mourn for myself and my dear cousins, ah, little did I think when in the light of early morn I left them all at home to bring Lily and Rose back to school that I would find the light and joy of this house sleeping the dreamless sleep of death, dear uncle I have come too late.

Sunday, January 10, 1864.

I feel wretchedly about Lily's cold, she has fever every night, I must send the child home the first chance.

The blockade is down tight for General Early made a raid on Martinsburg and took many stores from the Yankees, Miss Cornelia has not returned, I see little chance of it this winter, it has been a very quiet Sabbath and I enjoyed it and hope that today my God has blessed me.

Mr. C. came and staid till bed-time.

Monday, January 11, 1864.

There has been great excitement in town today, Major Mosby has just returned from a raid, he went to Harper's Ferry with seventy-five men to take Means and Coles, they had two hundred men, unfortunately he had some of White's and Stringfellow's men with him, instead of being quiet they charged the camp with a yell, stirred up the men

and a hot fight ensued, in the pitch dark, our gallant Captain Smith was shot through the head, Captain Turner mortally wounded, ten of our men wounded, Boyd Smith and Mr. Beattie seriously, we killed many of the enemy, took sixty horses and eight prisoners, my heart bleeds for the wife and little ones of Captain Smith and for my friend, I would do anything to be able to soothe his suffering, dear Rob. How proud I feel of him, his praise is on every tongue, gallantly, nobly he fought in the thickest of the battle, where the danger was nearest there was his place, my gallant cousin, and God guarded him for the orphan's sake with a bullet through his pants, he escaped unhurt, would that he were a follower of the Lamb of God, then my heart would not tremble for him.

Three of Mosby's gallant band fell besides Captain Smith, Mr. Owen, Mr. Paxon and the other name I did not hear, Mosby wept like a child, our brave men feel most.

Tuesday, January 12, 1864.

It has been a lovely day and the snow is melting fast, I went down this morning to see Nannie Taylor for a little while, Lily's cold is better today.

Mrs. Dulany sent me word she had a woman we could have, I sent her note home yesterday, I feel impatient to know whether Ma will take her. We hear today that Mr. Smith and Mr. Beattie are only slightly wounded. I am very glad for I have been thinking a great deal about him, he was such a pet at home, it will go hard with him to be suffering in the midst of strangers, he has been so ill lately,

too, I wish I could send him a message but I have seen none of the soldiers, good news, our gallant Captain Turner is not mortally wounded.

Mr. C. came and staid till bed-time.

Wednesday, January 13, 1864.

We have had a visit from Mama today and good news from home, we have servants a plenty, I knew we would for in God was my trust, the Yankees have not been near us since I left home. The ice-house is nearly full, God had blessed us in everything, my heart is full of thankfulness, old "aunt Nancy" came up with Ma, a valuable servant.

Major Mosby and his men went down on a scout today, the Major looked sober enough. Mr. Kinsolving was here this evening. Mr. C. seemed exceedingly sober, and oh, how thankful I feel tonight.

Thursday, January 14th, 1864.

I have just finished reading the Days of Bruce today, I feel like I had been in an enchanted land, I would like to have lived in the days of chivalry, ah, gallant Bruce we have learned to appreciate thee well, we have heroes now that thou wouldst have been proud to have at thy side, they are bold and brave but we miss the manly and gallant homage that thou bestowed upon the fair, thou wouldst have scorned the man how brave so ere, that broke his plighted faith to woman in thought in word or deed, this is a stain, a deep, deep, stain on Southern fame, my head is bowed in shame as each new day brings in a tale of Southern

sons who thus have trampled on the rights and honors of woman, shame, shame.

Nannie and Lily came in this evening, Mrs. Taylor and my little Rose were here this morning, Evelyn and Mrs. Lee were here till dark, then Mr. C. till bed-time.

Monday, January 18, 1864.

Thou hast passed away from earth
Oh General Isoline
With thy stately step of pride
And brow and eye serene

Long years long years have rolled
Between thy life and mine
And yet our spirits are akin
Oh glorious Isoline

Within my heart there is
The same love for the brave
And with thee I could weep
Above each soldier's grave

Like thee I love the flowers
The hare-bell and the heath
And love to twine around my brow
Their blossoms in a wreath

The mountain is my home
And I could love like thee
O'er Scotland's purple hills to roam
And live but with the free

[There are ten verses of this original poem, written after a "spell" of romantic reading.]

Mr. C. and cousin are surprised that I find anything to write about in these days, Mr. C. thinks that this morning is too gloomy for anything like bright thoughts, but oh, they

do not see the sunshine within, I feel as if my soul were flooded with light, and as if I could never be sad or distrustful again, I have enjoyed this visit so much, with such a sense of unbounded happiness.

Mr. C. tells me that Lowell is to be removed and a New Jersey regiment put in his place, I almost fear a change of masters, but will trust in God, we look not to man for help, but to Him who is kind to the evil and the good and makes His rain to shine on the just and on the unjust.

Sweet Nannie was here this evening and Mr. C. staid until bed-time, we had a warm argument about slavery, when they were gone I sought in prayer from a higher *higher* source to judge whether *my* argument was right or Mr. C.'s.

The genuine journal of that dear girl of long ago is saturated with the same religious fervor which stamps the books of Mary Henderson Eastman, a Virginian married to a Bostonian, who attempted in her novel "Aunt Phyllis's Cabin" to counteract the influence of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" provoked the bitterest resentment south, and did much to inflame prejudice north. It has been easy to understand its sensational appeal to the mediocre and ignorant, but how its melodramatic situations and false character drawing could ever have been convincing to the fair-minded or well-informed, is a puzzle.

The late Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, points out in his "Reminiscences" that the southerners need not have let this book be so disturbing, since every decent creature in it was

a southerner—all the rascals, the factors and traders, the beaters and bruisers, were northern men—and "Uncle Tom" himself—than whom Christ was no more perfect—was the product of the slave system.

Mrs. Eastman, in a day when "woman's place" was undeniably "in the home" followed her husband, an Army officer, around the world; she was an extensive traveler and a prolific writer, Lippincott published her books of travel and novels as early as 1852.

It is strange how few of the writings of Southern authors of the earlier times are in circulation. While the literary productions of the North were more numerous, I think the reason lies deeper—the northern writers were more business-like in their commercial methods, and the public made more demand for books. The southerner was indolent; between the enforced acquaintance (and that perfunctory) with books at college, there was a long stretch of years during which an out-door life and sportsmanship occupied him, and books were only household furniture; then in the enforced quietude of old age he turned again to the old fine libraries.

It is amusing to forage among the forgotten pamphlets and volumes of this historic period, though it is hard nowadays to read through them.

"The Negro and his Peculiar Admirers" by Col. Robert Tansill, of Manassas; or "The Woman in Battle" by Madame L. J. Velasquez, known as Lieutenant Harry T. Buford, a lady who is supposed to have fought in every battle of the Civil War masquerading as a man, but a narrative which old soldiers regard as fictitious; published in Richmond in 1876, by Gilman and Co. were popular.

There were the books of Miss Emily Mason—sweet old Miss Emily with her lovely white curls—"Southern Poems of the War," "Journal of a Young Lady in Virginia," and

all the biographies we wrote of each other, and all the statements we made which others of us immediately contradicted, and all the "he did—he didn'ts"—and all the arguments as to Barbara Frietchie and whether she did or she didn't—all, into Time's waste basket now.

Less mischievous than "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but from an historical and psychological view-point equally lop-sided are the effusions of the New England poets; Longfellow depicting the slave of his imagination in prison—"Loud he sung a Psalm of David"—he never could have sung a psalm of David; if he sang it was some strange echo of the jungle, mixed with the blessed name of Jesus which he had come to love.

Mrs. Browning, though not of New England, permitting her poetic license to gallop off with her geography, describing the runaway slave girl; her dusky lover shaking the *ripe mangoes* for her sustenance, from the trees in Virginia! And Barbara Frietchie from the pen of Mr. Whittier.

Though a monument stands in old Frederick Town commemorating the exploit of this heroine, it seems appropriate to introduce here another scrap o' paper, in the shape of a letter from Barbara Frietchie's nephew, which statement is sustained by General Jubal Early who was with Stonewall Jackson at the time, and by residents of Frederick Town who remember the writer as a big blond man, one time mayor of the little city.

I have just read a communication to the Sun, [writes Barbara Frietchie's nephew] purporting to set forth certain facts in relation to the life and character of the late Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of Whittier's celebrated war poem. It may not be improper to state that I am the nephew of "Dame Barbara" and had the settling up of her husband's

estate in the capacity of Administrator. This necessarily threw me into frequent communication with that aged and venerable dame.

Barbara Frietchie, my venerable aunt, was not a lady of twenty-two summers, as your correspondent alleges but an ancient dame of ninety-six winters when she departed this life; and it is but truth to add that she never saw the inside of the Federal Hospital in this city. Nor did she depart this life in September, 1863, but died on the 18th day of December, 1862. Nor did any of the Federal soldiers from the Hospital attend the old lady's remains to their last resting place.

This, to my certain knowledge, was a fact, no orders to that effect having been given. Therefore none of these convalescing invalid soldiers were at my old aunt's funeral. So much for this branch of your New York correspondent's statement.

Now a word as to the waving of the Federal flag in the face of the Rebels by Dame Barbara on the occasion of Stonewall Jackson's march through Frederick. Truth requires me to suggest that Stonewall Jackson with his troops did not pass Barbara Frietchie's residence at all; but passed up what is popularly called in this city "The Mill Alley" about three hundred yards above her residence and thus out of the city.

But another and still stronger fact with regard to this matter may be here presented; viz., the poem by Whittier represents our venerable relative (then ninety-six years of age) as nimbly ascending to her attic window and waving

her small Federal flag defiantly in the face of Stonewall Jackson's troops. Now what are the facts on this point? Dame Barbara was, at the moment of the passing of that distinguished General and his forces through Frederick bedridden and helpless and had lost the power of locomotion. She could at this period only move, as she was moved by the help of her attendants.

These are true and stern facts, proving that Whittier's poem upon the subject is fiction; pure fiction and nothing else, without even the remotest semblance or resemblance of fact.

Valerius Ebert

Frederick City, Md., August 27.

From the Southern Historical Papers, Vol. VII, Richmond, Virginia, September 1879.

Old Frederick, Maryland, is also the birthplace of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner" a spontaneous out-burst of pride, one might say, and possibly prejudice, which has become our "National Anthem"—poor poetry to an impossible tune. As the momentary ebullient utterance of a spirited young person, it may pass; but it has not the balance or simplicity to speak for a whole people for all time.

In the interesting annals of the Key family we touch again the many-sided personality of Edwin M. Stanton—a man so real to me—whom I cannot like, and cannot dislike. Whom I must criticise, yet must, willy-nilly admire.

The son of Francis Scott Key, a dashing debonair man-about-town, was shot in front of his own door in Washington by Daniel E. Sickles, member of Congress from New

York, on February 27, 1859. All concerned in the tragedy were of such high official and social standing that the murder and the romance preceding it were the sensation of the days immediately prior to the outbreak of the war. Edwin M. Stanton acted as senior attorney for the defense, a fact alone to focus attention; there were sharp verbal duels, too, on the point of the admission and testimony from negro servants, Mr. John Mandeville Carlisle opposing Mr. Stanton, the point being finally decided by the Judge that such testimony should not be admitted. After eighteen days Mr. Stanton summed up the case for Mr. Sickles, and the verdict "Not guilty" was returned in an hour.

The fascinating young Mrs. Sickles, of Latin origin, was forgiven by her husband, and the marriage that had weathered such a storm was saved from shipwreck.

Mr. Stanton's tricks as a lawyer were more adroit than one might expect from his rugged and direct, unswerving personality. One story dating back to his birthplace, Steubenville, Ohio, is to the effect that when his sister was seeking divorce from old Dr. Ben Tappan, an untidy erratic old country doctor, the salt of the earth, Edwin M. was under examination as a witness. "Mr. Stanton," said the counsel for the plaintiff, "I believe your sister has lost some of her front teeth?" "She has," was the very sober reply. "And how did she lose them?" "I have been told ——" Here the counsel for the defense interposed hastily, against the admission of hearsay evidence, falling sweetly into the trap prepared; for the teeth had been extracted by the dentist, though the impression was made upon the jury that the gentle old doctor had knocked them down her throat.

Chapter XVI

The Flags and Seals of the Confederacy—and a Letter from a Lady

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG[1]

"Furl that Banner for 'tis weary,
'Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it, let it rest:
For there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not a hand to wave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it,
Furl it, fold it, let it rest."

All history has demonstrated the passionate devotion of mankind to flags. No sacrament has been so universally dear, no religion so heroically followed as the fluttering rags which symbolize the love of country. From the totem pole to the Stars and Stripes is a far cry, and all the way illustrative of sacrifice and pride of race which mark our human groups.

When we glance for a moment at the ancestry of flags we find their origin in nature even as we ourselves, our men-

[1] Father Ryan, Abram Joseph Ryan, was a Roman Catholic priest, born of Irish immigrant parents in Norfolk, Va., 1839. He resembled Benjamin Franklin in appearance. Immediately after his consecration to the priesthood he enlisted in the Confederate Army and served as soldier and chaplain with astonishing bravery. In every scrapbook in the south his poems are to be found. His devotion in nursing small-pox, his ministrations to the wounded and dying, made him widely known and much beloved.

tal and emotional reactions, our aspirations and activities, also had our beginnings in "nature,"—where else?

The ox-eye daisy and the red clover are familiar examples of the flagging, or signaling, system among plants; the daisy, whose tight central knot of tiny yellow flowers is too inconspicuous to attract the bee, bringer of pollen, flaunts a broad frame of white petals, too obvious to be passed by; and the clover blossoms, tiniest of individual blooms, have concluded that a gregarious mode of existence will be the most profitable for them, and so have formed quite respectable colonies, in which the white or crimson head becomes a spot of color and a whiff of perfume that no mere bee can resist. The fashion in which insects, birds and animals flag each other for purposes of their own, ante-dates any signal system invented by man; certain moths reveal their lovely rosy underwings only to their mates, while the flashlights by which the ugly little fire-flys (smelly and common in the common light of day) make themselves alluring at night is one of nature's mysteries.

The very distinct white pom-pom worn by the Molly-Cottontail on her little rump is a signal her bunny babies will follow up hill and down dale until it guides them safe into the protection of the briar patch. These all are banners—symbols—outward and visible signs of inward spiritual grace. And why should not the flags of a more artificial character deserve the adoration that men have given them? What is more stirring to the blood than the sight of them? The old red flag of the Romans, tossed into the midst of the enemy that the men might follow it more desperately, still the emblem which reads—Danger or Death—whether we see it over an open man-hole or but as a red rag tied to the end of a telegraph pole carted along the street.

The sight of a red cross on a white ground brings back

the great adventures of the Crusades, and there is a sound of horses' hoofs as the Knights Templars rush past, their pennants flying—the red cross on the field half white, half black—sometimes interpreted as reading, "From darkness through blood into light" the "Beauséant" of the Dark Ages! It stood for daring and adventure, for swift rescue and retribution.

The standard of Joan of Arc, designed of her patriotism, faith, and courage! A white satin pennant sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lis of France, fringed with pure gold, and in the center, painted by reverent hands, God the Father surrounded by holy Angels; the two sweet names in which she trusted, "Jesus—Maria" her motto. Surely that was an outward and visible sign of her inward and spiritual grace.

The great old flags of the old dynasties—the black dragon of China, emblem of Power, on the yellow field, emblem of royalty. One of the oldest, most romantic flags of history, now given place to the five prosaic stripes which stand for a somewhat uncertain democracy though signifying the separate provinces of China. And that old golden harp of Ireland—so rich in traditional interest; that woman's figure on the frame of the harp, clean of profile, high of bosom, looking straight ahead into the unknown, like the figure-head of some brave prow in the sea-faring days of old; breasting the winds and waves of destiny, the shamrock wreath below it, reminding the world of Saint Patrick's masterly explanation of the abstruse idea of the Trinity.

Who has ever visited the Chapel of Henry the Seventh in Westminster Abbey, and not experienced a sudden gravity, a sense of reverence for human endeavor, as he lifted his eyes to the tattered, blood-stained, dust-worn, wind-torn, honorable old standards depending from and enriching that exquisite gothic ceiling? All the British blood in one

The Confederate Flags

makes answer. All the human and racial sympathies respond to the witness of those silent old flags.

If ever in the world's history a mere flag was the idol of a people, that was the Confederate Flag, the "Stars and Bars." The disobedient child of the "Stars and Stripes" as the "Stars and Stripes" was the disobedient child of the Union Jack. That Union Jack, not the most successful attempt at symbolism, has girdled the world, with its foundation, the red Cross of Saint George, Ensign of England, to which was applied on the death of Queen Elizabeth and the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland, the white Cross of Saint Andrew on field of blue; to which was added after nearly two hundred years when Ireland came into the Union the red cross of Saint Patrick on its field of white.

With the desultory, procrastinating spirit of a mild climate and temperamental people, the Southern States found it hard to settle on a Confederate design; some bore a confusing resemblance to the mother flag; others when the wind wrapped the draperies round the staff, showed too much white and were mistaken for a flag of truce; finally the design of Mr. Orrin Smith of North Carolina was adopted; thirteen stars in a circle on a field of blue, and three bars, two of red and one of white. This, formally adopted one month before the Surrender!

Recently a touching act of reconciliation took place, to quote the Associated Press, at Mackinac Island, Michigan, of the "new brother-hood of American Commonwealths once torn by Civil War," when Governor Ralph O. Brewster of Maine returned to the Southland six tattered battle-flags once carried by the troops of six Confederate States of America.

In the presence of twenty-two governors, and several hundred guests at a banquet, Governor John Richards of South

Carolina accepted from the State of Maine these trophies, two of which were captured in Virginia, in the immediate vicinity of the scenes of these diaries and letters. One at Aldie, not five miles from Middleburg, one from Rappahannock Station.

Still in thousands of homes throughout Dixie, there hangs upon the wall a chromo or a painting representing the group of Confederate Flags, sacred as the picture of the Madonna in any Catholic home. This defeated banner, sixty years dead, a thing that logically should spell failure, is preserved as something surpassingly noble, a sort of fetish, symbolic of all the best of which human nature is capable. It remains a thing unconquered, never associated with any thought of defeat, invested with a glory little short of divine.

Personally I cannot explain it. Reason pulls one way, sentiment another. And sentiment is stronger. Statements of facts, words of argument, are insupportable, on this subject. Should a discussion arise, we, in spite of some knowledge of the world, in spite of much travel, in spite of the fact that we are gray-headed grandmothers and three generations including our own, have been born since this flag fell, begin to hate all fair-minded, plain-speaking persons who cannot agree that the South was martyred. We can actually blubber, cry, over poor old Father Ryan's poor old poetry, and bring a whole audience to a condition of throat-clearing and nose-blowing, by reciting "Furl that Banner for 'tis weary" ——

We of the South are emotional. We cannot, on this subject, subject ourselves to cerebral processes. Somebody might convince us!

The delays and altercations and alterations in both the Seal and the Flags of the Confederate States seemed to argue bad luck. From a very careful study of these subjects made by Captain Robert Harris Woods, U. S. N. Retired,

I have been permitted to make a few quotations. There was extensive correspondence by committees and between generals, and the final design was adopted, after much deliberation, by the Congress of the Confederate States, as the accompanying illustration represents them, with the exception that at the beginning there were seven stars instead of thirteen. This was approved March fourth, 1865, one month before the surrender.

The Seal was ordered in London by the Representative of the Confederate States of America, Mr. James M. Mason of Virginia, whose correspondence with the Secretary of State, Judah P. Benjamin, was also copious. Mr. Benjamin's letter in which he outlines his idea is so characteristic of the southern sentiment that I quote it in full.

Richmond, Jan. 22, 1863.

Hon. C. C. Clay,

Confederate States Senate,

Dear Sir:—

I cheerfully comply with your request to put in writing the suggestions made to you on the subject of a national seal and the device for our national coin, and our coinage weights and measures.

SEAL

I propose for our seal "A Cavalier," to be copied from our noblest equestrian statue of the noblest cavalier of the South. A Copy of Washington as mounted on his charger on the monument in Capitol Square.

The reasons which recommend the choice of this device are, 1st. It is simple, noble and striking. It is equally ap-

plicable to the whole Confederacy. 2nd. A Horseman has always been considered as typical of man's noblest conquest of the brute creation; of the superiority of reason and intellect over mere brute strength.

3rd. In its moral attributes the device of a Cavalier does just honor to our people; The Cavalier or knight is typical of chivalry, bravery, generosity, humanity, and other knightly virtues. Cavalier is synonymous with gentleman in nearly all modern languages, Cavalier in French, Cabalerro in Spanish, Cavalier in Italian, all mean not only horseman, but gentleman, knight. 4th. The word Cavalier is eminently suggestive of the origin of southern society, as used in contra-distinction to Puritan. The southerners remain what their ancestors were—gentlemen. The Seal will typify this fact. 5th. A national device legend or motto to crown the seal may readily be found for the Cavalier.

I give two or three. I prefer the second.

"Sans peur et sans reproche."
"Reipublicae praesivium et dulce decus"
"Pro avis et focis militare paratus"
etc., etc.,

I am yours very truly
J. P. Benjamin.

The Seal of the Confederate States of America

Confederate Statutes at Large,
First Congress, Session 111. 1863.
Joint Resolution to establish a Seal for the Confederate States.

Resolved: by the Congress of the Confederate States of America: That the Seal of the Confederate States shall consist of a device representing an equestrian portrait of Washington (after statue which surmounts his monument in Capitol Square in Richmond) surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy, (cotton, tobacco, sugar cane, corn, wheat and rice) and having around its margin the words "The CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, TWENTY-SECOND FEBRUARY, 1862" with the following motto "DEO VINDICE."

Approved April 30, 1863.

The delays in securing from England the designs made by Joseph S. Wyon, engraver of Her Majesty's seals, for the Seal, continued until the latter part of the war, when there was no possibility of running the blockade. The Great Seal never reached Richmond—was never officially used. When it finally was received, the wafers and some other essentials were not delivered, nor the intaglio half of it. For a long time the legend that Mr. Davis' body servant, an old slave, had thrown it into the river rather than let the Yankees get it, was widely believed. The Seal was located many years after the war in the possession of Admiral Selfridge, of the United States Navy, who had acquired it in Canada.

He gave it to the South, and a committee of gentlemen from Richmond received it, took it to the Capital of the Lost Cause, and placed it in Battle Abbey.

The "Provisional Seal" of which Captain Woods has given me a copy, according to his statement, was the only one officially used.

The Provisional Seal of the Confederate States of America

Col. Micajah Woods of Charlottesville, Virginia, a brother of Captain Robert Woods, was one of the most brilliant lawyers of the State, President of the Virginia Bar Association, and a man of splendid character. During the Civil War he had served with distinction in General Pickett's Division, on the staff of General Floyd. His wife has written me a letter which, so characteristically southern, concludes these scraps of paper.

Farmington, August 15, 1927.

It has been a great pleasure, my dear May, to have seen your Scraps of Paper of the Civil War, and though that title originated with the Germans in reference to the treaties

they disregarded in 1914, I think it a good title. In thinking of your Grandfather, so beloved, and such a source of spiritual strength to us in our darkest days, and of your brave and handsome father, as well as of yourself, I feel that the German blood must account for some of the energy and talent in your family. The Germans are over-energized; but the blend of feudal German and old Virginian has made a strong type. Your father was delightful. So handsome, and when my cousin Charlie Morris, who was his friend, would say to us "I am bringing Charlie Minnigerode to call on you tonight" we girls would get into our best bibs and tuckers. Toward the end of the war we were drinking the very dregs of poverty, but young people even so, found much enjoyment in life and in each other. I remember wearing a petticoat once to a party. I had not a scrap of a frock; but the full white petticoat had a frill and two tucks, and with a bodice and a blue sash looked quite well. None of the gentlemen knew that it was a petticoat and the other girls were no better off than we.

You have followed the Army of Virginia through our beloved country as an artist rather than a historian, but your sketches are so vivid that it becomes a panorama. Dates and details may be gathered anywhere but you show in these little familiar touches the real life of our people which we would be glad for those at the north to understand. Those who only pass through Virginia as tourists can never know that inside life which shines from these scraps of paper. I hope and believe that they will help to make us better known, and the psychological resistance still

felt on both sides will pass away, when they come not as out-siders but as friends of the inner circle.

As I have read your allusions to my dashing cousin, General J. E. B. Stuart, his picturesque figure rises before me. He was killed at "Yellow Tavern" near my home. He always called us "My quartette of beautiful Morris Cousins," these being myself and my sister Mary, and our cousins, Love and Fanny Morris from Kentucky.

It seems not so many years ago that Senator John W. Daniels, who was on General Robert E. Lee's staff, was a visitor at my home in Charlottesville. Sitting one moonlight night on the verandah, he told my husband and myself how, after Gettysburg, he had gone to General Lee in his tent, and said, " 'General, the remnant of Pickett's Division is passing by.' General Lee strode into the open; and as the dirty, weary, foot-sore and bleeding remnant of that magnificent army passed, he stood in frozen silence, his head uncovered, his military cap held aloft, his face turned toward the sky with such a look of agony and consecration upon it as I have never seen and shall never forget." And there, my dear, in the calmness of a summer evening, under the shelter of friendly roof, and in a world at peace again, we three middle-aged people allowed ourselves the luxury of tears.

I have been a friend of your family for seventy-seven years, and am happy to add a line from an old lady to your "Scraps of Paper."

Affectionately yours,
Tillie Morris Woods.

Part Four

Trench, Camp, and Hospital

1914-1919

Newton D. Baker

Chapter XVII

NEWTON D. BAKER

Thanatos Athanatos

At eve when the brief wintry day is sped
I muse beside my fire's faint-flickering glare—
Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair—
Of those who, dying young, inherited
The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.

I think of Raphael's grand seigneurial air,
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;
And soldier boys who snatched death's starry prize
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality;
Their memories hold in death's unyielding fee
The youth that thrilled them to the finger-tips.

John Hay

When full appraisal is made of the men conspicuous in our generation Newton D. Baker will come into his own. In a flamboyant land, during an epoch of tremendous confusion, excitement and rivalry, the function of a modest patriot was to do his work and let the dogs bark.

It is to be remarked that even in the camp of his political opponents, the most authoritative voices have been lifted in recognition of his services to the country during the great epoch in which he was the Secretary of War. General Pershing, General Dawes, Senator Wadsworth, and others, gentlemen and statesmen, expressing themselves without qualification or hesitation. One of his colleagues in the

Wilson Cabinet, writing of great men and great matters, suggested that if Mr. Baker had several *inches* more to his credit, he would undoubtedly rank as a great personality. I recall the delightful smile with which Mr. Baker, standing with his hands behind him in front of my studio fire, called my attention to this observation!

It was not the first time that I had heard of human greatness being measured with the foot-rule. But, as in other cases, the assumption was too fallacious to be taken seriously.

The dust of oblivion will have covered many of the names of his six-foot contemporaries when the name of Newton D. Baker will shine out upon the pages of twentieth century history, for foresight and ability, for courage and humanity, during the anxious and critical years that tried men's souls.

December 23, 1927

Mrs. Minnigerode Andrews
Theological Seminary Post Office
Virginia

My dear Mrs. Andrews:—

Your long line of fighting ancestors and the fact that your only son was a member of our overseas army in the World War naturally added to your otherwise patriotic interest in the American contingent of the allied armies. You will permit me, I am sure, to supplement the verbal descriptions I gave you after my two wartime visits to France, with an observation or two.

When I went to France in March 1918, I had as a very definite object, seeing just what the physical situation was in order that War Department cooperation with the A. E. F. could be more effectively organized. I therefore spent a major part of my time examining ports, harbors, docks, railroads, storage warehouses and such things. But as luck would have it, the great German drive of March 1918 took place on the particular day that I was travelling along the front visiting the headquarters of General Pétain, Major Haig and the King of the Belgians. As I travelled along, my car was frequently forced to detour to the south to avoid capture by the rapid German advance. Thus I saw not only preparations for war but war itself.

When I went to France again in September, I had the purely civilian task of conferring with the French and British authorities with the view to increasing the cargo tonnage of the ships available to supply our overseas force. But again a great dramatic moment in the war thrust itself into my plans and I was present at the battle of St. Mihiel, hearing the cannonade, seeing the soldiers go over the top, meeting the long line of prisoners as I followed our advance, and sharing with General Pétain and General Pershing the triumphal reentry of the French into St. Mihiel itself. This little city had been for four years in the occupation of the Germans. There remained in it only old people and babies. No inhabitant of the town had for four years had any communication with the outside world, even to the extent of seeing a newspaper except the newspaper published by the German army for circulation in occupied

regions. The frantic joy of the people of St. Mihiel at their release was almost too pathetic to bear. You will recall that St. Mihiel was really the first independent American battle.

It turned out that Colonel de Chambrun of the French army, who married a Miss Longworth of Cincinnati, had lived in St. Mihiel when the war broke out. He and his family fled leaving all their belongings in a fine old house in the suburbs. When we made our reentry to St. Mihiel, Colonel de Chambrun was with me and asked to be excused while he went out to see what wreckage might be left in his house. I went along with him. There we found all the evidences of neglect besetting his park and his house. Indeed one end of his house had been occupied as a telegraph station for the German army and had been blown up when a hurried retreat became necessary. The Colonel went into his house and spent perhaps a half an hour. When he came out he had in his hand a soiled, unframed steel engraving of his ancestor, the Marquis de Lafayette, which he handed to me with courteous grace saying, "Mr. Secretary, this is the only picture now in my house which I recognize as having belonged to me. It is an engraving of my ancestor, the Marquis de Lafayette. I think of nothing so appropriate to do with it as to present it to the American Secretary of War on the day when the American army drives the invader from my home and restores it to me."

I still have my picture. It is framed now and hangs over the fireplace in my library as my chief memento of the great struggle and it has always seemed to me to be a peculiarly touching thing that the American army's entrance into

France should have been celebrated with the warm announcement "Lafayette, we are here," and that the first independent action of the American army resulted in restoring Lafayette's descendant to his home and domestic belongings.

I hope that this incident will seem interesting to you.

Cordially yours,

Newton D. Baker

Chapter XVIII

"In the Trenches." Letters of Lieutenant Karl Minnigerode. To his sister

Lt. Karl Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

Presidio,
San Francisco,
July, 1917.

Dearest Sister,

No word from you for ages. We are now reaching the home stretch of the Training period and I have never seen such a worried and anxious bunch of "Rookies" in my life. No one knows whether he can get by, and be made an officer, or not. It is hard on the nerves not knowing just what one may receive. I am in good luck however, because if I fail to make a commission (and I simply cannot tell) Cousin May Tucker who is the head of the Red Cross here has promised me an ambulance to drive in France, one donated by the Town and Country Club.

I told you I had run into a nice chap, Beverley Tucker from Virginia, a sort of cousin of ours, who is also in training. He really introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. James Tucker, delightful people, but I was no stranger to Mr. Tucker, for he was in the Army of Northern Virginia and knew our father well. He used to be at our house in New Orleans before I was born, and he has been lovely to me.

As for her, she's a peach—she lets me call her cousin, and allows me soldiers' privileges.

The Pacific Union Club also gave an ambulance, and if Bev does not make the grade either for a commission, he will drive that one. A wonderful piece of good fortune, I think.

I registered for the draft from New Mexico but have heard nothing.

I'm going to get into it, somehow, somewhere. Watch Karlchen.

So far I have gotten along beautifully and I see no reason why I should not keep up the good work. There are some splendid chaps here, Harry Breckenridge, Assistant Secretary of War under Mr. Garrison, for one.

The life is truly wonderful and I am feeling fit as a fiddle. I have seen a great deal of Gordon McCoy—good old boy. He is at the camp. I always was sorry you did not know him when you were so near, he is a fine boy and a good friend to me.

Isn't it fine that the "Babe" is going over too? If I am in the Ambulance service we may get together. The Almighty is powerful good, don't you think? *But I have got to be there in the first real army to go.* I feel so happy and well, and contented with this chance to do something really worth while, I feel as if I could almost jump out of my skin.——

A new song out here is very cute and expressive, I think:

"Where do we go from here, Boys,
Where do we go from here?

We'll slip a pill to Kaiser Bill
And make him shed a tear—
And when we see the *enemee*
We'll shoot him in the rear—
Oh, Joy! Oh Boy! Where do we go from here?"

Love to every one and a little dough, if possible.

Affectionately,

Karlchen.

The Gordon McCoy referred to in this letter is a delightful boy—"Boy" with me, meaning anything under fifty—and a tip-top friend to this Karlchen of mine, who from time to time in his hectic career, has had use for friends. He comes of the old Maryland stock, than which there is no better, and his exploits have been worthy of that long line of distinguished ancestors, from William Pinckney, Attorney General of the United States, who endeavored with James Monroe to arrange matters with the British Government in 1806 and avert the war in which later he was wounded—the war of 1812. Gordon McCoy had another ancestor of eminence in the war of 1812, Dugan Williams of Baltimore, to whom Francis Scott Key presented the first draft of the lines which have become our National Anthem. Gordon McCoy's father was, like Karl Minnigerode's father, a Confederate officer. And the old fire and steel of those days has come on down in both of these young soldiers.

During the great Mississippi floods of 1927, Gordon McCoy, then a Major in the United States Field Artillery, did a picturesque and gallant deed with that spontaneous courage so unconscious, at the moment, of doing anything unusual. He was in a plane, surveying the situation, as he was on relief duty in the flood district, and spotted a lone

darkey on top of a rapidly submerging hut. Dropping in reach of this poor creature, he learned that the house was full of small-pox victims, quarantined and deserted. He rescued these twenty-odd sufferers, got them safely to an isolation camp, and sensibly and promptly had himself vaccinated.

(I hope I do not bore my readers with *telling everybody who everybody else is.*)

Lt. Karl Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

Presidio,
San Francisco,
August, 1917.

Dear Sister,—

Both your telegrams came. The first one, I thought, "slammed my gate," but as usual I had not expressed clearly what I wanted to.

Instead of one we must get two uniforms, equipment, field glasses, revolver, bedding rolls, mattresses, etc., costing between two hundred and fifty and three hundred smacks and it just cleaned me, and I haven't got it all yet. I am more than willing to have part of my pay allotted to you each month. That will be the first thing I will attend to. I had to sign a paper in regard to the disposition of my six months pay in the "event of death in the line of duty" which the Government would pay. I named you beneficiary.

If we leave for Europe from the east I will most certainly see you, but one doesn't know a thing. Some people

say we will be sent to Russia. I hope so because the fighting there is more open and nearer what we are used to.

I was terribly homesick, the first time for years, when I wired you. Every one else going home for a last look at their folks, so they seemed to think, and I weakened a little I guess. I won't go to the country with the Tuckers until after I hear from you. That is "old stuff" and I am off trying those tricks for life.

Much love.
Affectionately,
Karlchen.

San Francisco,
August 26, 1917.

Dearest Sis,—

I found your wire on Saturday on my return from Napa county where I went to visit the Tuckers. They have the most wonderful place there and you can imagine Beverley and I enjoyed every minute of the time. I think it is the most beautiful spot that I have ever seen. The trip was worth while just to know the people. They did everything that could be done for us in the way of fitting us out with little things that will add to our comfort, such as sweaters, knitted helmets for watch duty, etc. Cousin May is also sending me a wrist-watch as soon as she finds one she likes. I have but very little equipment to get now, a cot and a few little things.

I am writing on the train, in a few minutes we cross from California into Oregon. It is with feelings of the greatest

Captain Karl Mimmigerode, U. S. A., Presidio, San Francisco

regret that I am leaving California, especially San Francisco, everyone has been so kind to me ever since I came to the Presidio for training.

Yesterday morning I went to church and heard a very good sermon. I am sorry it wasn't a communion Sunday.

My love to everybody.

Affectionately,

Karlchen.

P. S. Your letter came just after I was transferred to 129th Battalion. There were no vacancies for a First Lieutenant in the 128th—that means I am a First Lieutenant, and from Feb. 12. In telling you this I am mixing the good with the bad but telling you the good first. Slipped into a little "Crap Game," left $130.00, all I had—and slipped out. My first step downward. I am not drinking or playing cards but when I was promoted I felt so good I took a little whirl at "craps" and "they ruined me."

You've asked me about Army songs—well, Sister, they are sometimes just a little rough for you, but pretty good for keeping up the morale and good humor among men. I wish somebody would make a collection, an "anthology" I believe is the term, of army songs. Those we use are not sentimental like the Civil War ballads, but you know what a bear-cat Karlos is for jazz. It's wonderful how men can step right out to something like this:—

I ain't been long in this Man's Army,
  It ain't been long since I arrive',
But I like it better than farmin',
  No mo' cows to milk an' drive—

Shave an' a hair-cut! Bay rum!

They teach you all this soldier business,
How to march an' turn around,
Give you a gun an' put it on your shoulder,
One, two, three, an' you put it on the ground—

Shave an' a hair-cut! Bay rum!

Then they march you to the bathhouse,
Funniest sight I ever saw before,
Water runs in through a hole in the ceiling,
Runs right out through a hole in the floor—

Shave an' a hair-cut! Bay rum!

Then they march you to the stable,
Give you a brush an' a curry comb,
Make you work as long as you're able,
Turn right around and you march back home—

Shave an' a hair-cut! Bay rum!

Then they take you to the Finance Office,
Man right there gives you your pay—
Take it to the squad room—lay it on the table,
Guy yells "craps" and he takes it away—

Shave an' a hair-cut! (jaw-bone).

From Lt. Karl Minnigerode, 128th Machine Gun Division, to Mrs. Andrews.

Camp Doniphan, Okla.
Dec. 9th, 1917.

Dearest Sister,

Your most welcome letter came the other day and I enjoyed it hugely. Just as soon as I can get to town I will procure another "yaller slip" and send it along.

Tonight a most terrible blizzard is raging and it seems

as if each moment the tent and its occupant must be picked up and hurried to parts unknown. However the old stove is doing noble service and I am most comfortable, all things considered.

Today I received a lovely knitted helmet from San Francisco, a gift from Cousin May Tucker's mother. It surely arrived at the right moment as I immediately donned it and went right to drill. It was so miserable out that we didn't stay long. It is snowing so hard now that by morning it will be impossible to get out of the tent. I am sending you a small photo of me which I had taken for the War Department but I think they do not want it—so it's yours.

You have never sent me that book of your verses. Please do. I want them with me.

Rumors are that within two weeks we leave for Camp Mills, New York, and the point of embarkation for this Division. I am crazy about the Army and only regret that I did not get into it sooner. If I am spared through the war I am going to stay in it.

Devotedly,
Karlchen.

Company C. 129th Machine Gun Bri.
35th Division,
Camp Mills, N. Y.
Dec., 1917.

Dearest Sis,

Your two notes have come and I loved them. The above will always reach me after being forwarded. I had a talk

with Tydings and then with my Major and you can see I have transferred with great success.

Saw Julia and Mary, Patsy and Fitz. God bless you, Sis, you will get your reward. I know, for being *the* sister to me that you have been. Eliphalet's package has gone with my freight and when I get across and hold of it again I will send it on to him and try to see him.

I feel very satisfied with the way things have turned out, and if I don't come back, I will in a small degree have gotten back my own self-respect and made good, to a certain extent, the faith, love and money you put into this human investment.

Adios,
Affectionately,
Karlchen.

129th B.
35th Div.

Dearest Sis,

I do hope by now you are quite yourself again and that the operation turned out satisfactorily. Your little note from Powell's letter gave me great pleasure and I am truly glad that I am "one of the brightest jewels in your crown." That is one of the nicest compliments you have ever paid me. You are prone to flatter me at times but a little praise helps to keep up one's opinion of one's self.

I am busy with the sector I have command of. Lots of climbing, no hours that are regular. Some nights up all night—occasionally a good night's rest. Funny, how much

better one feels the next day. I was shot at this morning by a Boche sniper. Tee Hee! He missed me a "mile"! I don't think one has been moulded yet with my name on it!

I guess soldiering must be bred in us. I love it. I don't care much about it at night though. This is just a line Sis to tell you I am *with you all the time.*

Affectionately,
Karlchen.

In the Trenches,
129th Machine Gun Bri., A. E. F.

Dearest Sister,

I wrote you the other day but cannot remember exactly what I said so I will "carry on" with another letter, just a short one however as I am continually being interrupted first about one thing and then about another.

I have command of this particular sector and my whole platoon is with me. Myself and forty-two enlisted men. We are just in rear of the infantry trenches which we are supporting.

Where we are I cannot say. I censor my own mail, but I am honor bound not to peep regarding anything. We are comfortably fixed as far as practicable, and my platoon I think a wonder. I am more or less new to them and their capabilities are unknown to me but I have the greatest confidence in them.

We have been under fire several times and I have never asked them to go anywhere that I had not gone first. I know that they have noticed that in particular. Soldiers

are very quick to realize what their officers are like and in sizing officers up they do not usually go wrong. One cannot fool them.

I am sorry you don't approve of the Machine Guns branch of the service. To me it is the finest branch of all. They have greater dangers to encounter but they do more effective work, and that is what we all are after doing—effective work. Machine gunners have greater fire power than anyone else, they are more or less specialists in their work, therefore each M. G. officer is given greater latitude. They all usually support the Infantry, and the Infantry officers not being trained in our work as we are, have to rely on our judgment, so in a way we are our own bosses.

I have written the Babe and hope to hear from him. After six months service I believe we are allowed a little leave and then maybe he and I can get together for our leave.

This is a beautiful spot and it is hard to believe that such a business is going on. The "cooties" or some kind of fleas have literally devoured me. I am one enormous welt all over.

However, war is war and we cannot complain. The spirit of our men is wonderful. Long marches, heavy packs to be carried, rough country, and never a word in criticism about it. Lots of times supplies do not come up in time, but they take it all in good part. Good-bye, for this time. I am well and happy, and feel that I am staging a "come back."

Much love to you all.

Affectionately,

Karlchen.

July 19, 1918.

My darling Sis,

Your letters of June 19th and 24th, numbers 4 and 5, reached me this morning and I am miserable. Dear Sister, I have not felt such sorrow since the morning when you told me of mother's death. I simply could not keep back the tears, and me a soldier. I had just finished reading this enclosed letter from darling Mary Lord when I opened your letter. Hers to me is so game, so dear, and written only two days before she died. Nothing has so touched me in years.

I am trying to get a cable through but I am afraid it cannot be done owing to the fact that we are in such an isolated position. We may leave here for the rear shortly and then I can try again.

You are a brave woman, Sister, and an example to many an American mother. Thank God your boy is so far spared to you. Over here the women have gone through with so much.

Things are on the hum here now and the Americans are rapidly setting up a record for the other Allies to shoot at, for a long time to come. I heard this morning that in yesterday's fighting north of Paris we took 15,000 prisoners in a counter attack. Tonight some of our boys are going over the top and we are going to support them. I tried my best to be allowed to accompany them, but was turned down. Perhaps it is best. Some of the poor chaps will not

come back. Believe me, Sister, that anything I could do for you over here, beyond being a good soldier, I want to do.

Lovingly,
Karlchen.

In the Trenches,
August 15, 1918.

My dearest Sister,

I will write a line before the ink in the old fountain pen goes dry. We are up in the line again after two weeks' rest in the rear. Things are pretty active in this sector and we have about seventeen days of it left.

I have written the Babe twice and suggested that I come to him if I am ever enabled to go on permission. I should love to see him and pay him a short visit.

I am a little anxious this trip in the line because our positions are not quite so secure as they were before and the sector I am in command of is quite isolated from the rest of the battalion; however we are all in the best of spirits and I will swear by my platoon consisting of fifty men. They are splendid.

I suppose my allotment is coming to you in good shape. Enclose a tiny photo I had taken for my military identification card. You'll notice my head has been shaven for "safety first" reasons, we having relieved the French at this place. I am well and happy and love you a great, great deal. I am a good soldier *and I know it.* Love to all.

Ever your
Karlchen.

In the Trenches,
August 21st, 1918.

My dearest Sis,

Just a line to say that I am disgustingly well and happy and that I hope you are feeling much improved by this time. I wish that you were in some place where the nights were as delightfully cool as they are here. Heavy clothing is needed. I expect that in another two weeks we shall be on one of the most active fronts. Here there is some fighting but we shall leave here shortly and then we will see just what this division can do.

The two sectors where we have been are on the order of training schools for us but now the time has come when the less experienced troops are to come here and we depart for the places where there is more real work to be done. I will write again soon as I can. This is more a note of inquiry as to how you feel.

Affectionately,
Karlchen.

In the Trenches
Aug. 21, 1918.

My dearest Sis,

I haven't heard from you for quite a while so while I am "resting" I will just get a line off to you to let you know that you are constantly in my thoughts and that I love you a *very, very large amount.* I do hope the heat is not oppressive in the States. It certainly is not here, on the con-

trary, and during "Stand to" it is very cold. "Stand to" is a trench formation from 4 A.M. until daylight, it is the hour that "He" is most likely to attack.

My position is quite off from the rest of my outfit and my platoon of —— guns is in between two Infantry outfits, in the foremost line. This is unusual for my particular kind of work. The other night we had to "stand" from dusk until dawn. We were advised that we would be raided *sure,* but nothing happened, much to our disgust. We were ready for "Him" you may well believe.

I had a letter from Fitz some time ago, he had not been well, but was feeling better. In fact I heard that he came to see me last Sunday. That is he came as far as my Battalion Headquarters looking for me. They told him I was up in the line and he didn't have time to come the rest of the way. Poor old boy, he had been travelling all day in a car to find me.

Shaler Ladd, you remember, from New Mexico, has been severely wounded. He quit the training camp at San Francisco to become a second Lieutenant of Marines.

There is a possible chance, Sis, of getting detailed home for duty with a new Division, and promotion to Captain. If I am sent home, I am promoted. Our Battalion sends five officers and so far only two selected. I would be in the States a few months and then come back. A great many are being sent back. The idea is to put an officer who has been at the front, in each organization. Of course I would like that, but it is the Captaincy I want. That will be rank enough to suit me.

This afternoon our artillery is shelling the Hun's line of communication, whereby he brings up his supplies. They have been making direct hits one after another. I have been watching them and came in to write to you. God bless you.

I am going to send home to you $100.00 for "Thirst Stamps." I am not gambling so I can spare it. I do need more clothes, but why buy more when you are in the trenches? They do you no good. I suppose my allotments are coming along each month. I hope so. If I weren't honor bound not to write of military things I could write some interesting dope.

Oh, yes, I have a Y. M. C. A. man on the trail of some smokes for the "Babe." I don't know whether he got those I sent him for you or not. I must stop. Good-bye, for now. Much love to all.

Affectionately,
Karlchen.

P. S. It seems to me a funny thing how keen you are on these old Army songs. The men have a lot of fun singing them, and of course you know of old I love them. There is a good ring to some of them though for a poetess they may seem mere doggerel.

If you want to know where the Generals are
I'll tell you where they are—
I'll tell you where they are—
I'll tell you where they are—
If you want to know where the Generals are
I'll tell you where they are—
Down in the deep dug-out!

I saw them—I saw them—
Down in the deep dug-out!

If you want to know where the Colonels are
I'll tell you where they are—
I'll tell you where they are—
I'll tell you where they are—
If you want to know where the Colonels are
I'll tell you where they are—
Back in gay Par—ee!

I saw them—I saw them—
Back in gay Par—ee!

If you want to know where the Majors are
I'll tell you where they are—
I'll tell you where they are—
I'll tell you where they are—
If you want to know where the Majors are
I'll tell you where they are—
Winning all the Captains' pay!

I saw them—I saw them—
Winning all the Captains' pay!

And take it from old man Karlchen, Sister, these things are not as silly as they sound.

"See 'em here—see 'em there—
you can see 'em everywhere—
It's the DOUGHBOY that carries
them on!

Caked with mud—caked with blood—
out of water—out of food—
It's the DOUGHBOY that carries
them on!

The In-fan-tree—
That's the place for me—

Way out in front and going strong—
When your batteries are out
And your Cavalry is rout,
It's the DOUGHBOY that carries
them on!"

The Infantry—the Infantry—
With dirt behind their ears
Can lick their weight in wild-cats
And drink their weight in beers.

The Cavalry, Artillery, and the dog-gone Engineers
Will never pass the Infantry in a hundred thousand years!

Artillery—Artillery,
Your firing may be fine,
But you'll always find 'em firing
Seven miles behind the line—

And when the "moppers-up" get through and
they've re-formed the line,
You still will find th' Artillery just seven miles behind—

The Cavalry—the Cavalry—
With horses neat and clean,
Is one important part of Uncle
Sammy's great machine—

They ride around and snoop about and do their very best,
But when they see the enemee the DOUGHBOYS do the rest!

The Navy took them over and
The Navy brought them back,
The Navy took them over, and
It surely is a fact—

That when the war is really on we are marching
on the fronts,
The Army gets the devil and the Navy hit their bunks.

The Army eats the Wiener-wursts,
The Navy eats the ham,
The Army gets the "bully-beef,"
The Navy gets the jam—

But when the war is over and we all commence to roam,
The Army has the Navy just to bring the Army home!

You see I censor my own mail and I cannot tell you where we are or particulars of what we are doing, but I can send you a few Doughboy songs and hope they may cheer you up as they do us. As you often observe, men are childish—but you like 'em that way. I know you!

Karlchen.

From Lt. Col. Fitzhugh Lee Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

A. E. F. Sept. 10, '18.

Dearest "Maim,"

I've thought about you so, so much lately, but time is so scant that I haven't actually had enough of it to convert thoughts into letters.

Pats sends me some of your letters so in that way I feel I have heard from you direct. I've written Babe but so far have not heard from him. The mail service is susceptible to many improvements and the poor service can be blamed for most of the delays and failures. A recent letter from Aunt Belle who is at Nice was written on Aug. 8, and duly received on Sept. 3. Think of it. I cannot realize our loss. It is hard to think of it. And in these times of sorrow it is

doubly difficult to picture that precious life taken—in the surroundings of quietude, Home, and a great love that encompassed her. I have never felt the least inclination to flinch when thinking of your courage—*it is the brand,* "that stood four-square to all the winds that blew." You have needed it, and I thank God you have it.

I spent a day with Karl. His division was near mine and my first attempt to find him was a failure, but a week ago I took a car and pursued him—mirage that he seemed—and found him. To crown the discovery I brought him back to spend the night with me. He looks splendid and his superior officers tell me he is as good a soldier as he looks. Not because I was his brother, either. I can detect that species of camouflage in a second. They meant it. He is very, very anxious to remain in the Army after this rumpus is over and we must pull for it. It is the place for him.

My promotion has come and I feel an added dignity and importance in being addressed as "Colonel." I've always considered colonels (before we matriculated for the acid test of war) as being antique pieces with the uniform acting as a veneer to instability. I'll now change my mind. I'm not a full colonel, but a Lieutenant Colonel—but we are addressed as "Colonel." I'm sure Pats will celebrate with a new and expensive fall outfit.

She writes that the children are wonderful and have been like stars all summer. It seems that Jamestown has been an ideal place for them.

We are at present in the line in a quiet sector. We

"strafe" and are "strafed" in a mild sort of way, but as things go we are very quiet now. We lose a few men every day, so far one officer killed and two gassed. It's quite as safe as crossing Broadway on a Saturday afternoon.

Keep in touch with my girls. They couldn't be other than lovely if they tried and they are very strong in their love for you and that child that was—and is—yours.

Lots of love.

Fitzie.

The meeting of these two brothers, during active fighting in which Fitz was an officer in the Infantry and Karl a Lieutenant in the Machine Guns, was a great occasion for them both. Fitz had made one unsuccessful attempt to locate his younger brother, and this time was determined to get him. It was dark, and everybody dog tired; Karl covered with mud—I have the mud of the Argonne still on the clippers he used to cut the barbed wires—dirty and hungry, for there was confusion enough and the conditions he described in his last letter affected officers as well as enlisted men; then some fellow walked along bellowing out "Is Minnigerode anywhere? An *officer* is looking for him!" And Karl responding soon ran into another Minnigerode, also covered with mud and dogtired—Fitz!

"Karl," said an old friend to the younger of my soldier brothers, "Fitz always thought a lot of you, and from the time you were kids talked about all he intended to do for you. He has done pretty well for himself. What has he done for you?"

"A plenty," was the prompt response. "He has done

everything for me *by merely being my brother.* That has been enough."

Lt. Karl Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

Nov. 15, 1918.

Dearest Sis,

After being six weeks in the rear, four weeks in hospitals and the rest on leave, I will have an opportunity to write you. I am again on duty and feeling very fit. Of course I am pleased that the war is over—so are we all.

I waited five days in Paris for "Babe" and then went on a seven days' leave for Nice, to see Aunt Belle Minnigerode. The first thing she told me was that "Babe" was in Nice. I found him, and we had a wonderful week together, although an expensive one.

The boy is wonderful. He has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre. So he was the one to get the glory—— And me—a Captain was made while I was in the hospital and it would have been me if I had been here. We were just starting another huge offensive when the Armistice was signed. I am at present at Saint Mihiel, and we were on our way to Metz. I rejoined yesterday.

I am sorry—but it won't be long before I am promoted. I know because *"I am there."* I am contented as it is, but naturally everyone wants a raise. I found three letters from you and I loved them all. I had a new uniform made with the money I was going to send you. I will write again very soon.

Don't fear anything now. War is over and that "Babe" will be coming home soon to you. He is a corker.

With much love ever Affec.

Karlchen.

St. Mihiel
Nov. 25, 1918.

My dearest Three Sisters,

By the time this reaches you Christmas will be on us, so I am trying to save time and let you know that I am thinking of you constantly. First and foremost I want to wish all three of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and to say further that just as soon as I get a chance I am going to write to each of you separately.

At present the Captain is away and I have the entire company on my hands. That is why I am up against it. I have no place for writing, these billets are not what they might be but then soldiers don't complain.

I found my letters waiting for me on my return from hospital and leave. From all of you they are fine.

I wouldn't have taken twice of what it cost me to have seen that "Babe." He is a wonder. The little Devil—one cannot help but love him, and I hadn't seen him in nearly six years. That was my Christmas present to myself.

We were (the Division) on the way to Metz when the Armistice was signed. I was recommended for a Captaincy but not being with the troops at the time I was not promoted, after the fight. Now there are no more promotions in the A. E. F. However, I know I am a good first

Lieutenant, and my conscience is clear that my duty was well done and to the best of my ability. The fighting lasted six days and troops never fought more gallantly than these. I was the only officer in my company untouched.

I am longing for you all and the fine talks we will have when I get home. With my love to you all I am

Affectionately,

Karlchen.

These two wretches had a grand time in Nice, on Leave, where my own aunt, Belle Minnigerode had been living for years. In fact it was rumored that Belle exploited her aristocratic German connections before the war, spreading herself on the von Minnigerode, von Arnim, and Bismarck relationships, and calling herself Baroness, so that when the war came on, she was looked upon with at least a little curiosity, if not suspicion; under which circumstances it was a Bonanza to her to have two nephews and a great-nephew appear as soldiers in the American Expeditionary Force, and uniforms and Croix de Guerres decorating her abode. She certainly became very patriotic, and she and these boys had a jolly time.

At this time I was getting shock after shock in the form of drafts and cablegrams, that the where-with-all for the festivities might be forth-coming. Karl, the wily Karl, had "Babe" send these shots homeward, saying—and I can see him, plausible wretch that he is—"Well, I hate to have to draw on Sister this way, but what must be, must be." As I happened at that time to be the official errand-boy in the improvised Influenza Hospital in Washington, I had little need of money; and all the old accounts are squared. Paid back in values more precious in my sight than money—paid back in character as well as in cash.

Belle Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

Nice
Oct. 6, 1918.

My dear May,

I've just time for a hurried line as I am expecting the boys every minute—*your* boys—Eliphalet and Karl. To say I am happy to have them here doesn't express it—both so lovely—it would do your heart good to see the impression they have made, the *charming* impression.

"Babe" and a friend got here a day in advance. They took dinner with me Sunday night. I introduced them to some lovely Belgian girls and they were equally pleased. The mother invited them to tea the next day and they are going out together again today.

Imagine my surprise the next day when the boy came up and said "Your nephew, Lt. Minnigerode is downstairs" and there was dear old Karl. He did not know that Eliphalet was here and was *dee*-lighted, as he had waited days in Paris and missed him. They are devoted to each other and worship you. They say such beautiful things to me I am afraid my head will be turned. I have Karl and his friend Lt. Pierce from Lynchburg to dinner tonight; he is charming too. All of them so delightful. I feel as though I were aunt to all four—to think of having a nephew and a grand-nephew here in Nice.

Eliphalet attracts great attention—what a profile—not only his looks and manners but his Croix de Guerre—such a young fellow—everyone looks round—He was so modest about it, he had it in his pocket, but his friend told me about it, and we pinned it on his coat then and there.

Mrs. Wheatley has them all for tea today with some young girls and the boys are giving a tea in my honor tomorrow at a very smart place.

I wish, May, I really had it in my power to do something for them. They are thoroughly enjoying their trip and are taking some rest, which they need. Eliphalet is wonderfully like you, everyone thinks Karlchen is like me. I do hope Fitz can get here. Karl says you are nothing less than an angel to him. You have been father and mother to your brothers and sisters.

Please excuse this scratching. It is with a fountain pen, I will never know how to use them.

The boys are both in good condition though Karl is recovering from gas. How brave they are, and how proud I am of them. They are the gayest of the gay and the observed of all observers. Eliphalet so young and handsome, and Karl so debonair. They leave Saturday. I am too sorry.

With lots of love all around and three cheers for our glorious victories—the end is in sight.

Affectionately,

Belle.

Lt. Karl Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

Headquarters of the 35th Division,
A. E. F. France,
March 5, 1919.

My darling Sis,

I am a wretch to have waited so long before writing but I have been on the go all the time. After this do not address any more mail care of the 129th Machine Gun Bri-

gade, but in care of Fitz, 29th Division. He has had me transferred to his regiment, which makes it fine for me.

I have put in for the regular Army but am in doubt as to whether I get in. I am making the effort and have some very fine letters to accompany my application. I will leave this Division in about ten days and join the 29th Division. I have written the "Babe" but the scamp does not answer my letters.

I have seen Fitz twice within the last six weeks and Sis, he is splendid. He was given the Distinguished Service Cross for valor and will also get the French Croix de Guerre. Then he was also given the Distinguished Service Medal for an act of heroism in the Philippines in 1907—you may remember about the drowning of those soldiers—He is called "The Wizard" by his men and they are not far wrong. Luck has something to do with it, of course; we all have the stuff in us, we hope, but not the opportunity. I am terribly proud of him.

I am sending you $300.00 which you will do with as you choose and this makes me a little more than square on the Nice party; but I feel no regrets there, because I might not be here today had I not gone to Nice.

I was terribly disappointed at not being made a Captain, but I still have hopes.

So much for this time. I won't be home with the 35th Division. Love to all. Give my love to Danie, if you see him.

Affectionately,

Karlchen.

I did see Danie—Daingerfield Addison, First Lieutenant of Infantry, one of the handsomest of Karlchen's confrères. I was in the St. Mark's café, waiting for whomever it was who was destined to pay for my lunch, when slowly up the stair tapped a pair of crutches and my heart was all aflutter as a wounded hero in Khaki limped into view—so big —so handsome—Danie. I made a motherly rush at him —"Oh Danie dear—you were wounded!" Daingerfield Addison isn't a toy angel but he is a truthful gentleman, and he dried my tears and gave me a perfunctory kiss and roared out "Why, Mrs. Andrews, I dropped a piece of frozen beef on my foot! How's old Karl?" I call this a devastating love for the truth.

And now see this warrior bold, descendant of the feudal barons of the "Fatherland," the noble Karlchen, cooling his heels around Brest, a seaport town not quite so bad as Marseilles, but bad enough; unable to concentrate his massive intellect upon historic or artistic values, his eagle eye upon the sailing list, posted periodically, with the names of those next to embark.

Time-killing is a bore, restlessness frets his active soul, and still his name is not on the list.

Then Karlchen resorts to strategy, strategy not learned in war, but in that other pursuit, in which it is also (falsely) said that "all is fair." He attends the dances where he spots the officer whose duty it is to make out these lists, and he spots the pretty Red Cross nurse spotted first by the officer aforesaid. To her dear Karl, ever a successful squire of dames, persistently devotes himself.

They are inseparable. Karl spends much time and a little money on this matter, with the result that his brother officer sees in a few days the desirability of listing him for the next home-going transport! Thus he returned to the bosom of the family, up-standing, brown, good-humored and well pleased.

Chapter XIX

Andy and Kindy, U. S. A. A. C. 628. Of the letters of this boy who enlisted at Eighteen in the Ambulance Service, his mother received an average of six a month. The supplementary notes are by his "Buddy" Karl Kindleberger

S. S. U. 628.
March 19, 1918.

DEAREST FOLKS:—

My letter of yesterday was only a line or two, but today I will try and do better by you.

We are quartered in a little one-horse town with numerous Moroccans. They are terrible people, I shall never again say all coons look alike to me. They are supposed to be the finest fighters in the war. They not only fight the enemy but fight among themselves just for the fun of it. Night before last one of them shot four of his friends and then shot himself. They amuse themselves throwing hand grenades at each other in the spirit of play, but when they are really fighting the Boche they throw away their guns and fly at them with long knives like Mexican machetes. They are not very black—and wear the French Colonial khaki uniform. They are more ferocious than any people I ever imagined.

I got a letter from Mary Lord today, rather an old one, but welcome enough. We expect another load of American

mail shortly. Kindy and I are on the lookout. He thinks he is my chaperone. He is the sweetest little cuss I ever knew. His seven or eight years seniority leads him into the error of thinking sometimes that I am very immature. He has one of the pictures of me. Now in regard to these same pictures, which you seem to be distributing among the maidens, I don't particularly care to have my photographs broadcasted in this fashion over the entire district, for in that case, their value may decrease as is the case with anything that is too plentiful. Savez? Don't let your maternal pride and sisterly devotion move you to such extraordinary, unprecedented, salubrious and magnanimous scatterations.

I am a busy man, have been working constantly on my old motor to get her in good condition. Tightened her main bearings, as well as piston connections, and have practically rebuilt the whole car. This afternoon I ran the motor a little to get her loosened up, she is fine.

I received the cigarettes and chocolate, two packages and all that "D" brought for me, but letters are what Kindy and I need most. Don't cut down my supply of letters. I love them most and need them most and want to get them in big fat bundles. Mary Lord, write to me oftener, you VILE BABE. I shall put the helmet you knit away for cold weather. It will be fine. It is getting warm here now. Write to me oftener. My letters are for you both absolutely share and share alike.

At present we are hanging out in a French Y. M. C. A., run by a very pleasant American man. I can write for a while, until the niggers get in from drill. Then Kindy and

I will disappear as the dewdrop under the rays of the morning sun—the Moroccans may be great fighters but they are too smelly, noisy and quarrelsome to be agreeable.

For the last few days the Germans have been shelling this town, and we frequently are interrupted in our conversation by the sound of the shells bursting overhead.

In closing I will say that just because you hear frequently from me is no reason for you not to keep on writing and writing. I am still able to read, and never tire of such excellent literature. Please send us oodles and oodles of Chesterfields in tin boxes of hundreds and hundreds. It is growing late for a hard-working mechanic's-helper—Good night—the niggers are coming! Your loving and devoted

Babe.

S. S. U. 628.
April 16, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

This morning we all received packages in the mail, and believe me, it was time for them. The tobacco had about run out and there is none within miles of this place. I also received a little note from Belle Minnigerode asking me to visit her in Nice when I have my permission, but due to the red tape connected with getting permission to Nice, I will go to Aix-les-Bains with the rest of the American soldiers in France.

Mary Lord wrote me a long letter all about her visit to Richmond and Camp Lee while Fitz was stationed there. She has enjoyed her stay with him and Pats. As for me, I

do what I am told, and try to do it willingly and well. Sometimes I have all I can do in a day, and at other times I get no work for three or four days. In my line of work I get on pretty well, and try to increase my knowledge of motors and gas engines. I try to get along with everybody and evade expressing opinions about the members of the section. When you stop to think, and realize the possibility of being in this section with the same men for four or five more years, it is a bad policy to make enemies.

At the front posts we have one or two runs a night, on an average, but comparatively little work; in some places the roads are shelled at irregular intervals, we drive without lights, and the patients we transport, if in a bad way, get a little on our nerves. That is helped by knowing we are rendering them the best possible service in evacuating them and we cannot let sympathy incapacitate us for service. The Germans are busy but we are in very little danger. There are many things to see and do at the posts and many ways in which we can amuse ourselves, as well as give pleasure to the French soldiers.

Kindleberger has just had the news of his brother Earl's marriage. We rather expected it. There is little other news. He and I are perfectly well and contented. Send us lots of cigarettes and tobacco when you have the opportunity, and as frequently as possible. In regard to buying additional real estate, I would not give much for the piece you refer to, but if it can be had at a reasonable price, take it. I have my doubts, however, as to its being a good investment for it would be difficult to make first-class property of it.

That would involve some labor and expense. The lack of trees would be a handicap if you wanted to sell it. No doubt you have considered these points, but as I see it, the lack of shade trees, the proximity to the road, the middle-class appearance of the entire place, make it very doubtful. I should consider the matter very carefully.

Now the proposition of the friends you spoke of. They are very kind and considerate, but don't allow them to rest on your neck like a ton of brick. Try to keep a little distance between you and them, or you will have a pair of white elephants on your hands, who will make your life a burden, and you may be compelled to snub them to get rid of them. At present this is the longest letter I have written since I have been in France, so I will close.

With all my love

Babe.

S. S. U. 628.
June 10, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

We are on the move again but have not gone far this time. We still work our front posts but are cantoned further behind the lines. I don't know whether I may tell you what has happened in the last few days or not, but here goes for an attempt. We were on one end of an offensive, the main attack was made to our right. Although we had expected an attack, we had almost given up hope, thinking it was a false alarm. Night before last at about twelve, the whole thing broke loose at once, the Boche bombarded steadily

"Andy" at the time of enlistment, age 18. May, 1917

for nearly twelve hours, and the French seventy-fives answered with one continual roar and rumble.

Nearly the whole section was kept on the go the entire time, and we had only about six left to move all the section property. We do not know how the attack came out, but a few Boche prisoners said they had not advanced far. I am able to pick up a little more news than some of us because of my command of German. I frequently am called on to question the German prisoners, and that old nursery German stands me in good stead. We are all happy and contented, most of us pretty tired, and the rest of us doing what we can to make things easy for the boys who worked all night. During all of that work, only one ambulance went "en panne" and as luck would have it, it was Sam Borden's. When his car went, it went; he broke a gear, burnt a band in the transmission, and cut off a pin in his low speed. We got him fixed in about two hours and then went to bed.

We move again tomorrow, so I will close now and get things in some sort of order.

Devotedly,

Babe.

S. S. U. 628.
June 16, 1918.

(Ravenell—Montdidier—)

Dearest Mother:—

There has been little time to waste in the last few days and none for writing letters. Now, however, things have

quieted down again and it is the same quiet country that it was before. We did have some work, and hard work while it lasted, but that kind of war is too strenuous, and would exhaust both sides in a comparatively short time. We settle down for months of quiet warfare, and then have a grand splurge. The whole works cut loose at once. That lasts about a week and then another long rest. I heard that Winthrop Lockwood was killed in this last drive. You know who he is. He was in our section in Allentown and I went to school with him at St. Alban's. I saw Bill and Ned Chapman from 514, they both seemed in good condition.

There is a lot I would like to write about, but fear our censor would scratch it out, so will close. All of my love to all of you.

Devotedly

Babe.

S. S. U. 628.
Convois Autos,
Par B. C. M.
June 28, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

It is a wonderful day, bright and cloudless, quiet and peaceful. It is hard to believe that a war is going on and that the front lines are scarcely ten miles away. I have not heard a gun all day, in fact not for three or four days, with the exception of an occasional nocturnal visit. Friend Boche has behaved very well for a long time. He is, how-

ever, subject to sudden bursts of violence, and when he starts, look out. I have had a couple of pretty full days overhauling cars, but no work to amount to anything.

Some of our friends must be filling Washington with wild tales of this terrible war. We get hectic rumors about heroes and it is a shame for some men to have had as many narrow escapes as they have had. I rather think they begin to believe their own stories about the horrors and dangers of war. As a matter of fact, this work is no more dangerous, and a lot less work, than working in a munitions factory.

How long is Mary Lord going to stay in North Carolina? I think it would be a good idea for you two to keep together. Don't be separated from each other. I must close now, but will write again soon.

Always your devoted

Babe.

[Mary Lord had died on June 23. Her brother did not hear of this for two weeks.]

S. S. U. 628.
July 3, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

All day yesterday and today we have been making most elaborate preparations for tomorrow. We have borrowed the only piano in this town, appropriated people's benches, tables, table-cloths and silverware for the occasion. For

the afternoon we have planned all kind of amusements and athletic events among ourselves. After dinner the "Song birds" will render sweet music, provided they are moderate as to food.

I have been very busy myself today, not repairing Fords, but building every conceivable musical instrument from drums to violins. My usually spotless workshop is one mass of chips and little scraps of wire. There are enough nails and screws on the floor to build a house. Tools are everywhere except in the shop. God help the man who breaks an axle tonight, I won't get to him much before morning.

The war has been all called off in Army 628 for a few days, but will be renewed after the effects of the FOURTH of July Celebration have worn off. Must go to supper.

Always devotedly

Babe.

[Eliphalet Fraser Andrews to his Mother, the news of the death of his only sister on June 23, 1918, had reached him indirectly, his mother's letters having travelled more slowly than those of others to his comrades.]

S. S. U. 628.
July 28, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

Yesterday I returned to the section and found a large bunch of mail. I cannot say how wonderful your letters are,

so calm and quiet yet so devoted and sincere. It is useless for me to try to express my grief and sorrow, but I can say that God took her for some good purpose. She is better off now than she ever would have been here. You have been wonderful through it all. I wish I could have been there. Did you ever get my cablegram? I sent it civilian rates thinking it might be a little faster. I addressed it to the Shoreham.

When I was on leave I met three of the fellows of section 14, which was broken up before we left home. We had a pretty fair time in Aix, but everything is rather quiet there. On my way back I was forced to cash two checks which I hope you will meet with my coming remittance. Taking all things together I prefer the Front to Leave. I like shells better than I do the artificial women. And I like our own simple meals every bit as well as I do the dolled-up dishes at Ciro's and the Café de Paris. All things considered I prefer the front for steady diet. Am very glad to be back again. Even at that we get tired of the monotony and are glad to get away for a while.

While in Paris we managed to get Bill out to this section. It will do him a world of good. Paris is no place for him. I hope he will enjoy the contact with the real men we have, and not belly-ache about a little hardship.

I thanked Kindleberger for the flowers his mother was so kind as to send in his name.

Always your loving and devoted

Son.

S. S. U. 628.
Convois Autos,
Par B. C. M.
August 6, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

The mail today brought three letters of wonderful words and beautiful thoughts from you. I only wish that my words could express my thoughts.

Arthur has been more a friend than a servant. Not that one may not be both. I am afraid his idea and your theory is a little lacking. I have seen terrible suffering here, but that has not dulled my perception or lessened my sorrow for Mary Lord.

There was but one Mary Lord.

Though we do see a lot of suffering, it all bears the thought of duty with it. It is all so impersonal and in such quantity that we do not consider it when we are once back in our cantonment. We would go mad. The nerves just balk, as it were.

Yet in a way, you are right. For when I consider that Mary Lord was doing her bit here, and was only taken to where she could be of more good, she will transmit her sweetness and purity and her devotion and faith to a greater number. Here she could affect only those who came in direct contact with her. There, we know not the range of her influences.

When taken in that light the whole scene changes color, as it seems. The tones that were harsh and painful suddenly

become soft and soothing, while there is a happiness about it that seems to fascinate and enchant us.

That is the way I have come to consider my little sister, who was never anything but adorable.

Oh, Mother, you will never know how terribly the news struck me. At first I could hardly believe it and then I was almost beside myself for days. No one knows how gladly I would have gone in her place. She has done more good than I ever can. Everyone has been wonderful. I get stacks of letters in every mail, but yours are the ones that count.

It is not forbidden to send magazines and papers by mail. So will you send me some regularly?

Work is pretty slack at present but we may see more in the near future. Action is what we live for. We spend most of our time in anticipation. At some times it is stronger than at others, but it is always present.

I would have written this letter two weeks ago, but somehow I couldn't express myself.

Give my love to everybody at home, to Arthur in particular.

Lovingly and devotedly

Babe.

[The last attack on Montdidier followed up to the Belgian Border through St. Quentin]

S. S. U. 628.
Aug. 23, 1918.

Dearest Mother:

You may wonder why I have not written for such a long time, but the reason is simple. I have been working in the

great drive and this is my first moment of real peace. After the first advance I went up to the front with the cars to keep an eye on them and to do any work that was necessary. I stayed with them and advanced beyond our division till we were about twenty kilometers ahead of our old lines. Stayed at one town out there two days and was on the go all the time. Then as luck would have it, a shell came unpleasantly close and I ducked, but in so doing cut my hand on a stone. After that accident I returned to our cantonment, and was put in charge.

We moved everything up about fifteen kilometers and stayed. I stationed myself there to look over every car that came past with a load of patients, giving gas, oil, water and grease to the car, and coffee, bread, butter and jam to the drivers. That job kept me up night and day for nearly a week, so when things grew quiet again I wanted a little rest.

There is no more news than that, except that during the time I got a few letters from you and one from Fitz.

Devotedly

Babe.

S. S. U. 628.
Sept. 2, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

Yesterday I wrote you a long letter and have little left to say. This, however, is along the usual line. Got the Gimmies. In moving I lost my long sheepskin coat and am absolutely lost without it. Is there any possible way of sending

me another? I want one with a good fur collar, length to the knee. I am sending in a request for one but fear the Colonel will not sign as they can be bought in Paris. But terribly high.

The Army issue overcoat is fine for drills and parade, but entirely too stiff and tight for use out here. If you can get it through please put in a pair of driving mittens with no fingers. Mine are completely worn out.

I still have my leather vest and moleskin helmet, a flock of sweaters and a bunch of socks, but winter is coming on and we must look way ahead, allowing for the slowness of mails and delay of packages.

I believe I never gave you a good explanation of the two checks I drew on Burke and Herbert. They were not so much for my own personal use as for two boys who came across with us and went broke on leave.

You know them. They had been working in a big Boche offensive and had lost nearly all of their possessions. While on leave they wanted to stock up a little, and get a few clothes, toilet articles and personal stuff which the Army does not issue. I was not able to say "no" when they asked me for some funds, because I know what a tough time some of them have. Everything is high, especially American things and the things Americans want. You don't know how good it feels to be able to clean up, after driving two or three days without rest, or after sleeping or working in the same clothes for a week. I will spare you the gruesome details, but to feel like a gentleman, and renew one's acquaintance with a tub, helps the morale for all of us.

I only gave them each two hundred francs. That is not much. It don't go far. When we used to travel around in Europe it seemed a lot, and father knew how to handle it, but under these conditions it will not buy much. I would not have had to do that, except that a friend is a friend, and they were all wonderful to me that day in Paris when I heard about Mary Lord leaving us.

I intended to tell you this before, but I came back from leave and got into the hardest work I have had, and it just escaped my mind. I may have been a little too generous but I don't regret it. Please see that it is taken out of my income. I never want you to be worried, or to pay for any mistakes or extravagances of mine.

Always your loving and devoted

Babe.

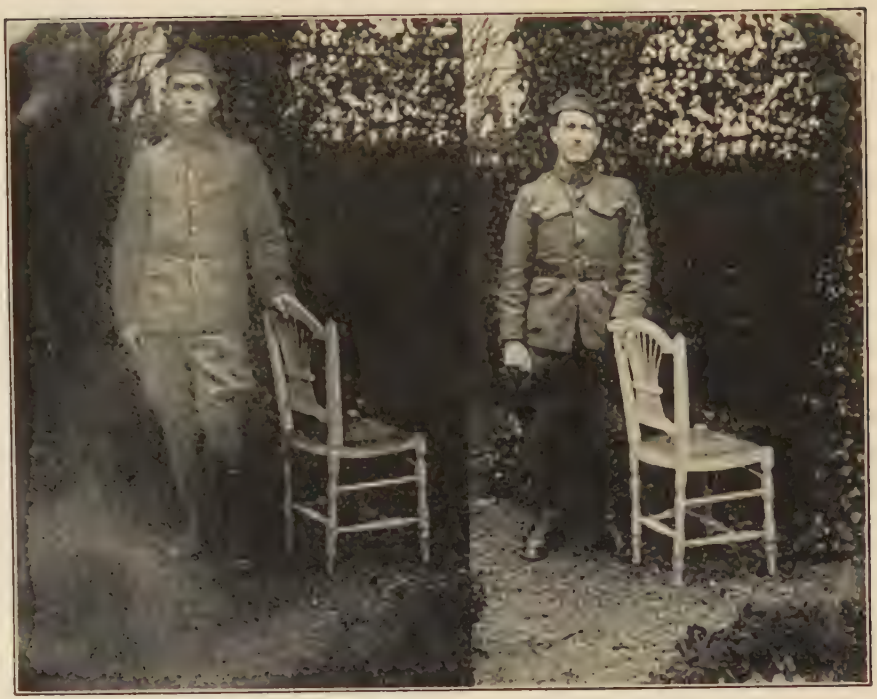
P. S. Your last letter was No. 94.

S. S. U. 628.
Convois Autos,
Sept. 17, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

Today's mail brought me another bunch of your letters, 101, 103, 104 and 98. Also from Aunt Luce and a check from the American Security and Trust Company.

I think you should be allowed to take complete control of Mary Lord's estate and do as you see fit. I am more than willing to turn over my share of the responsibility to you for two reasons. First, I am too far away to keep in



"Andy" *and* *"Kindy"*

touch with things and second, I would have to have a guardian whose views might not exactly coincide with mine.

I think that you should act as sole executor and trustee with an occasional word from Cousin Rozier. I wrote to him yesterday and said the same things so in case this letter goes astray you have the other.

We seem to strike unusually quiet sectors, though today I was most rudely interrupted in my swim. The Boche put in a few shells while we were in the lake. Somehow our section seems to have a soothing effect on the war. Bill has a rough road to travel and a big hill to climb before he gets over his childish and impertinent manner. Paris did him no good at all, and now his habits are in-growing into his skin which has toughened a little over them. He is a poor loser and puts up a terrible howl when things do not come his way. It will take time to convince him that he is not infallible. A fellow has to brace himself in this sort of life. It does not have many attractions and is in no way a cheerful one. In our section we have little groups who stick together and have little or nothing to do with the rest. The old men who were in this section before America came into the War, hang back and will not mix with those who came in later, while the new men will not thrust themselves forward. These conditions make a little strain on those who, like Kindy and me, are in the cantonment all the time. Never a day passes without some man complaining about some trifle. It sounds like a nursery full of spoiled babies. Belly-aching. Then the aspect of the country does not add to the cheerfulness. Demolished houses, shell-torn

trees, hungry children and anxious looking women do not put people in high spirits. It seems a shame that thirty fine Americans completely isolated from their own army, can't get along together, with good officers, friendly non-coms., good quarters and good meals. That is, as good quarters as are to be found for soldiers—just soldiers—and the best food within forty miles. It does not worry me much, for I have my own line of work and do it the best I can. I try not to complain and not to get sore, but sometimes I would like to use my tools for other purposes than repairing Fords.

I do not advise you to come over here for various reasons. First, the danger of the ocean voyage. You are all I have left and I don't want to risk your life unnecessarily. Second, the American women over here think they are doing a lot. Some of them are, in the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army and the Hospitals and Motor service. But many of them are excess baggage, getting in the way, getting into trouble, acting indiscreet, and enjoying liberty they never had at home. You can do a great deal more good at home where you are loved and honored than you could do here with a transient mob of men who might appreciate you for a little while, then forget you—or never think at all but take your services as a matter of course. I could be with you only one week out of about seven months, so I'll do mine here and you do yours there, where it is less trying.

Your loving and devoted

Babe.

S. S. U. 628.
Sept. 19, 1918.

Dearest:—

I never heard of Delozier's death until I got your letter today. It is very saddening. Aviation and machine guns are most dangerous. Aviation will get all of them who stay in it long enough. Wonderful boy, D. I shall write at once to Mrs. Davidson. Received the draft for three hundred and thirty-seven francs—about sixty dollars. Sam Borden will get it cashed for me when he goes on leave.

By the way I lost the letter of introduction you gave me to General Jefferson Randolph Kean, and one from Mrs. Shepherd to General Pershing. They were in the pocket of my sheepskin coat which was stolen. At least you can send me a duplicate to General Kean. I might find something of the sort useful for somebody in an emergency.

I saw two of our old section in Paris when I was last there, special pets of yours in Allentown. Henry and Buss. Both were a little bit how-come-you-so, and the observed of all observers at a crowded little café, a very gay one, at the hour when every table was full. They had hold of the little boxed cedar trees by the entrance and were pulling the tips of them over so the trees were making respectful bows to the boys. "I teash you how to bow to a southern shentlman—bow, bow, bow, to a Faginia shentlman" they were commanding the trees, with tremendous dignity, as they pulled them over. Nobody understood it but Kindy and myself. Our section has been steadily on the go. However we are pretty well settled now. We are sleeping in the

cellar of an old house in a demolished village, Kindy and I and the cooks. You see I am in safe hands. Kindy for the moral support and the cooks for the physical. Kindleberger is all nuts over becoming an uncle. The mail yesterday was a good one—letters and cigarettes. No letter from Fitz. Nor anything yet from our trustees as to your being sole executor of Mary Lord's estate. Maybe they have nothing to do with that, I being still a minor, I could do little at this distance even if I were of age, and I am entirely satisfied to leave it entirely in your hands.

At the present rate of advance it will not be long before the greater part of France has been retaken, and probably a little fighting will be done on German territory. The American offensive made wonderful progress the first two days. They took St. Mihiel and advanced twelve miles beyond, taking thirty thousand prisoners. Frequently I am called in to question the prisoners when our officers do not speak German. Sometimes when the repair work is heavy and there are many wounded to evacuate I have been allowed to select a couple of German mechanics from among the prisoners as helpers. They are good workmen. Many of them just tired little boys. They are stolid. Not much fight or spite or "shrecklichkeit" left in them—poor devils.

It is necessary to modify, in your own mind, American newspaper reports, but the French papers are all censored and very reliable. They under-estimate, rather than exaggerate.

Please remember to send me a sheepskin coat.

Your devoted

Babe.

American Field Service in France
Service Automobile American aux Armees Francaises.
21 rue Raynouard,
Paris XV

Nov. 27, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

Today I heard that censorship restrictions had been lifted, so I am going to try to give you the account of my journeys over the front.

I ought to have a map to show just where I have been, but will give you the places and tell you what happened.

We landed on January 10 at Brest, and all the casuals were sent to a base camp near Paris. I stayed on the ship for four days and had all our company boxes addressed and shipped to M—— in the Oise. Then I followed and arrived in camp on the fifteenth. On the twentieth of January I was given transportation for eight men and told to report with them to section 628 in Ste. Menehould in the Argonne. We arrived that evening, had supper and went to bed. For the first week or so we did the dirty work to show what we could do, then I was given a car and learned the front posts in that sector. There we stayed. It was very quiet and no need to be relieved. When the big German offensive started in March 1918, we were ordered to Coirvel, a little town near Montdidier.

I was on the road for three days with a broken axle. Finally I got a new one (from a staff French car) and finished the trip alone. I arrived at our destination a day ahead of the section and waited for them. We started

working in that sector on April 17, and stayed till the end of August. That was a pretty warm sector, but I did not see as much action as I expected. There was little mechanical work, the ambulances being practically new; the roads were good and the evenings long. On the 9th of June the Boche renewed their drive, but we had sufficient reserves to hold them, but we had four days and nights of real work.

After that things quieted down and were very pleasant until the Allied Offensive started in August. The first few days were not bad, but we struck some heavy resistance about twenty-five kilometers from Montdidier. We had a little hard luck in the section but managed to keep going. We were then relieved by a division of Alpine troops who carried the attack up past Ham, where we took it up again. At St. Quentin I had some pretty mean work repairing cars under bombardment, but was only seared a little, not hurt. It was then that I was cited for a Croix de Guerre. On top of the hill somebody was potting at me with a machine gun and kept me in a ditch till dark. I dug up some copper wire lying across the road as I needed some. It was the telephone line to the General's Headquarters. We were relieved then, and did not go back into line. This is not much of an account. Funny things happened all the time. The worst were the attempts at French. In the very beginning when we had left the base camp at two little towns, Bornell and Belle-Eglise, from which we were sent to the section at Ste. Menehould, one bird was trying to spill a lot of French to two French girls, demonstrating with temperamental gestures which he imagined were quite

Frenchy, the direction from which we had come. He pronounced Bornell *Bordell,* which is a common term for *bad house.*

You see I was first in the Somme defensive, and then in three big offensives, Montdidier—Noyons, the Somme offensive, and Oise-Aine—when I have a little more time I will try to write more fully, but before many months now we will sit down together by the library fire and talk ourselves out.

Your loving

Babe.

Later, [in the same day]

I think we will be in Paris for about a week more. Then I shall follow our section into Belgium and from there into Germany. We happen to be in the Army of Occupation, which will mean we won't get home as soon as some of the others.

Now that I have seen this much of it I would hate to miss anything. In fact I think it would be a wonderful opportunity to see how much the German people have suffered in comparison to the French. My grippe is getting on as well as can be expected but I am by no means as pepful as I would like to be. That Spanish Flu has been pretty bad in this country and I don't want to take any chances with it. I am technically on duty, but have nothing to do, in fact I don't feel equal to doing much and would have been kept in the hospital except that they were about to move.

By the way, we had better decide what I am going to do when I get home. I have forgotten nearly everything I

ever knew, but have learned to work, and to work hard. I have kept our section running. It is over now, and we came out on top. I haven't had my mail for a month and so cannot answer yours.

Your loving

Babe.

Le Nouvion
Dec. 15, 1918.
S. S. U. 628.

Dearest Mother:—

I arrived here yesterday afternoon and found a large bunch of letters waiting for me, all of which I shall try to answer in one, which accounts for this large sheet of paper. First of all I shall try to tell you what I have been doing for the past forty-seven days. The first fifteen were spent in going to, and returning from, Nice. I have written you and Aunt Belle has written, and Lieutenant Karl Minnigerode, my beloved uncle, has written, and our various checks, drafts, cablegrams and S. O. S. messages have kept you more or less aware of our existence.

I got back as far as Beauvais, and entered the American hospital with a high temperature and a terrible headache. I started coughing at once and almost had bronchial pneumonia. The hospital was moving so I was sent to Paris where I staid for three weeks. Then came the worst part. I went on duty from Headquarters and was sent on a drive of about forty kilometers beyond Fontainbleau. Rather different from the drive we took through the forest when I

was a boy—you and father and Mary Lord and me. After being on the road all night in a rain driving and waiting with no windshield, while the officers I was chauffeuring were inside passing the time in ways I leave to your imagination, I returned with a temperature of 104, and was put to bed for a week. Then I came out here on a terribly slow train and finished the journey in the mail truck. Ran into Arthur Kinsolving.

Your loving

Babe.

Le Nouvion,
Dec. 18, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

This letter will probably not reach you till about the middle of January. It is, however, a sort of a Christmas letter. It is not strictly speaking pleasant to look forward to another Christmas away from you but what must be must be. Neither you nor I have the power to change it.

At present Kindleberger and I are living with two old Frenchmen, brothers, who have not seen their families since the beginning of the War. They are extremely poor and live in the most frugal manner imaginable. If we remain here we can surely help them out a lot. We buy honey and butter and tobacco for ourselves and them. We can give them at least a little Christmas pleasure.

This is a desolate season in this country, and the conditions make the desolation all the more prominent. Rain is all we have for weather, and desertion and ruin is ninety

per cent of the landscape. Houses are wrecks, the charred timbers and torn walls are all that are left of thriving little neat towns—the sort you have loved to paint—and the quaint old churches are to be identified by just a poor bit of a tower or gothic window frame here and there. The hills are all barren and the trees mostly destroyed or cut by the recent invaders.

It will take years and years to rebuild what has been destroyed in a few hours' bombardment. On the whole the entire situation is depressing, the work has no charm, the food is worse than ever before and the coming of winter hangs like a dark cloud over everything. Since the Armistice there has been a slump in the morale of the men; there seems no purpose to serve by hanging on. In addition to the general disenchantment there is a wild desire in everybody to get home, and it is every man for himself. It was not that way while there was real work to do. Everybody who has a little pull is using it. Every atom of influence is being brought to bear on transportation home, and each man says "the touter, the suiter."

I have no burning desire to wallow any longer in the mud and fix Fords, but I can't quit the job. I'll have to do what is necessary. Here's hoping we will spend the Fourth of July together, anyhow.

Your loving and devoted

Babe.

P. S. You used to be rather keen on that Kipling stuff, barrack-room ballads, and "I learned about women from

her," how would you like a little echo of it from the front? I will try to give you an idea of a dialogue between two of these men—a little human nature never shocks you beyond endurance.

It had been routine in the section for several days. Dick, a boy you know very well, had been sentenced to thirty days' hard labor by a summary court for going on a visit to his girl in Belgium. Instead of being sent to a prison camp he was allowed to stay with the section and do the dirty work. Very dirty, for the old aristocracy of Virginia to dig a deep hole and bury all the garbage and other objectionable waste.

The joke seemed to be on Dick. A youthful romance should not lead to such an anti-climax. As the ground was slightly frozen he declined to dig without a suitable pick. (Move number one.) The section boasting no such implement the work had been delayed in anticipation of a thaw. But there came a day when the situation had to be met. The garbage had accumulated and the Lieutenant was due back from a week in Paris.

"Oh hell, Sergeant," growled Dick, "you know I can't dig a hole without a pick—this job's hard on a guy even with a good pick."

"That's not my hard luck," said the Sergeant. "The Looie says for me to keep you on hard labor, and hard labor it's goin' to be. Froze ground makes it harder, but that don't make no never-minds to me. Get busy."

After the Sergeant's ultimatum Dick's idea struck him. He was a tall loose-jointed fellow from the Blue Ridge

mountains whose face wore an habitual expression of innocence as camouflage of an active brain. The Sergeant on the other hand has just arrived at that rank, is very conscious of authority, especially in the absence of the Lieutenant. The civilian population is returning to their devastated homes, so soon after the Armistice. It is pathetic and at the same time rather funny to see them hunting after little traces of their household gods. Creeping back, old men, cripples, women broken in health and spirit by the privations of the last years. Their only living is to sell to the soldiers such little commodities as they can.

On this knowledge Dick went into action. "Sergeant," he said, "let's go over and see if we can't borrow a pick at that Frog gin-mill over there."

In knowledge of French Dick had the advantage, wherefore he undertook negotiations. Two gentlemen could not borrow a lady's pick without ordering something for the good of the house, so Dick ordered drinks. The Sergeant bowing and smiling assent.

After three drinks they discovered, alas, that Madame had no pick, but that one might be obtained at a similar place further down the street. Kindy and I were trailing the pair from joint to joint. As Dick's financial rating weakened under the continued strain he made frantic gestures to us from the rear, indicating his willingness to be financially replenished, even while hospitably re-filling the Sergeant's glass.

After several such visits the Sergeant lost all interest

in picks and concentrated his martial mind upon negotiating the cobblestones ahead of him.

The Lieutenant had returned in not the happiest mood. The Sergeant and the prisoner rollicked into the shed we called our office to be met with great severity. "What does this mean?" he inquired in the most lieutenantistic tone. The Sergeant produced a bottle from his tunic, waved it aloft, saluted with all the gravity he could muster and enunciated—"Lieutenant, weesh all wrong bout Dick—Dick's goo' boy—lesh drink Dick's health, Dick's girlsh health—Dick talksh fine Frensh ——"

S. S. U. 628.
Convois Autos,
Fourmies,
Dec. 29, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—

Yesterday I was evacuated from Maubeuge to a French Hospital here, with an abscess in my throat. Do not know how long I will be here, or whether transferred to an American hospital. Again separated from my mail which is by no means pleasing but I could not get proper treatment in the section.

We had been moving since Christmas. I received your package, the little bit you were allowed to send. Seems rather queer that since the Armistice we are not allowed to send or receive any packages. I ordered a beautiful set of table mats for you, I don't know just what you call them—little round dabs to go under plates—I ordered them four

or five months ago but the woman who makes them was held up, due to lack of linen for their little middles. I think there are twenty-nine or thirty, including a centerpiece of the same design. This order, Madame, followed instantly, I may say, immediately, if not sooner, upon a most triumphant game of crap, in which, despite the protestations of Kindy, your little boy carried off the bacon. I wish I could have gotten it to you in time for Christmas. In regard to adopting little Virginia, do not deceive yourself into thinking any little girl will ever be able to fill the blank left in our lives. The mould is broken that turned out Mary Lord. In my opinion it would be a wonderful help to her to live with you, but would she soon begin to be troublesome to you? Would you want to keep her for, say, two or three years? A continual change of environment would do her more harm than good. I would certainly be in favor of your keeping her at least two years or more, so that what she may learn from you would become a part of her and a permanent influence. If you are willing to do that, and her Daddy willing to part with her, I say yes. Otherwise I am convinced it would be time wasted. That is my true and honest view of the situation. It may sound cold and impersonal, but it is a side of the matter that must be considered. I am so homesick I can hardly write. But what can be done? I just can't leave. Now I must close and hit the hay.

Love.

Babe.

Fourmies,
Dec. 30, 1918.

Dearest Aunts:—

This beautiful, black, cold, rainy and dismal day finds me enjoying an operation on the inside right-hand side of my neck. The French Doctor can't make up his mind just what it is, probes around for twenty minutes or so, with a knife—yesterday morning it was an abscess, today it's a gland, tomorrow it may be something else. They ought to learn from our U. S. Doctors. They paint it inside and out with iodine and assign a bird to duty! The hospital people are just as good to me as they can be. I have from seven to fifteen meals a day, and milk or tea in between. If they knew how it hurt to swallow they would let me starve so I screw up my courage and gulp down a few bites as long as I am being watched. I sure would like to go home before I have any more hospital experience. I am supposed to have an unlimited stomach. Here comes another meal.

Good-bye for a while,

Devotedly

Babe.

Fourmies,
Hospital 212,
Jan. 2, 1919.

Dearest Mother:—

Here I am still in this hospital but my throat is a great deal better. I have been given two anti-diphtheria injections and numerous varieties of gargles. The combinations seemed to do the trick. I don't expect to be here much

longer now but the C. O. of the hospital will not tell me definitely when I can leave.

The Lieutenant was here today and left for me a few letters. One from Aunt Lucy, one from Aunt Belle in Nice and one from a Red Cross nurse in the hospital in Beauvais. Aunt Luce writes you are very much worried over my drafts. There is not much I can say. Bill and Karl cannot make me sign my name to a draft on you, and as for Bill, he neither suggested it nor benefited greatly by what I drew. I did not lend him money nor did I pay his expenses to any great extent. I left him at Beauvais and only saw him occasionally in Paris. For Karl I drew three hundred and fifty dollars and gave him three hundred francs additional. He promised he would cable you.

I have no good explanation to make for the expenditure of that amount of twelve hundred dollars for both of us, but give you my word of honor it was not for Bill nor for women. Nor was it, to any extent, for gambling. These are three things I did not spend money for while I was on leave. We had several meals that were expensive and a room and bath in a hotel, I was three weeks at rue Raynouard in Paris and there we could not live on love. You see a lot of good fellows without any extra money, and you have always hammered it into us that we must share and share, and in-as-much-as-ye-have-done-it-unto-one-of-the-least-of-these, and all that. Maybe sometimes we take that by the wrong end. I was a fool but experience has taught me more than one lesson. Maybe some day I will have a level head and keep it so.

At present I am a bit run down physically. We have had a pretty tough time since we left Montdidier. The drive there was pretty hard and I worked like a demon until we were relieved at Guise. Then permission and the Grippe, and now a touch of diphtheria—I don't know what comes next, but hope it is transportation home. Don't try to blame Karl or Bill for my folly. Give it to me right and thick, I deserve it all and more. That is sure, I won't draw on you again except for a little loving after you finish scolding me.

Your loving and devoted

Babe.

Fourmies,
Jan. 8, 1919.

Dearest Mother:—

Today brings me a little news and a little hope. One of the boys came by the hospital here and said we will soon be relieved. That the 169th Division will be demolished in a few days and the Ambulance section go into a Park not far from Senlis. That means that we have a little better chance of being sent home. I hope it works out that way.

The life here is terribly monotonous. So much so that I go to the Red Cross as much as possible without making myself a nuisance. The ladies there are kind to me. I try in a small way to be of service to them. I have several times put their Ford in order. I think about home. I want to be with you. If I only can come back I will just sit with you by the library fire at Vauxcleuse and let the snow drift up on the porch as it will, and the winds blow. We will be to-

gether, and talk over all the dear old times, and remember how we four have lived together, Father—and that sweet little one who will never sit on the front seat of the car beside me, and sing, again. If I only can be with you again, and comfort you for the lonely times.

The old life is all to me like the tones of a faded tapestry, all the colors blending in together, the pattern distinct yet not distinct. The foreground has been this war—things one has seen and tries to forget. I can't really think of anything but home. I am so impatient to get there that it hurts.

There isn't anything to say or do, so I will close this little letter.

Your loving and devoted

Babe.

Le Nouvion,
Jan. 18, 1919.

Dear Mother:—

I was released from the Hospital on the fifteenth and arrived here yesterday. I was not in Paris for Christmas but sent the cable in by one of the boys who was going in for food. The dope about getting home seems a little more favorable. There is a pretty good chance that we will get home early in March. This is the official dope at present but it is liable to change. I am ready to leave. The sooner the better. I do not know how much General Kean could do toward getting me home. I am sure he would do all he could if you asked him.

I am glad enough to get rid of Bill. He does not know

the meaning of work. He acts as if he were four years old. I have persuaded him to get back to headquarters where he can dress up like a prince and never be asked to touch a tire or a broom. You had him sized up right but you expressed it mildly. Brains may be developed, but vacuum is vacuum.

Don't think I am staying over here because I want to. I hope we can be together within sixty days. Thirty-five or forty days after this gets to you. I am homesick, but we must take things as they are and hope. Hope—the Ordnance Department of the brain.

Babe.

American Red Cross,
Jan. 30, 1919.

Dearest Mother:—

I have been terribly neglectful about writing for over a week, but there has really been nothing much to write about. We came here to Crépy-en-Valois about a week ago and are getting pretty well settled. I am trying to muster together enough tools and parts to get our section cars in pretty fair condition preparatory I hope to turning in the cars.

I have never seen or heard of the ambulance you gave me, the confusion in the beginning was so great. It would not be possible to send you a brass plate from your own car as a souvenir, those little fancies were soon swept away—there has been no identification of the individual cars—what does it matter? They did the work. Today I went out with the Lieutenant in search of more parts which

we were lucky enough to buy in the adjacent villages. We passed through Soissons. There in one field we saw five acres of American graves with the American flag flying over it. The country around there is absolutely desolate. Gaunt ruins of churches and charred and tumbled dwellings—no sign of life. It looks even worse now with snow all over everything. The whiteness and loneliness and tragedy of it all is depressing, even to us who have seen little else for over a year. This is the first time I have passed through this section, and believe me, there was some terrible fighting done there.

In regard to finances, I am keeping strictly within bounds. I gave Sam twenty-five dollars when he went on leave about five days ago, and got one of the boys to cash a check for fifty dollars for me in Paris at the same time. I have not been paid for four months so need a little pocket money. I will however be here to sign the roll this month and draw my back pay. There is a boy here who goes on leave in a few days and who will need a few francs so I promised him my next allowance of fifty dollars from you but have not drawn on you for it. I am going to play strictly according to our agreement from now on.

Just wait till I get home and we will have us a time, just you and I—we two. We will drive all over Virginia and any place else you say, but always wind up at Vauxcleuse, and have a quiet time in front of the fire.

This is a long repentant letter for the ones I should have written before.

Your loving and devoted

Babe.

Crépy-en-Valois,
Feb. 20, 1919.

Dearest Mother:—

For a while our mail has been pretty slow, but I think I have received all the letters I am entitled to for a while. Your plan of numbering yours is very good. I have had, so far, two hundred and ten, and have written you almost as many. When they come in batches, I can read them in sequence, by this system. About a week ago I received your check for one hundred dollars, and was notified a few days later that Colonel Jones, the Chief of our service, had received a money order for me through the office of General Jefferson Randolph Kean. Now we boys are well fixed so far as finances go. The Lieutenant and I had a long talk about what I expect to do after the Army decides to let me go. I think I would like to take a few months "repose," first, and then a few months preparatory work at school before entering college. That will be necessary for two reasons: first, to get back into the habit of concentration and study, and then to refresh my memory on the various studies required for entrance to college or the University of Virginia. I do not want to take a full course in college, but only a special engineering course. That may not be possible, but if those four years are as long as these last two years have been, I will feel about ninety by the time I get out.

By the way, my citation for the Croix de Guerre was returned approved from the General Headquarters of the A. E. F., so I have both the French and American authority to wear it. The Citation is all written in French, so I won't

try to translate it, but copy it as it is written. I also enclose for you to wear, a small cross that is exactly like mine.

"Mécanicien à la section sanitaire automobile. Pendant toutes les opérations d'Août à Octobre 1918, a, par un travail acharné et sans repos, assuré la marche de toutes les voitures de la section. S'est particulièrement fait remarquer par son sang-froid pendant la nuit du 10 Octobre 1918, malgré un bombardement voilent de l'artillerie enemie, a dépanné plusieurs voitures que l'état des routes avait momentanément mis hors de service."

Au Grand Quartier Général, le
22 Janvier, 1919.
Le Maréchal
Commandant en Chef des Armées
Françaises de L'Est
PÉTAIN

Nov. and Dec. 1918.

Supplementary note by "Kindy."

I had a hunch that Andy left much untold in his letters to you from the front, though I knew he wrote very often. He was more concerned as to how you were getting on at home and never talked even to us about his own performances.

Did he ever tell you how he towed our camp kitchen from St. Quentin to Maubeuge? Our section was moved up there to Maubeuge in Belgium from a point near St. Quentin, after the Armistice. I had had a touch of gas and been held up in the Hospital a while. Our orders were to proceed to the Rail-heads in Belgium, and there evacuate the French prisoners just released from Germany. The Germans took them by rail to Belgium as far as the railroad terminus, and they were expected to find their way into France on foot.

We were to meet them with our ambulances—a welcome transportation in their condition. On an average their condition was not bad but they were frantic to hurry home. This station was just above Guise. We lived in the old railway station until our Division was called out of that sector back to Maubeuge. If you could have seen us conveying our section kitchen from Lecateur to Maubeuge! That was one of your young Hopeful's master-stunts. The section had gone on ahead with all the ambulances, and Andy was detailed to bring the "atelier," as his workshop was called (you know what a bear-cat he is about his tools) and with it to trail the kitchen. Well, trailing a kitchen over such roads is no joke. The kitchen had no motor of its own. Was just a square wooden structure with two doors opposite each other in the middle of the building and a big solid wheel under each door. It was equipped with a cooking stove, a lot of shelves with pots and pans, a stool for the cook when his legs gave way under him, and the usual camp-kitchen belongings.

This famous example of architecture was hitched on to the "atelier," Andy driving and Kindy chaperoning. I chaperoned that bird through this man's war, and it made an old man of me to keep up with him. The "atelier" or repair-car was a French six-cylinder Hotchkiss and Andy drove her full speed. The day was bitter cold and the old kitchen swung around like a kite, and broke loose like a colt, and seemed to have a vicious delight in adding to our difficulties. Andy, flying along, bumping over the torn roads as if the devil was after him, the tools in the "atelier" play-

ing one tune, the pots and pans in the kitchen flopping and swaying and rolling and careening and keeping up a monstrous clatter by way of accompaniment; it was more fun than a picnic.

Whenever she broke loose we had to catch her and right her and hitch her on again, and there was delay and the mischief to pay; but we got to a little Auberge where we were able to get a few cognacs and some French fried potatoes and eggs into us, after which we felt better able to restrain her playfulness.

We stopped somewhere and stole a window out of a house as we had no windshield.

And so we finally entered that noble little medieval town of moats and turrets, banging and rumbling our rotten little kitchen over the romantic old bridges, making a great exhibition of ourselves and our outfit in the eyes of the astonished natives. Talk about Paul Revere! That wild ride of Andy and Kindy with their workshop and kitchen into the quaint Belgian town is a fair companion picture.

Aug. and Sept. 1918.

Supplementary note by "Kindy."

In August and September 1918 Andy and I were quartered with our section in a cantonment at Coivrel, just back of the Château Maignelay, our front line posts at Montdidier. The villages of Domfront, Dompierre and Laployron lying near Tricot.

Andy had orders to look after an ambulance "en panne" near a woods—the Bois de Maignelay, where our big 210

Howitzers were concealed, with an ammunition dump near for their supply. Andy located the disabled ambulance right there—more or less of a wreck, in sight of the dump.

While he was repairing the car under heavy fire, a shell hit the ammunition dump and it blew up. I often wondered how he could do mechanical work under such conditions. The French call it "sang-froid." But cold-bloodedness is not in him. Fiddling and fooling with damn little bolts and screws must be maddening, when one wants to yell and hit back and be a part of the excitement. This was considerable of a·bust-up. The éclat got two Frog soldiers right at Andy's elbow. Killed one and cut the other's stomach all up. I did not see it, but was told it was a sight.

Andy dropped his nuts and pliers and got this poor Poilu wriggling and squirming on his back, and got him into a dug-out of the French Batteries. There some officers—I believe they were in charge of the telephone station and could not leave—got some rum and coffee into him, and he gave his man first aid and got him on his back and out, still under fire, into an ambulance and off to the base hospital. Didn't he tell you about this? It was a nice little piece of work, and if I'm not mistaken one of his citations was because of it.

March, 1919.

Supplementary note by "Kindy."

You cannot imagine how cold it was. [Oh, yes I can. I have spent winters in Europe in times of peace and prosperity, and my teeth have chattered in my head.] We never got real shelter. We were lucky to get straw and a corner

of a barn or cellar or demolished house. In Crépy-en-Valois we had a nice little nook—Andy looked out every time we moved, for a place only big enough for two stretchers—we used the stretchers for the wounded by day and for our own beds by night—and he and I camped together, fellows make so much noise and fuss —— We had a system by which we made ourselves fairly comfortable. The Mayor had a limited supply of extra large briquets which he doled out to the towns-people. At night I would boost Andy over the wall where this fuel was stored and he would shy the briquets back to me to collect. Then we hid them under our stretchers; and Oh, Boy! When night came we were as snug as a bug in a rug—our stretchers close together so we could keep each other warm, my blankets under us and Andy's blankets over us, and a good little fire.

I feared rumors had reached you in February of a rather serious accident to Andy, and possibly should have written at the time, but when it appeared that he was in good shape afterwards, I hesitated, for in case you did not know of it, it might have been worse than letting him come on home. Our section was quartered at Crépy-en-Valois preparatory to final arrangements before sailing for home; we had orders to turn in all our ambulances at the French Depot Park at Versailles, so the American section proceeded in convoy to Versailles. As Chief Mechanic, Andy felt responsible for the condition of all the cars, and when only twenty-eight of our thirty had arrived, he went back to locate the missing. On the road at some little distance he found one disabled and stopped to repair it.

After so long a time we missed him, and I went out to reconnoiter. He was lying unconscious beside the car—he had been changing a tire—his head had a nasty bang on it and his hair was all caked with blood and his upper lip cut up. I took him at once to the American Hospital near the Jardin du Luxembourg. The first thing he did on coming to, was to make fun of his lip—which was a sight. "Pretty little lip, Kindy—ain't that pretty?" He was hardly able to speak. Then he enquired as to his wallet. It seemed you had sent him through General Jefferson Randolph Kean $200.00 and he had considerable beside that, to help us all get home in some comfort. All that he had had been changed into francs. I went back and found the wallet thrown into the ambulance. It had been in his hip pocket. His papers and the pictures of you and Mary Lord and a little poem of yours from some paper, about the Red Cross, were in it and two hundred francs in paper notes. That seemed funny.

When his head cleared up he explained that while he was changing a tire a man in French uniform (he may not have been a Poilu—the uniforms were sometimes worn unlawfully) had asked him for a light; after he gave it, the fellow still hung around, and Andy ordered him on, "Dépéchez-vous-je suis occupé." The last Andy remembers is a crack on the head with a heavy hammer, though he has an idea that he got back one with the tire-iron before it went black. Anyhow, of the sixteen hundred francs in the wallet, two hundred were left. A bit of characteristic French courtesy.

Chapter XX

"A Little Child shall lead them."

Five letters, with illustrations, from Captain Randolph Fitzhugh Mason (killed in action), Machine Gun Company of the 103rd Infantry to a little girl

LIEUTENANT RANDOLPH FITZHUGH MASON, writer of the charming letters to his niece, was a son of the Reverend Landon Mason of Richmond, a well-known Episcopal clergyman, who in his young days had been one of "Mosby's men" during the Civil War. Our cousin Randolph went over-seas in the spring of 1918, with the Machine Gun Company of the 103rd Infantry, and fell in action early in the morning of July 23rd. He was buried where he fell by his own men, in the immediate vicinity of Belleau Wood.

I am indebted to his sister, Mrs. Taylor Burke of Alexandria, Virginia, for the privilege of copying these five letters from a soldier in the trenches to a little girl in her nursery in Virginia; the originals I have held too precious to send out, but I have made copies of the illustrations with which Randolph embellished his epistles; I find them, as I am sure the reader will, graphic sketches of the life in the trenches, and sweet with the affectionate interest of a soldier in the mind of a child. And between the lines, that spirit of humor and friendly philosophy which endeared him to his men. A Colleague wrote of him "He made good with a vengeance."

On Active Service with the
American Expeditionary Force,
June 4, 1918.

Dear Cary:

Uncle feels so big in his soldier clothes that he has got to send you some pictures of himself. In this picture he has got a good idea. You see

up here on one side of the fence is the enemy, and on the other side is mostly us and the "cooties." Now we don't want the enemy over there because he makes us keep our heads down in a hole. So uncle wants to get rid of him this way. The Enemy likes his sausage and beer, so uncle will put two sausages and a stein just outside the fence. Then he will make a noise like a Wienerwurst. The Enemy will stick up his head to grab the Wienerwurst as it flies by. He won't see any Wienerwurst but he will see the hot dog and suds. So he puts on his gas-mask and comes over after it.

Then uncle will give him a sprinkle with his machine gun and the enemy will have to go to the hospital, and we can stick our heads up and get some air. In the picture uncle's hair has pushed his helmet way up in the air. He is not scared—just apprehensive.

M. G. Co., 103rd Inf.—A. E. F.
June 9, 1918.

Dear Cary:

Uncle doesn't want to send you pictures of where he is too often, because you will get tired of them, but I must send you this scene of where I live and tell you about the people. You see uncle lives in a kind of house on the side

of a hill, and at the bottom of the hill is this creek, and in the evening the people come out on the banks.

The two dames splashing in the water are the ladies who tend to the laundry situation in this neighborhood. They've got an idea around here that water is dangerous so there aren't many ladies along the creek. But one day two brave ladies got their lives insured and started in washing—they said they were used to dodging cannon-balls, so they would take a chance at anything!

The gents fishing on the right hand side are members of the French Army. The tall lean one behind is watching closely. He is one of the long lean kind that is hard to fill up. He's awful hard to housekeep for. He has made up his mind that if "Shorty" catches any fish he is going to take them away from him and eat them raw. Some of his friends heard him say he was going to get something to eat and he didn't care how he did it.

But the little soldier under the fishing-pole is built so he is easy to fill. He is not hungry and he is going to behave himself.

The gent talking with his hands is the kind that has just got to talk or he will bust. Next thing, he will scare off the fish and the tall gent will bean him. Then there is the gent who is fishing. You can see by his face he is smiling. He is a good-natured guy. At home his wife treats him rough, so he's glad to be in the army. The gent on the other side of the creek with a shirt in his hand is hunting for "cooties." He is an American citizen serving in Uncle Sam's army. He

and the gentleman who is fishing are both trying to catch something. But the fisherman is fishing for fun. The American citizen is out for blood. His Irish is up. If he finds what he is looking for he is going to hurt it.

Then there are three American citizens, serving in the army, sitting on the green grass among the daisies and buttercups. You might think they are picking flowers, but they are not. They are playing a game called "Poker." The brave boy standing up there watching them is named Edgar or Reginald or Bill or something like that. He would be playing too, but last week some friends taught him how, and he hasn't been spending any money since. He is chewing a straw to make out like he don't care. He says the other guys ought to cut out the rough stuff and quit playing poker anyhow. But if he had 13 or 22 centimes he would "sit in" in a minute.

The party knocking holes in the "tin Lizzy" on the bridge is General Grouch looking for somebody to cuss. He would get out and cuss the American citizens playing poker among the daisies and buttercups but there is dust in the path so he would get his shoes dirty and that would hurt discipline.

By the way, you see all the gents in the picture have got bags around their necks. These have got masks in them to put on your face when the enemy turns gas loose at you. The gas is unhealthy. "Kaiser Bill's" friends let loose this gas. I don't want to say anything harsh, but some of the people around here don't like "Kaiser Bill" very much.

With lots of love to you, your Mother and Daddy and Billy

This is your affectionate uncle "Annie."

P. S. Give my love to Mother and Daddy and Billy. With lots of love from,

Your affectionate uncle

"Annie."

In this picture Uncle is learning to talk French with his hands. After he learns with his hands he is going to take lessons talking with his feet. He can already say "I wish

the war was over" with his shoulders. You have just got to learn to use your hands over here. Even the dogs do it. And nobody wants a dog to know more than he does. The young ladies want to give uncle lessons in French at $43.00 a lesson, but uncle told them he couldn't do that because he was married. Now the ladies are mad and talking about uncle behind his back. Please learn to read French so uncle

can bring you some French books with pictures. Next time I get a place to sit down I will send a picture of Uncle in the airship.

Dear Cary:

This is two pictures of uncle up in an aeroplane. The one close to this side is way up in the air so you can't see uncle. And the other one is just of uncle's face to show how he looked when he looked down at the ground. The little black

dot way up in the clouds above the church steeple is the flying ship the way it looked from the ground. And the little picture shows you the way uncle's face looked if you could have gone up in the air and looked at him close.

You see an airship flies like a bird with 2 men in it. And a man said to uncle "Come on and fly with me" and uncle said "all right." Then when uncle got up in the air

he thought to himself, "What business have I got up here flying around? I ought to be on the ground tending to my duty." But the trouble is there are no step-ladders in the airship, and it was up so high that the houses way down below looked like little toy houses, so it was too high to jump. And uncle didn't like to ask the man sailing the plane to let him down so he could do his duty. The man might be ignorant and think uncle wanted to go down because he was scared and not because he wanted to do his duty working. But after a while the big ship did not roll and jump any more, and it got very pleasant, and just at the same time uncle began to think that it was his duty to be up in the air, and he had a grand time watching towns and rivers and trees going under him way down below—so he wiped off his spectacles, and looked all around.

Tell Daddy that uncle Annie is now up where there is only barbed wire between him and the "Boche." Lots of love.

Affec. Unc.

"Annie."

In The Trenches,
June 24, 1918.

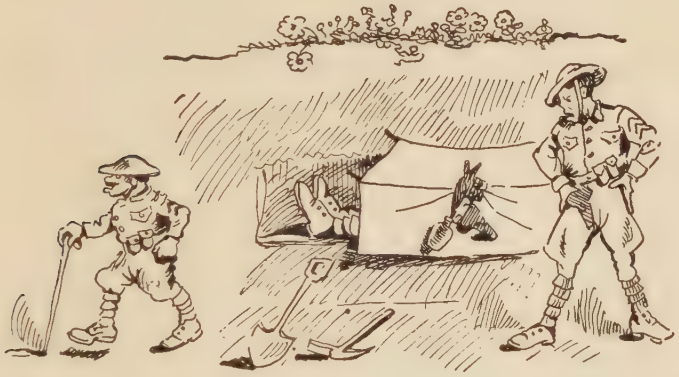
Dear Cary:

I've got several things I want to tell you about. The gent cooking is buck private, Jim Bates. He used to handle the skillet in a hash-house in Chicago, so he is cooking for uncle now. He is a remarkable cook. You have just got to hand it to him. Everything he cooks tastes exactly alike. He

says the folks used to make him so mad coming in the restaurant and ordering fried potatoes all at the same time. He says it nearly run him to death and the boss such a tightwad he wouldn't give his chef no assistant. But he is a proud sort of man. I mean buck private Jim Bates. He says

they ain't no ginerals nor majors nor no one else got nothing on him. He says he could beat about three of them at one time if he met them in private life. He is a very brave soldier. He says so himself. He says he ain't scared of no guns nor no Dutch nor no one else. But his friends say he ain't

got no call to be scared of no guns because he always gits in a dug-out when they begin to shoot, and what should a man in a dug-out worry about guns. That is the end of the story about Jim Bates.



The next story is about the guy with his feet sticking out from under the blanket he has got stretched over him. He has dug him a flat place in the trench to sleep on, and he is sleeping in daytime because he was on guard duty last night, and he says, "Does the United States Government think a fellow is made of cast iron to work all day and night too without no sleep?" The short gent walking away with a cane is a corporal. You can tell by the two stripes on his left arm. He didn't work last night so he had to work to-day. It made him mad to see somebody sleep when he had to work. So he walked up to the guy with his feet sticking out and hollered, "Git to —— out of this, you lazy trench rat! Do you think we pay you thirty bucks per, to take and eat and sleep your head off?"

But the tall gent with his hands on his hips is a sergeant. You can tell he is by the three stripes on his left arm. He's a whole lot more important than a corporal. He gets 2 dollars a month more. He is sore on this corporal because the cheap guy was always bumming tobacco offen him, and wouldn't never buy none himself. So when the corporal goes up and starts to wake the guy with his feet

sticking out, the tall sergeant gives him a bawling out. He says to um, "Beat it, you fat louse! Lat um ras'!" The sergeant belongs to the Irish nation, so it is right hard to understand him sometimes. "Lat um ras' " means in American, "Let him rest."

The daisies and buttercups on top of the trench over the guy with his feet sticking out are not even cut down. The enemy sees them and says to himself, "That is nothing but

a meadow, that's no trench." So he don't shoot over there and the American soldiers consider this an advantage.

The last picture of all is "Mike" Shaughnessy. He is a good little guy and buys his own tobacco, and don't steal no one's else's boots when some one steals his on wet days. The door behind him, with sand-bags, is to uncle's office.

Every day at sunrise two things make uncle come out of his office to enjoy himself. One is the little lark flying up there by the sun, the other is Mike Shaughnessy cracking jokes. The lark sings the prettiest kind of music, like there wasn't any war going on.

Mike Shaughnessy says he would just as live be in the trenches as anywuz else. He says there ain't nothin' better anywhere in the world than a good chew of tobacco, and tobacco don't taste no different in Boston from what it do in the trenches. And besides, he says, a guy can't eat but three good meals a day, no matter where he is, unless he's got a grudge agin his own stummick.

Now I must go to bed. Give my love to Mother and Daddy and Billy. With lots of love this is your affectionate uncle. "Annie."

Chapter XXI

WOMEN IN WAR

Jane Delano, Clara D. Noyes, Helen Scott Hay, Lucy Minnigerode, of the American Red Cross

Letters of Lucy Minnigerode from Kiev, Russia

A LITTLE poem by his mother, found in Babe's wallet. Some friend in Washington had sent it to him from the papers, during a Red Cross Drive.

Long, long ago, on Calvary's hill
A Cross, rough hewn and plain,
Was dyed deep red in sacred blood,
And love was in each stain.

In gallant, lacerated France,
On war-wrecked battle plain,
Where crimson stream meets crimson stream,
That Cross appears again.

On ambulance and uniform
Befouled with mud and rain,
That Red Cross witnesseth anew
That Love makes light of pain.

In human hearts that yesterday
Were sordid, hard and vain,
The Red Cross stamps the burning truth
That Love is more than Gain.

Jane Delano, Superintendent Red Cross Nurses

The services of women in times of war remained for many generations almost an unrecorded chapter of history. Yet among the Nordic races it was an established practice, and the order of one Danish lady, in the year 1000, to her maidens, might have been the slogan of the women of Virginia during the Civil War. "Let us go forth and dress the wounds of the warriors, be they friend or foe."

After Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton came the International Red Cross, born at Geneva in 1864, and in compliment to Switzerland, that hospitable small nation which welcomes the world within its mountains for refuge or peaceful conference, adopting a flag which is the reverse of the Swiss flag—a red Greek cross on a white ground. This emblem of mercy bespeaks neutrality wherever it is seen.

As during these intervening years the science of warfare has changed, bringing with it a new brand of courage, so the business of nursing has changed, bringing with it a new type of efficiency. And foremost among these highly trained modern women stand those who as Red Cross nurses were the first to volunteer for over-seas work in the World War.

Far and wide throughout the civilized world the name of Jane Delano has been justly honored. In Washington her handsome figure was well known during her years as Chief Nurse of the National Red Cross, and the thought that a monument will be erected to her lasting memory is a welcome one. She died while in Europe during the War, and was succeeded by her friend Clara D. Noyes. She bequeathed a considerable personal fortune to the American Red Cross, and a splendid example and standard to her nurses.

The day after the war cloud burst over Europe the American Red Cross passed resolutions to charter a ship and send immediate help to stricken Europe. Within six weeks a ship

set sail from New York conveying modern equipment and supplies and a body of trained women as nurses to the front.

It was a brave sight to see that white ship with her girdle of red, and the sacred emblem of sacrifice, the Red Cross, emblazoned on her smoke-stacks. Her decks were crowded with the little army of American nurses facing the unknown. The ship was acclaimed the "Mercy Ship" by every tongue of the thousands crowding the docks to wave goodbye, and every boat of every type in its individual key, followed her out to sea with a mighty volume of sound to be interpreted only as the blessing of the American people on her mission.

The Superintendent of Nurses of this expedition was Helen Scott Hay, under whom were ten units composed of twelve nurses and three surgeons each. The women at once adopted the European custom and were addressed as "Sister." Sister Helen's children were soon bringing into many of the hospitals of Europe, American nursing technique, ethics and efficiency. In a splendid modesty, the statement was broadcast that they had not come to display their training or the technique of American nursing, but to "supplement the existing relief work and piece in where there was no one else to serve."

Two units, C and H, were sent at once to Russia. A few of the letters of Lucy Minnigerode, a Supervisor, at Kiev, picture conditions as she found them, and as the gallant little company with her sought to modify them, in the poetic, mysterious world of Russia.

Lucy Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

Falmouth, England.
On board the "Mercy Ship"
American Red Cross,
Sept. 29, 1914.

Dearest Sister:

We have been here nearly a week—rather just a week—and it has been a wonderful rest and pleasure. The nurses have had a perfect ovation from the whole town. They are a picked lot of women, I am more than proud of my own unit.

We have invitations ashore for tea and for every meal and our quarters are fairly deluged with flowers. I have been ashore three times, once to Truro Cathedral, to church on Sunday and once to Penzance; we are just off Penzance; and once I went out to tea with a lady who had visited the ship.

Monday we invited the townspeople aboard and there were a thousand who came, and they said as many more were left on the docks with no little boats to bring them over. They seem grateful, and appreciative of our country sending the ship; I have never known English people to show so much enthusiasm. It gives us fresh courage to face what may come next and brings us the feeling that we are needed and can do good. They need supplies terribly and nurses as well.

We go to London tomorrow at ten, arriving at four forty-five. I shall wire Virginia to meet me. I sent Powell

a letter, this is yours, the next will be to one of you, probably George.

I will try to write from Dundee.

We Supervisors have plenty to do and very little spare time. Sister Helen goes to Russia with us. (Nurses are called "Sister" in Europe.) Russia seems a long way off. We sail from Dundee on Oct. 2 for Gottenborg, Sweden, from there to Stockholm, across the north Baltic to Helsingfors, Finland, and on to Petrograd. Our field will probably be in the neighborhood of Warsaw.

This is a beautiful country. We have been to Mt. St. Michael, at least to see it. Some were shown over it by Lord St. Levin, but I did not have time. I have met lovely English gentle people. I am keeping my diary carefully and will fill in the spaces for you when I get back.

I only hope there will not be more trouble in Mexico while we are away. We would be in trouble for sure if that were the case and those of us in service abroad would want to go home "hot foot."

My best love to you all.

L.

Lucy Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

Petrograd,
Oct. 14, 1914.

Dear Sister:

A few days ago I wrote to Powell but as it seems we are to remain here yet a while I will write again to you.

I have just written a note to your old friend Madame Balasheff and hope to see her, if not here then in Kiev, as I hear her country estate is near there. She is well known and a person of almost unlimited wealth and influence. Of course you know more about her than I do, but you knew her only in Washington, and it is interesting to get another light on her from this angle. It seems that her people own whole villages, build model markets and endow hospitals and churches for their vast tenantry and live upon a scale which even our wealthiest people in America, not having the long line behind them nor the established background, never approach. We were at tea with the Princess Cantacuzene, who was Julia Dent Grant, the wife of a cousin of Madame Balasheff, and it was there I got her address. All of the women invited there to meet us were her relatives. The Princess Cantacuzene, née Grant, has been indefatigable in her war work, and is a very gracious woman, with the independence of an American and the elegance of an aristocratic European. Of course she has had rare opportunities, first as the granddaughter of a President, then as the daughter of an Ambassador (her father was Ambassador to Austria, was he not?) and now as the wife of a Russian officer and member of one of the most historic houses of old Russia. Back to Constantinople even, for they were Emperors there almost in the Dark Ages.

The Dark Ages seem close at hand to us from some aspects of what we see in this country, though just now we are having a glimpse of the other side which we enjoy while

we can—although we all will be glad to settle down to work.

Yesterday we were given an audience by the Dowager Empress, Marie Feodorovana—sister of Queen Alexandra and mother of the Czar. We went to the Palace in military motors, and she received us, having a few words with each of us. She was most gracious and we certainly appreciated the privilege of seeing her. She is a wonderful looking woman with a beautiful figure.

In the afternoon we went to one of the hospitals for tea. We do want to see the hospitals, but we are very busy all the time and are trying to learn Russian as well. They tell us we will never succeed but we feel sure we can learn a little.

This morning we went with two American ladies, Mrs. Corse and Miss Potts, to the Alexander Museum of exclusively Russian Art. It is most interesting and in a beautiful building. A few Vereschagins are there, but I am told most of them are in Moscow.

Tomorrow if we do not have to see about our Red Cross coats I shall go to The Hermitage, the gallery of general art, a very fine one, and in the afternoon we are going to the Convent of Alexander Nevsky to see an old churchyard and the graves of Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky, and to hear the most wonderful music in Petrograd. We have all learned our way around now and do not have to take the esvostigs so we can save a little in cab fares. It is expensive, these delays, but gives us the chance we should not otherwise have of seeing this part of the world so we feel

the money well spent. We had our lunch in a little French restaurant today, the hotels are not for unescorted women, not even American Red Cross nurses. The other day we were down town looking for a bookstore and an elderly lady who spoke a mixture of French and German got hold of us and would not let us escape. She seemed to think we did not know where to go and said she would show us. We could not get rid of her or make her understand and so after taking us around to several newspaper offices she left us in the private office of the Novo Vremya. There she left us, and one of the three gentlemen present said he spoke English. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "Nothing," we said.

However he insisted on sending a messenger with us, him we got rid of however at the Church of the Resurrection, a most wonderful place. All the inside is made of Russian mosaic, very beautiful. It was built as a Memorial to the Emperor Alexander II, on the spot on which he was killed. The place is enclosed and above it set in the roof of the little building a wonderful topaz cross, each stone about three inches across.

The Madame Balasheff referred to in this letter was my companion and friend in the Corcoran Art School many years ago. We were both in our teens, her father, Prince Cantacuzene, the Russian Ambassador, and she one of the privileged of the earth, though even then not without the shadows of sorrow on her young life. I was a little Poor Relation coming over from Alexandria on the old ferry boats every day to study art and we, so far apart in worldly

things, were close enough in the bonds of the spirit. I have written in other places much of this sweet soul, and here shall only add that after the World War, when, mother of six sons, she was a refugee from Bolshevik rule in the vicinity of Constantinople, we again corresponded, meeting later in France. Here in Washington, her influential American cousin, Julia Dent Grant Cantacuzene, and I, with Mrs. Robert Lansing and others of the Russian Relief Society, were able to organize some temporary assistance. Mrs. Foster Stearns, whose husband was a member of the Diplomatic Corps and stationed in Constantinople at that time, has just edited the Letters of Madame Balasheff, through the Macmillan Company, under the title "The Transplanting."

Lucy Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews

Kiev, Dec. 1914.

So much for personal matters.

Last night it was bitterly cold. Kiev is about the latitude of Boston and the snow is deep all winter.

We heard at bed-time that wounded were arriving and some of the doctors thought they would go to the station and meet the sanitary trains, and see how the wounded were handled.

All day long from the windows of the hospital we had seen trainload after trainload of wounded men coming from the Austrian front—the Carpathian mountains.

It is the policy of the Government to transport wounded at night from the sanitary trains to the hospitals so that the numbers coming in daily are not known generally, as that would add to public anxiety.

Last night was so intensely cold that the doctors who went to the station and started back in the trains with the wounded (the sanitary trolley with the patients aboard) found the cold intolerable and got off and took a droshky, arriving here ahead of the wounded. As soon as they told us how bitter it was we prepared tea kettles full of hot tea to be ready for them as they came in.

When they arrived at the hospital (the cars stop a quarter of a mile away from the buildings—each car load consisting of twenty-five ambulant and twelve stretcher cases) those who could walk toiled up the quarter of a mile to the doors; the others were brought in on stretchers, four men carrying each; these were placed in the main hallways; the men who are able to, sit on the stairs, and the benches are filled with them; they throw themselves on the floor from exhaustion.

They are still wearing their ragged, blood-stained uniforms which are never cleaned for them—only fumigated at the hospital, and which they put on again when discharged.

Then their history is taken, each man given a numbered tag by which he will be known and as each history is completed they are moved on to a little ante-room where they are taken charge of by Sister Helen who decides whether they are able to get to the general bath room or to the bath tables. These tables—we have four—are in a room off from the ante-room; the patients are brought in and given their baths there, two nurses being assigned to each table.

The bath consists of a shampoo (the patient's hair hav-

ing been clipped in the ante-room) and a complete bath, with clean clothing, after which he is ready to be assigned to a ward. If he is in need of surgical dressing he goes to the dressing room where the surgical nurses are on duty night and day.

Then he is put to bed, temperature taken and chart made out. A number corresponding to that on his tag is placed on his chart and on his bedside table at the right side of his bed. He is then fed and made comfortable. So far, it has never been necessary to take but one man immediately from the train to the ward without preparation.

One night not long ago between midnight and daybreak six American nurses and one Russian Sister bathed and put to bed one hundred and eight men, each having gone through the process I have described.

American methods are entirely unknown here; our baths are a great novelty but much enjoyed and appreciated.

Many of the men have not had their boots off for months; they have had no water except melted snow, and it has been only possible to melt enough for their tea, that they should not freeze to death. Even officers it is said, cannot wash their hands for weeks.

My own additional duties as a Supervisor, after all these new patients have been assigned, is to go to my wards and find out how many have been admitted, see that the chart and bed-side number corresponds with the number on the patient's tag, make out the list of new patients assigned to each doctor so that in the morning there will be no delay or confusion in having the doctors see them.

Almost every night, in they come and our nursing day—that is, for the three supervising nurses—averages eighteen hours. The other nurses come on in groups of six, alternating.

They (the men) like to talk. One night three desperately wounded men among many others were brought in, and assigned to my wards.

They lay in beds side by side; one was Bass, a Jew from Riga, wounded in the back of the head. One was Michael, a Siberian lad nineteen years old, also wounded in the head and completely paralyzed on one side as a result. Sergei the third one was a musician and had lost a leg just below the hip. He was hurt when one of the band of musicians picked up an unexploded bomb which went off killing several and necessitating the amputation of this boy's leg. The stump was badly infected, the flesh had receded and about three inches of the femur protruded. None of these three had ever seen each other before but as they grew better became great friends.

Sergei made rapid progress toward recovery. Bass had a brain hernia as a result of his wound, about the size of an orange, and his sense of direction was completely destroyed. Though he staid in the ward for months he could never find his way to the door, but he could follow anyone who led him. Michael after six weeks careful dressing by the nurses and massage, recovered so far that he was able to get around the ward and to the bathroom, with the help of a cane in his good arm. One day it was decided to operate upon his head in an effort to hasten his recovery.

The result was not successful. Twitchings began immediately in his face and in three days after the operation he was having convulsions. A second operation resulted in a brain hernia which covered the whole top of his head. After three weeks he died. During these three weeks his friends Bass and Sergei sat day by day on either side of his bed, and slept in their own beds on either side of him at night. Their distress was terrible when he died.

I behaved very badly. I said murder had been committed. It had. Michael was very devoted to the dressing room nurse, Sister Fredricka; she never learned a word of Russian, nor he of English; yet each day when she massaged his paralyzed hand and arm they carried on a voluble conversation with apparently perfect understanding.

Many of them hang around my desk in the hall and talk. They love to describe their wounds and what they did when they got hit.

One in reply to the question whether he liked the hospital said: "Oh yes, here we have beds and blankets. There the earth is our bed and the sky our blanket."

One big red-headed Siberian wounded through the abdomen described how he was thrown into a hut on the field, with other seriously wounded men, where they lay for three days, during which time a poor old woman came daily and brought them potatoes. At the end of the three days medical officers arrived and took out those who were still alive.

Another man wounded in the face became unconscious and, supposed to be dead, was buried by his friends in a shallow trench. Fortunately for him a heavy bit of artillery

lay across this trench, spanning it and holding up the earth, so that a little air got to him. After several days he dug himself out. He thought this a funny story. . . .

Lucy Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

Kiev, Dec., 1914

Dear Sister:

Though the days are pretty much all alike I know you will want to know my routine and I have been meaning for a long time to tell you how they are spent, hour by hour.

I go on duty at 8 A.M., take the report of the night nurses, one night nurse to every two hundred and fifty patients, make my rounds and see that all patients are comfortable, write the orders for the day's supplies of food and medicines, which orders must be written in English, one of the Russian Sisters making the Russian translation on the opposite page; then inspection of all the toilets, accompanied by a Russian orderly who must clean all toilets and utensils under my eyes.

The Russian civilian officer in charge of the "commisars" or orderlies refused to allow any orderly who was a soldier to do this service, when I first arrived here, on the ground that it was too menial a task for a Russian soldier. I advised him that such being his idea, it was also too menial for an American nurse. The outcome is that the orderly has been assigned but I must go in person and see that he does his work.

I have two wards of twenty-five beds each, supposed to

be convalescents, but at least eight bed-baths must be given daily and fifty beds made up. These duties done bring me to lunch time.

Lunch—such as it is—Russian food—as good as they can get—is very bad. All vegetables cooked in vinegar—horrid—no fruit. The country produces little fruit; winter time and war conditions make it impossible to bring any in.

In the afternoon I superintend the making of dressings, cutting all the gauze and teaching the men—the convalescents—to fold it. My best folder is a young soldier who has lost his right arm. He folds them absolutely straight and stacks them up to the Queen's taste.

These private soldiers are peasants—ignorant but not unintelligent. Sometimes we must get patients ready for discharge though often we wish they could stay—none of them ever want to go. We send them out to "Convalescent Regiments." The wounded come in each night in such numbers that we are compelled to send out all those who can do without surgical dressing for forty-eight hours.

That same gentleman who told me that to clean the toilets was beneath the dignity of a Russian soldier has charge of all the clothing and supplies for the soldiers in the hospital as well as for the out-going patients, except such supplies as are furnished by the American Red Cross.

It is necessary for the supervising nurses, myself, Sister Helen and Sister Charlotte, to be on the spot to see that our men go out properly clothed. Otherwise men whose feet have been frozen would go out again with them wrapped only in bandages, discharged into the snow with-

out boots, though the store room is full of heavy felt boots provided by the Government for them. The Government certainly provides good stuff for the army.

This Russian Jew made one fortune out of the Quartermaster department in the Russian-Japanese war, and is in a fair way to make another. Graft is rampant. Even the poor old Russian Sister in charge of the Russian nurses, appears to be in collusion with this man, and as she is in charge of the kitchen can wink at the shortness of rations sent upstairs to the wards.

Sometimes, if I have time, I fill cigarette papers with tobacco. We have a machine to do it. I can fill hundreds in a very short time. I give these out as a reward to my convalescents who fold the most dressings or roll the greatest number of bandages.

Now I have got to tea time. We have tea in the dining-room, allowing ourselves a half-hour rest. Then back to the wards until dinner time.

The men eat five times a day. The orderlies bring the trays. There is no messhall. Our diet kitchen is just a corner of the hall, where on one old-fashioned single burner oil stove all special diet is prepared.

We get off duty at about eight o'clock and sit around in the doctors' and nurses' dining-room, our only recreation room—sometimes we have music, sometimes talk, till at ten o'clock tea is brought in in the samovar. Frequently before tea is finished and we can get to bed we hear that wounded are on the way and then begins the task of getting them comfortable before we think of bed.

But I can think of bed now, and must hie me to it. We will call it a day. My dear love to all at home. This is a long letter for me, but my work is so interesting to me, it must be so to you. And my men are so wonderful, in their gratitude, their child-like simplicity and uncomplaining suffering.

Devotedly,
Luce.

1.16.15 (Kiev)

Dearest people:

I have been bad about writing, and you must forgive me, but I don't yet know if any of my letters have ever reached you since the one from Petrograd which you have mentioned.

I had Esther's Xmas letter but that is the only one from the family I have had. I know lots of them must go astray. I have gotten very thin and had one cold on top of another until I was very miserable and was spending a day a week in bed. Now I am taking egg nogs—three a day and each one has two eggs in it, so I am getting six eggs a day and am feeling much better. Appetite has returned and I have not taken a fresh cold since I began this treatment.

In the Russian Xmas, 13 days later than ours, we had a wonderful time. An entertainment for the men beginning at 3 P.M. and following that a tree. The tree was decorated only with tissue and white candles which shot out silver sparks like tiny Roman candles, and was lovely. All the patients except about seven very sick ones went, were car-

ried over in their beds and every one enjoyed it. It was a great undertaking and yet was worth it for the pleasure it gave. Our patients are wonderfully nice men, are so appreciative and grateful, and so obedient and biddable. It is a great pleasure to see how they do under our care and now we can talk with them almost anything we want to say and do not need an interpreter.

On the Russian New Year we had a concert for the patients at seven o'clock in the evening, about eighty young men and women all students and dressed in the peasant costumes of Little Russia came and sang carols. They never have any instrumental music with this kind of singing and it was very beautiful. Other performers sang also. One lady came through the wards later and one patient said to her, "There could be nothing said about this hospital except what is good, for there is nothing any one could criticize. The Sisters are so good to us all and I don't say this through courtesy, but because it is true." Those are the things we like to hear and I don't believe there is one unhappy patient in the hospital.

On New Year's Eve we were asked by the Russian people here to see the New Year in. At 11:45 P.M. we were invited into the dining-room. A Xmas tree lighted was near the door, a delightful supper on the tables and a present of peasant work for each one of us. It was very nice and we all enjoyed it and appreciated it.

I am hoping that some of my letters reach you and that you will send me the things I have asked for, corsets and

union suits and stockings. If the others have not reached you I fear it would be too late for this to bring anything.

I had a long letter from Miss Bates and various cards in our last mail. I am praying that Mr. Andrews is better and you are all not feeling so much anxiety about him, and I wish I could write to each one separately, but this is the best I can do. Often one is too tired to write, then comes a lull in the work and we can rest up a bit. Dear love to each and every one of you.

Luce.

(Kiev)
1.24.15

My dear People:

Even though I don't get a line from you any more I still continue to write, in the hope that occasionally my letters get through and you hear a word of me, just that I am well even, and determined to stay on as long as I can be of use. Esther's Xmas letter is the only one I have had and yet I feel sure the rest of you have written sometime during the holidays. Yesterday I had a card from a friend in New York, of Dec. 25, saying she had had my Xmas card, so I hope you have had a few at least of my letters. None of us hear any home news beyond family items, sometimes the doctors get Washington papers but they have never offered to pass them on to me and so I don't even have the consolation of possibly reading your name in the paper. Of course one can't read the papers here. The occasional English papers are too old to be of very much interest. We did

hear there had been an earthquake in Italy, but in a sense our isolation is quite complete, and when we get home there will be much American news for us to learn.

We take it for granted that Wilson is still President and we have a picture of him hanging in our dining-room on that supposition.

Our work is most interesting, our patients generally do well and we grow very fond of them and are delighted when they remember us with a letter. We have not much recreation, as all attentions paid to American Red Cross are to the doctors and to the exclusion of the nurses. Quite the same as at home and only what we are used to. But it curtails the recreation. The theatres are all in Russian, operas the same. We have taken some beautiful sleigh rides and tomorrow Sr. Helen and I are going for a motor ride with an English lady and her pupil. This English lady and I have struck up quite a friendship. She lives with a very charming Russian lady who speaks English, and who is very nice to us and helps us in many ways. I was there last Friday and am going next Friday to dinner.

It is pretty cold. Constant snow and it never seems to turn to slush like ours, and everything is on runners except the automobiles. The view from the cliff overlooking the Dnieper River is a wonderful one, gives a fine idea of the plain of Russia, for as far as you can see stretches a great plain, with villages, field and forests and the river in the foreground, and we are standing by the Churches with their domes of gold and all colors.

We have had a number of pictures taken in the wards and each of us is making a collection for her diary. We will all have them for the friends at home when we get there.

I am trying to read some of the Russian novelists while I am here, but have had so much trouble with my eyes that I have not been able to read at all until lately. The egg nogs have made me so much better that I am like a new person.

My very best love to you all, and I hope this will reach you, and by the way do you have to pay postage on my letters? We are assured here that the Russian Red Cross frank is sufficient. Again dear love to you all.

Luce.

Lucy Minnigerode to her sisters.

American Red Cross
Kiev, Russia
March 8, 1915

My dear People:

We get all our pleasure out of our work. There I know we make some headway. I have made some delightful friends—Madame Vitali whose brother is Russian Ambassador to Paris and an English lady who lives with her are both very good to me. I go there frequently to dinner and usually on Friday when I take my half day.

High class Russians are very hospitable and such charming hostesses. One feels at home almost immediately. The English lady has given me a lovely topaz which I shall have set in a ring.

Tomorrow six of our nurses start for home and we shall

be short that many. I hope we can get the work done, for the others do not arrive for a month. The proportion is twenty-five nurses to three hundred and fifty patients, and now we shall have but nineteen. Two in each dressing room, one for the operating room, two on night duty, does not leave many for ward duty. Our Russian Sisters are very good, some of them, and are quite an assistance, so we will get along all right, our "sanitaires" are fine, and well-trained now. At home the proportion of fifty patients to each nurse would be preposterous, but many of our patients are able to walk; even those with serious wounds to arms and bodies get about very soon, and they are so patient and make so few demands that it is easy to take care of them.

Another good factor is that we do not understand enough Russian to get all the complaints and the word which means "I do not understand," is a valuable word to know.

I may come home in June. In any event I shall come by way of Vladivostok, as the Russian Government will give us free transportation over Siberia, and with the exposition in 'Frisco and reduced rates our allowance will almost get us home. We can come via Port Arthur and Pekin, Kioto, Tokio and Yokohama, even if we travel second class. We don't mind. . . .

I know no matter how hard it has been in spots we shall all look back upon this as a wonderful and most valuable experience. We have certainly seen enough to give us more than a "vague" idea of the horrors of war, though here one would never dream a war was going on, were it not for the presence of so many soldiers in the streets.

Did I write you that we had met the Czar? He came to Kiev, and we hoped he would come to the hospital, but the day before he arrived an invitation came for us to be at the station as he was leaving. Late in the afternoon a General came out, talked with the patients, gave out medals, etc. We left the hospital at six, went to the Station in full Red Cross uniform, capes, etc., waited quite a while, interested to watch all the nobility assemble. The Grand Duchess Nicholai-Nicholavitch, whose husband is Commander-in-chief of the Army, and her daughter Princess Yashville, a very charming woman, Olga Petrovna and many others. When His Imperial Majesty arrived we knew he was near by the cheers of the waiting crowds. He came in an auto attended by only a very few gentlemen. He was dressed in the uniform of a Colonel in the army, the same as was worn by our own young doctors. He stopped and spoke with each one of us (we stood nearest the door as he came in) shook hands with us, asked many questions and thanked us for caring for his soldiers. We were the only persons with whom he shook hands. Then he addressed the young officers from the school here, and got on his train, which pulled out of the Station, he standing on the platform and everyone cheering themselves hoarse. He is very gentle looking, and seemed sad, but was most kindly, and every one of us felt it a great privilege to have met him.

Please pass this letter all around, and forgive me if I am a little blue. Lovingly

Luce.

Dear Luce! Sometimes when she has seen others with children or grandchildren, she has grouched a bit, and called herself a sparrow on the house-top or a pelican in the wilderness, or more disrespectful names, and bemoaned the rose-embowered cottage where life might have been idyllic —the cradles she never rocked, etc. I know no one, incidentally, who has cared for more babies than she—but just let an epidemic, or an earthquake, or a war crop up, and there she goes to get into the very thick of the trouble, be it what it may. A great adventurous life, to which domesticity is as candlelight to sunlight. I should not like to think of her marooned in a rose-embowered cottage.

Lucy Minnigerode to Mrs. Andrews.

American Red Cross
Hospital Units C and H
Russia
April 26, 1915

My dear Sister:

A letter from Mrs. Kingman today, date of March 27th, gave me the first news of dear Mr. Andrews' death. I have been so anxious about him all winter and you all are and have been constantly in my thoughts.

It is hard that the only time you have really needed me I am too far away to be of any use to you and unable to get to you except in spirit. A letter from Powell said he was failing but he seemed encouraged about him, said he was always so contented and sweet and so beautifully cared

for and comfortable whenever he saw him that I felt a little bit happier about him.

I wish now that we had never come on this expedition and if I could get to you now I would be there on the wings of the wind. The worst of it is my letters even may never reach you.

At any rate I shall be home in June and that is not far distant now. And if you want me I will come no matter what; the only thing that holds me is the obligation to the Red Cross, and an unwillingness to put them to the expense of sending another nurse out. I want to be with you and do a little for you, for you are worn out, I know, with your winter of nursing, and must feel a tremendous reaction now.

So many of us have heard of the death of our loved ones, and such a long time after. Two of the girls have lost their fathers and not heard of it for months. It is hard to stay away when every desire and inclination is pulling you to your own people at home.

The new nurses have come and brought me the clothes you dear people sent—thank you so much—I was in rags and glad to get them, you may believe.

I am thinking of you and the dear children in this their first great sorrow. How glad I am for you to have them with you. Please remember that you are and have been always in my thoughts and that I love you all very much.

Luce.

P. S. If I decide to come home I will cable from Japan.

My sister returned to Washington after this arduous experience an ill woman; but her unconquerable energy

ignored a trifle like ill-health. She returned by way of the Orient, crossing the Pacific and enjoying a good rest. She came at once to me, in the hills of Fairfax County, Virginia.

It was the summer after my husband's death, and as I was in what might be called a financial jam (for I refused to follow the advice of the wise-acres to borrow money during the first year), I was running a summer art school. The house was full of girls more or less talented, and we were very busy. There were sixteen students, who went out in the field in the forenoon, squatting under their big umbrellas all over the country, in the middle of the roads, at the barns of the farmers, waylaying the old darkies, just as I myself had done twenty years before, and smearing gloriously away in the sunshine and shadows; coming home to an ample plain dinner, and in the afternoons working in my studio with my assistant, or sketching out of doors on their own; about five o'clock a rush for the bathrooms, all dressing for supper, and then a long evening of talking or dancing or singing on the porch or lawn, or if it were damp or dark, sitting in a circle at my feet in the drawing room to learn wisdom, talks on the history of art, or general discussions of technique—of which I knew more than anyone conversant with my daubs would ever have believed —or I would read aloud to them.

My son was in a boys' camp, Mary Lord—my own daughter—was on a round of visits. I had a wholesome reaction after long nursing in the intercourse with these girls, and when Lucy arrived from Russia they were equally refreshing to her.

I am not using more of my sister's letters, for her own life, in fire and flood, in battle, murder and sudden death, in sickness and in epidemic, has been so adventurous, so vivid, so rich in service, that she may, and should, one day tell her own story.

Chapter XXII

Château-Thierry, Major Carey H. Brown,
U. Corps of Engineers,
Washington, D. C.
July 10, 1928.

Dear Mrs. Andrews:

I am sorry that my visit to Vauxcleuse on the 4th of July was cut short just when we had gotten started on a conversation regarding the 4th of July in 1918.

As I recalled to your mind then, the 2nd Division, which included not only the two regiments of Marines, but also two very fine Regular Army Infantry regiments, the 9th and the 23rd, three regiments of Regular Field Artillery, with the 2nd Engineers and various other auxiliaries, were in the Château-Thierry sector. No part of our division was actually in the town, but we had a very interesting part in the engagement in that locality—ordinarily known as the Battle of Château-Thierry.

The real struggle took place in the first few days of June, but our division was still hanging around to celebrate the 4th of July there. During April and the first part of May we had been stationed, mixed in with units of French troops, in the Côtes de Meuse, south of Verdun. There was not much doing there, for a state of stabilization had been on ever since 1914, both sides having been for a long

time dug in and still digging. Our Engineer outfit in this sector was at work on construction of dugouts, rehabilitation of old trenches, and jobs of that nature. I took time on one occasion to figure out how long it would take the regiment to construct the various tunnel bomb-proofs, and the like which the French had laid out in the sector which we occupied. As nearly as I can recall, the estimate was twenty years. At any rate, our men were busy and they were getting experience which was of great value later in the construction of hasty and less elaborately laid out protective works.

We had our first casualties in this sector when a German shell came over one day and landed squarely in a hole where an officer and three men were at work. One of the men was killed and the others were slightly injured. This officer seemed to have been a marked man; about a month later he was killed at Château-Thierry, our first loss among the officer personnel.

However, on the whole, our occupancy of this sector was a comparatively gentle introduction to the front. I had my pony "Billy," whom I had purchased in Vera Cruz while we were down there in 1914 vainly trying to get Señor Huerta to be respectful. It turned out unfortunately for me that at the time I went to France there was no prohibition against officers taking over their private mounts; such a prohibition went into effect later, and I was not able to bring Billy home with me. During the days in this sector south of Verdun, I had some very enjoyable rides. I learned at this time to distinguish between "départs" and "ar-

rivés" as the going and coming shells were termed by our French associates. The sound is quite similar, so that unless you know the difference, you are likely to be ducking when there is no need for it, and vice versa.

The layout of trenches and dugouts as an indication of the methodical nature of operations in this sector was supplemented by a most unexpected shelling of our camp one night. The 2nd Battalion had been living very peaceably in huts which the French had constructed some three years previously, located in the woods on a hillside sloping away from the front. Due to its long occupancy, this place had become almost urban in its conveniences. There were no shell holes about or any other signs of disturbance. Undoubtedly the German aviators had picked it out but had decided that it would be rude to disturb the serenity of the place except upon unusual provocation. However, scattered through the camp were a number of open trenches which had been constructed as places of refuge, presumably in the days before the inattention of the enemy could be counted upon.

For some reason one night at ten o'clock—mark the hour!—the Boche decided to shell our camp. Fortunately for us his range was a little bit over, and the shells merely skimmed along the top of the trees and landed in the valley back of us. Billy's stable was located some distance from our huts. One of the shells struck just outside the stable, but fortunately for the pony, the force of the shell was rather muffled by the nature of the material in which it

Sketch by the Author

Major Carey H. Brown, U. S. A., Corps of Engineers

landed, so that Billy, while scared and mussed up, was unharmed.

All of us in the camp were surprised by this unexpected shelling. As I have said, the first shell arrived precisely at ten o'clock. About eight came over and then everything was as quiet as Fairfax County. After a little wait, we went back to our huts and undertook to sleep or read, or to fathom the cause of the Boche's displeasure. At eleven o'clock the noise started again. We ran to get in the trenches, but again the shells were over. We now decided that at twelve o'clock we could expect a few more shells. The result was that some stayed up, fearing that the range might be shortened, while others took a chance and went back to their huts. However, the wily Boche attempted to fool us, and his next eight shells came over beginning at ten minutes before the hour. To make a long story short, he completed the cycle by firing the next eight shots at ten minutes after one. Total damage—the disturbance of one pony, accomplished with method and rhythm.

I am still pretty far off from the 4th of July, but apparently was led astray in my effort to build a background. We left this quiet French sector about the middle of May, went back somewhere near Bar-le-duc, as I recall, got a few new clothes, and otherwise recuperated from our experiences.

In the latter part of May, the Germans, as you know, launched a great attack headed generally in the direction of the towns of Château-Thierry and Meaux, toward Paris. On the last day of May, or it may have been the first of

June, we were loaded into trucks and started off for a destination unknown. Some time during the night we passed through Meaux. I had been asleep, but the goings-on there certainly woke me up. German airplanes were bombing the place, while the streets were full of French refugees from the area to the northeast of the city into which the Germans were driving. Apparently, something very strenuous was going on nearby, although up to that time we had no idea just what it really was.

About daylight we were dumped out at a little town whose name I do not now recall. We discovered that we were somewhere in the neighborhood of Château-Thierry, and about the same time discovered that the place where the trucks had dropped us was some fifteen kilometers from the town of Montreuil-aux-Lions where our regiment was to be quartered. Just why we were dropped down fifteen kilometers from where we were supposed to go was not clear to me then and is not now, as Montreuil was very little if any nearer the actual front line than the place where we were unloaded. How would you feel if we started home with you from Washington some night and dropped you off at Bailey's Crossroads? This business of hiking before breakfast may have been one of the things in General Sherman's mind when he made a certain famous remark. Being unable to persuade the Frenchman in charge of the trucks to give us any help on this last fifteen kilometers, we decided to do the next best thing and get a little breakfast, in spite of the orders to "proceed immediately." There was

not much breakfast except hard-tack and coffee but that helped a lot.

Still we knew little about where we were and what was happening nearby. There was no noise to indicate the nearness of the front line, due, we afterwards learned, to the fact that the German infantry had outstripped the artillery in moving forward. Nobody told us anything except that we should proceed to Montreuil. We were given one copy of a map to show us where that was. We started out along the road in close column, which did not worry me then, but worried me afterwards when I found that we were but a few miles back of the lines. By marching in close column, we had subjected our men to wholesale destruction in case a German bomber should have come over. But we reached Montreuil safely, if with no feeling of being overfed. Finding no reception committee to invite us in, we called off the hike when we reached the outer edge of town. Our men were very tired and the only likely-looking place for putting up our pup tents was a wheatfield alongside the road. However, I had been so thoroughly imbued with the idea that we should not get into the orchard, or break down the fences, or let the cow out, or anything like that while on maneuvers, that I hesitated very much to do any damage to this wheatfield. However, we finally decided that the war justified the violence to the wheat and we moved in and made our camp. Then everybody proceeded to be dead to the world with sleep for about six or eight hours.

That afternoon we were advised that we would be billeted in town, the regimental headquarters to be in a silk

mill on the far edge. In connection with this silk mill was a very good dwelling, evidently the residence of the owner or manager of the plant. We set up our regimental offices in the mill, while we slept in the very comfortable beds in the manager's house. The town had been almost completely deserted by its civilian population. Things were very much torn up as a result of their hasty exit.

That night one of our battalions moved forward, followed by the other the next day, as I recall. What happened during the next few days, or the next month in fact, at the Bois de Belleau, Vaux, and Bouresches is well known. Our outfit served as infantry much of the time as every possible available rifle was needed on the line at this time.

That month of June was a very severe month. Many of our men were lost, but the regiment made for itself then and afterwards a record of which we were all very proud. There was a little relief now and then. In one case, we were hosts for a "trip to the front" on the part of a number of recently arrived student officers from the States. There was one of these fellows who apparently considered a dispatch case, which he always had slung about his shoulder, the prime article of an officer's equipment. Just what he kept in it I do not know but he certainly clung to it on all occasions. This was particularly in evidence one night when, after a shell had knocked a few shingles off the barn roof above our friend, he appeared clad in only the dispatch case and a bath towel.

The 4th of July came after we had been in this place a month. By that time, the scrap had quieted down a little,

but we were pretty much fed up. Those of us who lived in the comparative safety and luxury of regimental headquarters were, of course, well provided for, but the situation of those out in front was not at all good.

The Fourth was marked by the staging of an aerial demonstration by American airplanes. At least, I have always given credit for it to the American Air Service, though I have never checked up on my information and do not propose to subject myself to disappointment by so doing. The Boche had been flying over us all during the month of June, spotting everything that we did. He had been practically unmolested, in spite of some hundreds of thousands of shots from anti-aircraft guns. These may have brought down one or two, but in the main only caused Heinie to fly a little higher, and provided us with nice little white puffs of smoke in the skies to look at. But on the 4th of July the sky was full of a real flock of planes which belonged to the Allies, if not to the Americans. A day or two after that we moved back a few miles to the Marne where we had a good swim, some fresh clothes, and *for about two days*—until they put us to work on the second line—nothing to do.

That 4th of July airplane circus sticks pretty firmly in my mind, giving that particular day some of the attributes of Thanksgiving as well as those that properly belong to it. That was the Fourth of Fourths, so far as I am concerned.

Sincerely yours,

CAREY H. BROWN.

(U. S. A. Corps of Engineers)

Chapter XXIII

HOMEWARD BOUND ON THE "LEVIATHAN"

12,300 American troops on the "Leviathan" under command of Colonel William C. Rivers, after the Armistice

DURING the campaign for the purchase of Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, I was a guest of honor and invited to broadcast a few observations by radio, on the occasion of a banquet on the Steamship "Leviathan," the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation being the hosts of the evening.

My escort was an old friend, Colonel William C. Rivers, at that time stationed at Governors Island—now Inspector General of the United States Army, stationed at Washington.

As we walked up the gangway of the great vessel, Colonel Rivers, adorned with many medals and decorations, remarked that he had not set his foot on board that boat since returning from France after the Armistice, when the old "Vaterland"—re-christened "Leviathan"—brought over twelve thousand American troops homeward bound, under his command.

He mentioned that there was much criticism of the Secretary of War (who accomplished such miracles), and of every officer in command of the returning troops, and that he took occasion daily to go among the men in their crowded and heated quarters, finding them in fairly good humor, and eager to hear what he had to say. "Pretty hot,

hey, lads?" he would ask; and when some grinned and some grumbled, he would add, "I wonder if it might not have been better to bring fewer men, and bring those more comfortably? You would only have been delayed a few weeks at Brest ——" but before the words were out of his mouth it was evident that the crowding of five or six days was far preferable to the home-hungry boys, to a little more creature comfort and the prolongation of that hope deferred that makes the heart sick. That point of view once presented convinced them that the Government and their officers were trying to hurry them home as fast as safety permitted.

Only one man died of the more than twelve thousand three hundred, and he was ill when he came aboard.

With the pilot, as the vessel neared New York, came the press—the reporters swarming aboard and eagerly interviewing the commanding officer as to the discomfort of the men. "Go all over the ship," he suggested, "talk with the men, inform yourself as to the conditions, and I will be glad to talk with you after you have seen them."

I tried to pump my gallant squire, not that I had any idea at that time of collecting any scraps of paper or bits of information or side-lights, from the point of view of a painter, upon the events of history—but just from an ingrowing curiosity that has made me a nuisance all my life. But Colonel Rivers declared that there was nothing dramatic or unusual about that mighty voyage—no picturesque incident, so far as he knew, nothing that was melodramatic —no murders, no mutinies, no disorderly conduct beyond that of "single men in barracks most uncommonly like—you"—not even an attempt at suicide!

Home, and mothers, and wives and sweethearts were ahead—and plenty of bananas, and peanuts, and tobacco, and corn on the cob, and Concord grapes, and good old

well-behaved American colored people, and long American day-railway coaches, and a lingo they all could understand.

I have recently recalled this conversation to my friend, endeavoring to get something sensational out of him; but he mildly intimates that at the time I was so thrilled with the sound of my own voice, and to be resuscitating Thomas Jefferson's memory among his countrymen, that I failed to lend an attentive ear to his words. He says he told me all he knew; but that it went in one ear and out the other. This is hyperbole. William Rivers never told anybody all he knew.

No mother waiting at any American seaport for the arrival of a transport could adequately report her emotions, nor would any reader care to have her attempt it. It was the hour of thankfulness to God, of sympathy for others, of welcome to one's own. The boys who had enlisted as young Crusaders to right the wrongs of humanity, were coming back saddened and disillusioned, immemorially aged, visibly and invisibly wounded, but notwithstanding the iron that had entered the soul, proud, yes, and triumphant.

They had been crowded like cattle into transports; damned and scolded by impertinent non-coms.; blood, mud, cold, hunger, lice, at the front, had been at times their portion. Out of the weariness and nightmare they were coming, hundreds of thousands strong, home. Through action and reaction, singing, cursing, from unnatural apathy to super-human effort; at one time, lusting for blood like beasts; at another, mere bits of mechanism, automatically obedient to the will-power of others; again, they had been destroying angels, instantaneous, compassionate, capable of unthought-of self-abnegation. Maddened by nerve-racking noises, harsh and cruel; sickened by ugly sights; poisoned

by vile gases; shockingly merry in the shadow of death; callous to suffering, indifferent to danger; destined to bear to the grave mutilations of the body and scars of the soul; to hate through all their days the glowing poppies nodding in the sunlight, and the loveliness of the moon, because her heavenly illumination had been of service to the Boche upon those cruel nights.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at
Mametz,—
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sand-
bags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench,—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless
rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"
Do you remember that hour of din before the attack,—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook
you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your
men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads,—those ashen-gray
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?
Have you forgotten yet? . . . .
Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll
never forget.

Siegfried Sassoon.

The End

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